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Comprising COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA • POLO
THE SPORTSMAN • HORSE & HORSEMAN

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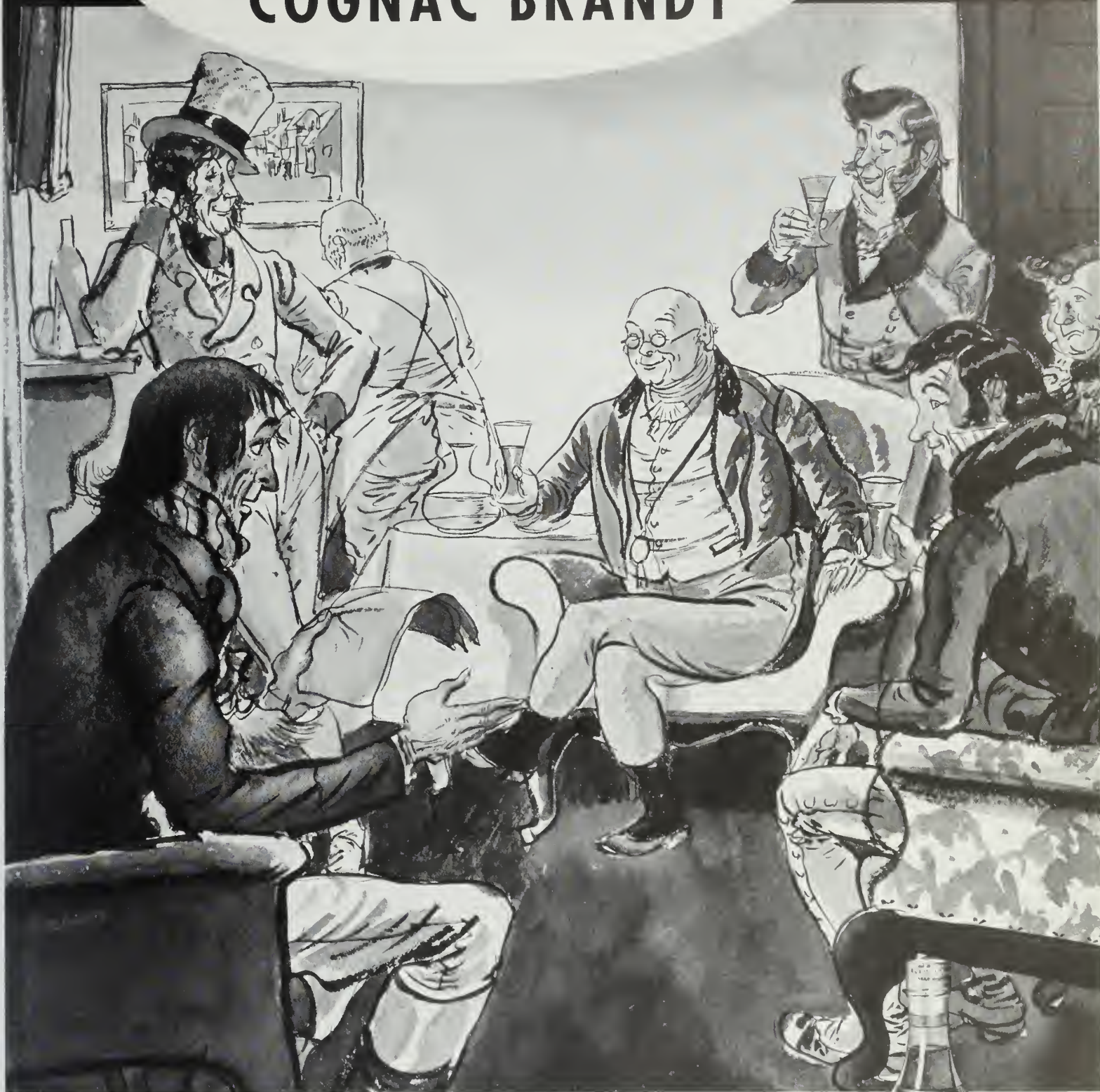
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 and
 FIFTHS**

84 PROOF

THE CALENDAR

RACING

To May 11 TANFORAN, San Bruno, Cal.
 To May 11 JAMAICA, N. Y.
 To May 11 PIMLICO, Md.
 May 13-June 8 BELMONT PARK, N. Y.
 To May 18 BELLAH PARK, Columbus, Ohio.
 To May 18 NARRAGANSETT PARK, Pawtucket, R. I.
 To May 18 CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.
 May 18-25 WOODBINE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 May 20-July 27 SUFFOLK DOWNS, East Boston, Mass.
 May 22-June 22 NORTH RANDALL, Ohio.
 To May 25 AURORA, Ill.
 May 27-June 3 THORNCLIFFE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 May 27-June 22 LINCOLN FIELDS, Crete, Ill.
 May 28-July 6 AK-SAR-BEN, Omaha, Neb.
 May 29-July 4 DELAWARE PARK, Stanton, Del.
 May 30-June 22 WHEELING DOWNS, Wheeling, W. Va.
 May 30-Aug. 3 HOLLYWOOD PARK, Inglewood, Cal.
 June 1-17 WHITTIER PARK, Winnipeg, Man.
 June 5-12 LONG BRANCH, Toronto, Ont.
 June 10-29 AQUEDUCT, L. I.
 June 15-July 1 MOUNT ROYAL, Montreal, Que.
 June 15-22 DUFFERIN PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 June 19-July 4 POLO PARK, Winnipeg, Man.
 June 24-July 27 ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Ill.
 June 24-July 1 HAMILTON, Ont.
 June 29-July 6 LANSDOWNE PARK, Vancouver, B. C.
 July 1-27 EMPIRE CITY, Yonkers, N. Y.
 July 4-19 NIAGARA, Fort Erie, Ont.
 July 29-Aug. 24 ROCKINGHAM PARK, Salem, N. H.
 July 29-Aug. 31 SARATOGA, N. Y.
 July 29-Sept. 2 WASHINGTON PARK, Homewood, Ill.

HUNT MEETINGS

May 4 VIRGINIA GOLD CUP ASSN., Warrenton, Va.
 May 4 WHITEMARSH VALLEY HUNT, Broad Axe, Pa.
 May 8-11 RADNOR HUNT, Berwyn, Pa.
 May 15-18 ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB, Media, Pa.
 May 30 CAVALRY SCHOOL, Ft. Riley, Kans.
 June 15 UNITED HUNTS RACING ASSN., Roslyn, N. Y.

HORSE SHOWS

May 2-4 SQUADRON A SPRING SHOW, N. Y.
 May 2-4 SADDLE AND BRIDLE CLUB, Buffalo, N. Y.
 May 3-5 ATLANTA, Ga.
 May 6-12 THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW AND EXPOSITION, Kansas City, Mo.
 May 8-11 NEWARK, New Jersey.
 May 10-11 ARLINGTON HALL, Arlington, Va.
 May 11-12 CAVALIER, Virginia Beach, Va.
 May 11-12 TEXARCANA, Ark-Tex.
 May 12 HARRISON, N. Y.
 May 16-19 FIELD ARTILLERY SCHOOL, Fort Sill, Okla.
 May 16-18 SEDGEFIELD, N. C.
 May 17-18 NASHVILLE CHARITY, Nashville, Tenn.
 May 17-18 WASHINGTON, Chevy Chase, Md.
 May 18 LONGMEADOW JUNIOR, Longmeadow, Mass.
 May 18-19 WATCHUNG RIDING AND DRIVING CLUB, Summit, N. J.
 May 18-19 VASSAR, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 May 19 OAKS HUNT, Great Neck, L. I.
 May 23-25 FORT LEAVENWORTH, Kans.
 May 23-25 104TH CAVALRY, Harrisburg, Pa.
 May 23-25 WILMINGTON, Del.
 May 24-26 NORTHVILLE, Mich.
 May 25 LANDON SCHOOL JUNIOR, Edgemoor, Md.
 May 25 STATEN ISLAND, Stapleton, S. I.
 May 25-26 DEEP RUN HUNT, Richmond, Va.
 May 25-26 JACOBS HILL HUNT, Seekonk, Mass.
 May 26 QUEENS COUNTY, Flushing, N. Y.
 May 26 ROCKWOOD HALL, Terrytown, N. Y.
 May 27-June 1 DEVON SHOW AND COUNTRY FAIR, Devon, Pa.
 May 30-June 4 CAVALRY SCHOOL, Fort Riley, Kans.
 May 31-June 1 RASSETT, Va.
 June 1 SECOR FARMS, White Plains, N. Y.
 June 1-2 DEEP RUN, Richmond, Va.
 June 2 CASPER, Wyoming.
 June 5-6 WEST POINT, N. Y.
 June 6-8 ALLEGHENY COUNTRY CLUB, Sewickley, Pa.
 June 7-8 TUXEDO, N. Y.
 June 7-8 READING, Wyomissing, Pa.
 June 7-8 WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
 June 8-9 NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
 June 8-9 TIDEWATER, Norfolk, Va.
 June 9 SANDS POINT, L. I.
 June 12-16 DETROIT, Bloomfields Hills, Mich.
 June 13 HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa.
 June 13-15 WESTCHESTER COUNTY, Portchester, N. Y.
 June 13-16 TROY, N. Y.
 June 14-15 UPPERVILLE COLT AND HORSE, Va.
 June 15 YORK, Pa.
 June 15-16 HINSDALE, Ill.
 June 15-16 THREE OAKS RIDING CLUB, Allentown, Pa.
 June 16 BRONXVILLE RIDING CLUB, Bronxville, N. Y.
 June 19-22 LAKE FOREST, Ill.
 June 20-22 HUNTINGTON, W. Va.
 June 21-22 OX RIDGE, Darien, Conn.
 June 21-22 TOLEDO, Perrysburg, Ohio.
 June 22 WARRENTON PONY, Va.
 June 22 WILBRAHAM, Mass.
 June 22-23 EASTON, Pa.
 June 23 PEGASUS, Rockleigh, N. J.
 June 27-29 FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT, Westport, Conn.
 June 29-30 ERIE, Pa.
 June 29-30 RESERVE LEAGUE, South Bend, Ind.

FIELD TRIALS (POINTER AND SETTER)

May 4 ROCKVILLE FISH AND GAME CLUB.
 May 5 IRISH SETTER CLUB OF NEW ENGLAND, Newport, R. I.
 May 12 LUDLOW FISH AND GAME CLUB, Ludlow, Mass.

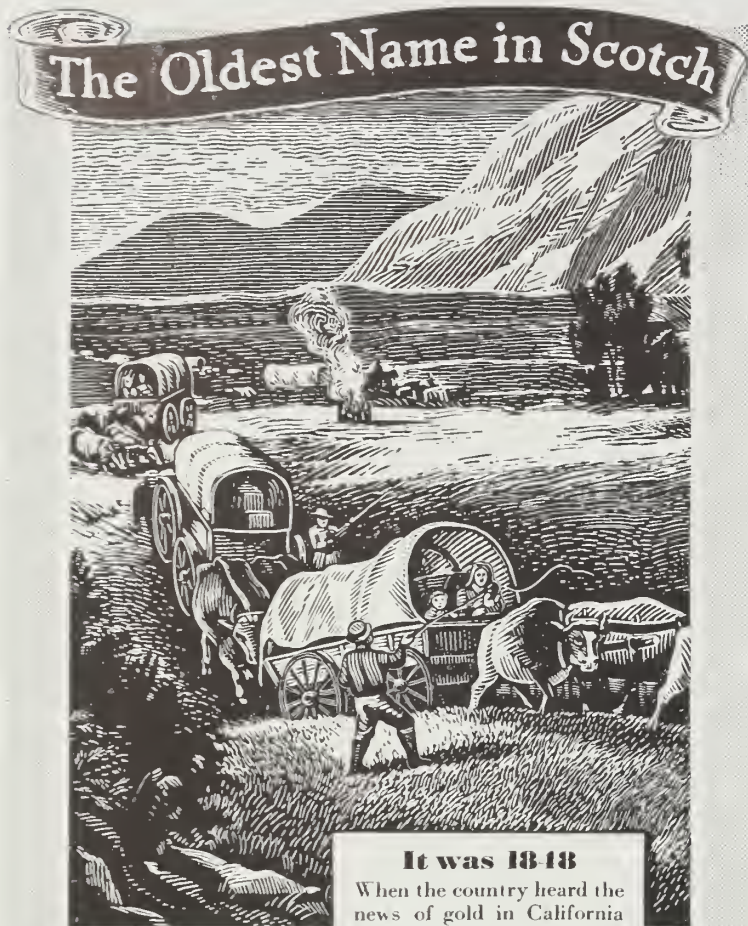
FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVER)

May 4-5 MINNESOTA, White Bear Lake, Min.
 May 11-12 WISCONSIN AMATEUR, Milwaukee, Wis.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

May 11 ORANGE KENNEL CLUB, So. Orange, N. J.
 May 11-12 KANSAS CITY KENNEL CLUB, Kansas City, Mo.
 May 18 LADIES' KENNEL ASS'N OF AMERICA, Garden City, N. Y.
 May 19 LONG ISLAND TRAINING CLASS, Cedarhurst, L. I.

(Continued on page 10)



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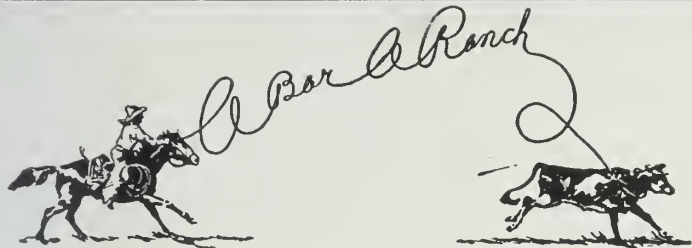
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We should be reporting to you now, as in other springs, that we're all freshened, brightened, quite ready to greet your arrival. We have confidence that you'll approve the things we've done to the hotel, and that you'll find the service further perfected in some of its details.

Do let us know when you're expecting to be here. And send us word of any information you'd like in advance of your coming; it'll come along as fast as the mails.

Do you know about our new Booking Office in New York? It's in the Waldorf-Astoria, and you'll find it most convenient. All the Booking Office services of other years are there still available. Miss Jessie Bonner is in charge.



The Homestead

LOCATED AT HOT SPRINGS

Virginia

New York booking office in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

Washington booking office in the Mayflower Hotel

CALENDAR (Continued from page 6)

DOG SHOWS

May 1-2	LEAVENWORTH AND FORT LEAVENWORTH KENNEL CLUB, Leavenworth, Kans.
May 4	BRYN MAWR KENNEL CLUB, Philadelphia, Pa.
May 4	CALUMET KENNEL CLUB, Gary, Ind.
May 4-5	OZARKS KENNEL CLUB, Springfield, Mo.
May 5	NORTHEASTERN KENNEL CLUB, Fort Wayne, Ind.
May 5	TRENTON KENNEL CLUB, Trenton, N. J.
May 7	MID-CONTINENT KENNEL CLUB, Tulsa, Okla.
May 9	TRI-STATE KENNEL CLUB, Joplin, Mo.
May 11	ORANGE KENNEL CLUB, South Orange, N. J.
May 11-12	CAPITAL CITY KENNEL CLUB, Columbus, Ohio.
May 11-12	GOLDEN EMPIRE KENNEL CLUB, Chico, Cal.
May 11-12	KANSAS CITY KENNEL CLUB, Kansas City, Mo.
May 12	HUNTINGDON VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Noble, Pa.
May 18	CAROLINA KENNEL CLUB, Greensboro, N. C.
May 18	LADY'S KENNEL ASS'N OF AMERICA, Garden City, L. I.
May 18	LOUISVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Louisville, Ky.
May 18-19	BOISE KENNEL CLUB, Boise, Idaho.
May 18-19	LOS ANGELES KENNEL CLUB, Los Angeles, Cal.
May 18-19	NEBRASKA KENNEL CLUB, Omaha, Neb.
May 19	LONG ISLAND KENNEL CLUB, Cedarhurst, L. I.
May 19	TERRE HAUTE CHAPTER IZAACK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Terre Haute, Ind.
May 21-22	WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA KENNEL ASS'N, Pittsburgh, Pa.
May 24	AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB, Summit, N. J.
May 24	GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG CLUB OF AMERICA, Westfield, N. J.
May 24	BRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB, Far Hills, N. J.
May 25	MORRIS AND ESSEX KENNEL CLUB, Madison, N. J.
May 26	WISSAHICKON KENNEL CLUB, Whitmarsh, Pa.
May 30	DELAWARE COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Overbrook, Pa.
May 31	POODLE CLUB OF AMERICA, Port Chester, N. Y.

SKET T TOURNAMENTS

May 1	COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
May 4-5	WILMINGTON TRAPSHOOTING ASS'N, New Castle, Del. (Del. State Ch.)
May 4-5	NATIONAL CAPITAL SKET CLUB, Washington, D. C. (North South)
May 5	CHAIN O'LAKES GUN CLUB, South Bend, Ind.
May 5	CARTHAGE SKET CLUB, Carthage, Mo.
May 5	MEADOW PARK GUN CLUB, Carlstadt, N. J.
May 5	MIAMI VALLEY SKET CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.
May 5	SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
May 6	ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.
May 9	PHEASANT FARM SKET CLUB, Philadelphia, Pa.
May 11	NASSAU TRAPSHOOTING CLUB, Mineola, N. Y.
May 11-12	GILMORE RED LION SKET CLUB, Los Angeles, Cal.
May 12	CAPITOL CITY GUN CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.
May 12	MISHAWAKA CONSERVATION CLUB, Mishawaka, Ind.
May 12	GROSSE POINTE SKET CLUB, Grosse Pointe, Mich.
May 12	CORN HILL GUN CLUB, Utica, N. Y.
May 12	CRISTOBAL GUN CLUB, Canal Zone.
May 19	TRAVERSE CITY SKET AND RIFLE CLUB, Traverse City, Mich.
May 19	FIRESTONE SKET CLUB, Akron, Ohio.
May 25-26	ORCHARD RIDGE SKET CLUB, Carthage, Mo.
May 26	GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB, West Alameda, Cal.
May 26	E. GLASTONBURY FISH & GAME CLUB, East Glastonbury, Mass.
May 26	MASSACHUSETTS FISH & GAME ASS'N SKET CLUB, Norfolk, Mass.
May 26	BLUE WATER SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N, Port Huron, Mich.
May 30	HILLTOP SKET CLUB, Holliston, Mass.
June 1-2	ANGELUS MESA SKET CLUB, Culver City.
June 1-2	NORTHWEST GUN CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
June 2	III-GUN SKET CLUB, Detroit, Mich.
June 2	SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
June 3	ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.

GARDEN SHOWS MAY

May 1-5	CALIFORNIA SPRING SHOW, Oakland, Cal.
May 6	MARYLAND HOUSE AND GARDEN PILGRIMAGE, ATLANTA, Georgia.
May 8-9	SOUTH ORANGE GARDEN CLUB, Country Fair, South Orange, New Jersey.
May 14-16	VISITS TO WESTCHESTER GARDENS, Benefit Westchester County Children's Ass'n, Westchester County, N. Y.
May 15	HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, N. Y.
May 16-18	STOCKTON GARDEN AND CUT FLOWER SHOW, Stockton, Cal.
May 15-16	HALITHORPE AND RELAY JOINT SPRING SHOW, Relay, Md.
May 16	WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Worcester, Mass.
May 26-31	NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDENS, Rock Garden Week, N. Y.

ART EXHIBITIONS

May-June 8	SELECTED ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS OF TWO CENTURIES, Columbia University, New York.
May-Sept 12	MAGIC IN NEW YORK, XIX CENTURY NEW YORK GOTHIC, Museum of the City of New York, N. Y.
May-June 15	MUSEUM OF COSTUME ART, New York.
May	EXHIBITS BY WEST VIRGINIA ARTISTS, Parkersburg, W. Va.
May-Sept. 15	CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.
May	WORK OF STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL, Dayton Art Institute, Ohio.
May	EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY AND COLLECTED BY MRS. ROBERT C. MCGONICK, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
May 1-14	FURNITURE IN MODERN PLASTICS, Alice Baldwin Beer Gallery, N. Y.
May 1-15	INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, Milwaukee Art Inst., Wisc.
May 1-30	KATHRYN LEIGHTON, PAUL RODMAN COLLECTION, MARY D. KEELER COLLECTION, Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles, Cal.
May 1-31	PAINTINGS BY GEORGES SCHREIBER, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wisc.
May 1-31	PRINTS BY ALFRED BARKER, THOMAS NASON, RODNEY THOMPSON, ANDRE SMITH, THOMAS HANDFORTH, ARTHUR W. HEINTZELMAN, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
To May 2	EXHIBITION BY NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY, Whitney Museum, New York.
To May 3	EXHIBITION OF ABSTRACTS, American Women's Ass'n, New York.
To May 3	PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM MEYEROWITZ, Uptown Gallery, New York.
To May 4	FLOWER PAINTINGS BY FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS, Marie Harriman Galleries, New York.
To May 4	EXHIBITION OF RECENT GOUACHES OF MARC CHAGALL & "RABBIN EN FUITE," Perls Galleries, New York.
To May 4	ANNUAL DALLAS ALLIED ARTS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
To May 4	ARNOLD BLANCH, Associated American Artists, New York.
To May 4	WORKS BY VIRGINIA ADOLPH AND CHARLOTTE LIVINGSTON, Eighth Street, N. Y.
To May 4	SPRING GROUP, Vendome, N. Y.
May 4	FRENCH XVIII CENTURY SCULPTURE, Wildenstein & Co., New York.
May 4-June 1	DEGAS, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
May 4-19	AMERICAN MINIATURES, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
To May 5	AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS IN THE NEAR EAST, WATERCOLORS BY CLEVELAND ARTISTS, PAINTINGS BY JEAN DE BOTTOM, PAINTINGS BY DOBOTHY HEWES, Seattle Art Museum, Wash.
To May 5	"NOTHING TO WEAR," Brooklyn Museum, New York.
May 5-30	PAINTINGS BY CLEVELAND ARTISTS, FRENCH SILVER, FRENCH 20TH CENTURY PAINTINGS, Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, Kansas City, Mo.
To May 5	ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN FROM THE BAUHAUS, Mills College Gallery, Cal.
To May 5	OILS BY DAVID PARK, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
To May 5	ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WASHINGTON WATERCOLOR CLUB, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
May 6-11	EXHIBITION OF PRIX DE ROME WORK, Grand Central Galleries, New York.

(Continued on page 12)



TAKE A TIP FROM Mahomet...

Go to the Mountains—THE ALLEGHANIES!

Since 1778, generations of Americans—seemingly harkening to the famous words of a prophet—have seen the wisdom of going to White Sulphur Springs, in the heart of the Alleghanies. For, as long as the mountains here, like Mahomet's, won't come to you, it's folly to stay away and miss all the pleasures they

afford... riding or hiking over forest trails, playing golf or tennis in truly bracing air, enjoying life as seldom before! So, away to The Greenbrier—*right now!* This is the season to fully appreciate America's most beautiful all-year resort—and Spring rates are extremely moderate. Write—or wire collect—for reservations.

The Greenbrier Hotel and Cottages

L. R. Johnston, General Manager

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS west va.



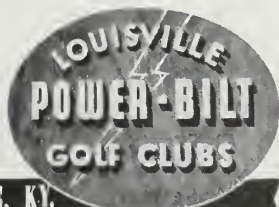
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THE *Finest* NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT THEM

Beauty is only skin deep—but playability plus beauty is a combination that lowers scores—because that's the combination that inspires better golf.

Your Pro has the 1940 Power-Bilt Line on display. Ask him to show you the wide range of models in woods and irons available this year.

Literature describing the new 1940 Power-Bilts will be sent on request. When writing please give the name of your club.



Other H & B Products—Louisville Grand-Slam, Louisville Lo-Score Golf Clubs and Genuine Autographed Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats.

HILLERICH and BRADSBY CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

PRIVATE LIVES

The Towers is a simple tale of detached and tranquil living...each home as independent of its neighbors as if it were suspended alone in mid-air...planned and decorated in your favorite "period"...such a home as you yourself would build and cherish, minus the burdens of ownership...yours the luxury and the comfort...ours the cost and the care!

From the private street entrance to the private foyer, the Concierge Bureau of The Towers of The Waldorf-Astoria serves as a secretary in your outside contacts and is the efficient custodian of Private Lives.



100 EAST 50TH STREET • NEW YORK



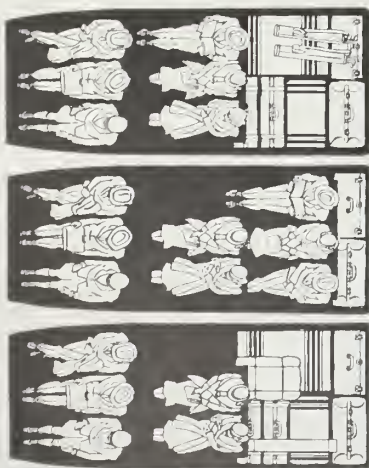
The kind of Station Wagon you'd expect from Packard!

THIS COUNTRY COUSIN has all the smartness, all the finished beauty, which the Packard name implies. It's Packard, stem to stern! You'll sense it in its easier ride—a level, mellow ride that only Packard Safe-T-flex suspension can give.

Boasting an abundance of knee and leg room, this adaptable 1940 Packard Station Wagon rides *eight*

in luxurious arm-chair comfort—and with ample space for luggage, too! Varied arrangements make it 5 cars in 1! One for every requirement of town or country. All that's missing are the squeaks and rattles and drafts, for *this* handsome all-purpose car is built tight and right.

Its well-planned, useful luxury will delight you. Its low price and frugal upkeep will astonish you.



ABOVE are some of the 5 different seating arrangements for up to 8 passengers and luggage. The two rear seats are interchangeable. 4 doors and wide aisles make for easy entrances and exits.



UNLIKE most station wagons, Packard's floor is low—level with tail-gate when latter is down. This allows *extra* room for excess luggage. More head-room here also allows taller and bulkier items.

PACKARD-110 \$1195
STATION WAGON delivered in Detroit,
State taxes extra.

CALENDAR (Continued from page 10)

- May 6-June 14 **THREE-DIMENSIONAL WALL DECORATIONS BY FOUR INTERIOR ARCHITECTS**, International Studio Art Corp., New York.
- To May 7 **"THE ARTIST AS REPORTER,"** Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.
- To May 7 **DRAWINGS BY PAVEL TCHELITCHEV**, Julien Levy, N. Y.
- May 7-24 **JONAS LIE MEMORIAL**, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
- May 7-17 **PASTELS BY GEORGE WRIGHT**, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
- May 7-June 2 **ONE PICTURE EXHIBITION "MADONNA AND CHLD" BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO**, Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, Mass.
- May 7-24 **RECENT PAINTINGS BY PAUL DOUGHERTY**, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
- To May 8 **COMMERCIAL ART, STUDIO CLUB**, N. Y.
- May 8-22 **STUDENT WORK FROM JUNIOR COLLEGES**, Mills College, Cal.
- May 10-June 10 **ROMANTICISM IN AMERICA**, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
- May 10-June 10 **BIG TEN COLLECTION**, State University of Iowa.
- To May 11 **EXHIBITION OF ROOMS AND ROOM SETTINGS**, Decorator's Club, New York.
- To May 11 **PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PORTRAIT PAINTERS**, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
- To May 11 **EXHIBITION OF NEW PAINTINGS BY ARTHUR DOVE**, An American Place, New York.
- To May 12 **THERESA POLLAK**, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond.
- To May 12 **WORK BY MIES VAN DER ROHE**, Smith College Museum of Art, Northampton, Mass.
- To May 12 **SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS ANNUAL EXHIBITION, AMERICAN FINE ARTS GALLERY**, New York.
- May 12-25 **ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION**, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- May 15-June 8 **UNIVERSITY OF IOWA GRADUATE STUDENTS EXHIBITION**, Iowa State University.
- May 15-June 25 **ARTISTS OF LOS ANGELES AND VICINITY**, Los Angeles County Museum, Cal.
- May 16-31 **STATE TEACHER'S COLLEGE EXHIBITION**, Milwaukee Art Institute, Wis.
- May 17-24 **ANNUAL EXHIBITION**, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
- To May 18 **PAINTINGS BY RUBIN**, Milch Galleries, New York.
- To May 19 **PAINTINGS BY HENRY ALEXANDER, PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND SCULPTURE BY LOUIS ALBERTO ACUNA, DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ**, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
- To May 19 **JAPANESE PRINTS**, Brooklyn Museum, New York.
- To May 19 **THE ARTIST'S GUILD OF ST. LOUIS**, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
- To May 19 **MASTERPIECES OF ART FROM NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIRS**, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
- May 22-June 8 **NO JURY EXHIBITION**, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Tex.
- To May 26 **SPECIAL EXHIBITION**, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

CATTLE SALES

Jerseys

- May 1 **C. D. LOBER DISPERSAL**, Weston, Mo.
- May 3 **HAPPY VALLEY FARMS AND GREEN FIELDS**, Rossville, Ga.
- May 6 **IOWA JERSEY CATTLE CLUB CONSIGNMENT**, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
- May 13 **ANNUAL CONSIGNMENT SALE**, Georgia Jersey Cattle Club, Athens.
- May 25 **GEORGE H. DUBLE AND GEORGE M. GRAY**, Canton, Ohio.
- May 25 **EDMOND BUTLER**, Chester, New York.
- June 1 **NEW YORK JERSEY CATTLE CLUB**, Geneva.
- June 1 **CLIFFORD FARMER**, Willard, Mo.
- June 6 **NATIONAL JERSEY SALE**, Lexington, Ky.
- June 7 **KENTUCKY JERSEY CATTLE CLUB**, Lexington.

Guernseys

- May 3 **VALLEYWOOD DISPERSAL**, Penllyn, Pennsylvania.
- May 4 **MICHIGAN GUERNSEYS (21st annual)**, Mich. State College, East Lansing.
- May 6 **QUAIL ROOST MAXIM SALE**, Quail Roost Farms, Rougemont, North Carolina.
- May 7 **SOUTH CAROLINA GUERNSEY CATTLE CLUB ANNUAL CONSIGNMENT SALE**, Columbia.
- May 11 **WILDWOOD FARM SALE**, Shawano, Wis.
- May 14 **OHIO QUALITY SALE**, Wooster, Ohio.
- May 16 **FIFTH ANNUAL MIDDLE WEST INVITATION**, Chicago, Ill.
- May 16 **FREDERICK COUNTY**, Frederick, Md.
- May 17-18 **FRANCHESTER DISPERSAL**, Ravenna, Ohio.
- May 18 **WAUKESHA COUNTY BREEDER'S ASS'N CONSIGNMENT**, Waukesha, Wis.
- May 20 **COVENTRY SALE**, Trenton, N. J.
- May 21 **EASTERN SALE**, Doylestown, Pa.
- May 31 **MISSOURI STATE**, Columbia, Mo.
- June 4 **ANNUAL CONSIGNMENT**, Van Wert County Breeders Ass'n, Van Wert, Ohio.
- June 5 **OKLAHOMA STATE**, Oklahoma City.
- June 14 **FIELD DAY GEORGIA BREEDERS ASS'N AND OTHERS**, Tryon, Ga.

Aberdeen Angus

- May 1 **FRENCH BROAD FARMS**, Dandridge, Tenn.
- May 2 **KENTUCKY ANGUS ASS'N**, Lexington.
- May 6 **EDWARD A. SCHWARTZ**, Loogootee, Ill.
- May 6 **MARYLAND ASS'N**, Frederick.
- May 13 **EASTERN STATE ASS'N**, Ithaca, N. Y.
- May 18 **A. H. SCHMIDT & SON**, Kansas City, Mo.
- May 20 **L. R. KERSHAW**, Muskogee, Okla.
- May 27 **WILTON FARMS**, Wilton Junction, Iowa.
- May 28 **JOHN V. ARNEY DISPERSAL**, Leon, Iowa.
- May 30 **HOELSCHER BROS.**, Carroll, Iowa.
- June 3 **JAMES B. HOLLINGER**, Chapman, Kansas.
- June 4 **S. C. FULLERTON**, Miami, Okla.
- June 7 **SOUTHWEST WISCONSIN BREEDERS SALE**, Lancaster, Wis.
- June 8 **DR. G. M. LAUGHLIN**, Kirksville, Mo.
- June 10 **OHIO ASS'N**, Columbus.
- June 10 **O. V. BATTLES**, Rosemere Farm, Maquoketa, Iowa.
- June 11 **GLYN MAWR FARM**, Olin, Iowa.
- June 12 **GARRETT TOLAN**, Pleasant Plains, Ill.
- June 13 **ILLINOIS ANGUS BREEDERS ASS'N**, Springfield, Ill.

Shorthorns

- May 7 **R. R. BRENNAN**, Kendallville, Ind.
- May 14 **SNE-A-BAR FARMS**, Grain Valley, Mo.
- June 3 **EDELLEN FARMS**, Wilson, Ill.
- June 4 **MAXWALTON FARMS**, Mansfield, Ohio.
- June 5 **CONNER PRAIRIE FARM-WHITECROFT FARM**, Noblesville, Ind.
- June 6 **WM. A. ALLISON'S SONS**, Washington, Ind.

Polled Shorthorns

- June 7 **ILLINOIS POLLED SHORTHORN SALE**, Springfield, Ill.

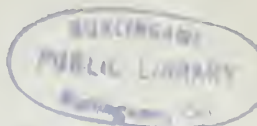
Herefords

- May 24 **GEO. W. ADOLPH DISPERSAL**, Chadwick, Ill.
- May 25 **PERRY MEREDITH**, Maple Park, Ill.
- May 28 **CRAPO FARM**, Swartz Creek, Mich.
- June 1 **BONES STOCK FARM**, Parker, South Dakota.

OPEN SEASONS FOR PRINCIPAL GAME FISH DURING MAY

This is a brief summary of the open seasons in the United States during May. There are many local exceptions, and possible changes in the regulations after this goes to press. Before planning a fishing trip be sure and consult the conservation authorities in the state which you intend to visit.

(Continued on page 15)



4 RIGHT GUNS

for skeet shooters



WHETHER you prefer an auto-loader, a pump gun, an over-and-under or a regular double, you'll find your *right* gun for skeet here. Each of these guns is a leader in its class, each the choice of many outstanding shooters. They've all got the superb balance that has a way of smoothing out your swing and boosting your scores.

ington guns. Champions know—"If it's Remington, it's right!"

See these four guns at your dealer's, or write Department BB. for complete information and literature. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Remington



Keep an eye on the high guns at the next shoot you attend. Notice how many of them win with Rem-

SPORTSMAN is Rev. U. S. Pat. Off. Remington Arms Co., Inc.

TROUT (brook, brown, rainbow, etc., except Lake Trout)

Arizona (May 27-Sept. 20).
 Arkansas (May 1-Oct. 31).
 California (May 1-Feb. 28). (Except Golden Trout).
 Colorado (May 25-Oct. 31).
 Connecticut (May-July 15).
 Delaware (During May-Aug. 15).
 Georgia (During May-Nov. 15).
 Idaho (May 1-Nov. 1).
 Illinois (During May-Aug. 31).
 Indiana (May 1-Aug. 31).
 Iowa (May 1-Sept. 30).
 Maine (Lakes and Ponds ice out Sept. 30. Rivers above tide ice out Sept. 14. Brooks and Streams ice out Aug. 15).
 Maryland (During May-June 30).
 Massachusetts (During May-July 31).
 Michigan (During May-Sept. 2).
 Minnesota (May 1-Sept. 1).
 Missouri (May 15-Dec. 31).
 Montana (May 21-Mar. 14).
 Nebraska (During May-Nov. 30).
 Nevada (During May-Oct. 1).
 New Hampshire (May 1-Sept. 1).
 New Jersey (During May-July 15 also Sept. 1 to 30).
 New Mexico (May 15-Nov. 15).
 New York (During May-Aug. 31).
 North Carolina (May 10-Aug. 31).
 North Dakota (May 2-Sept. 30).
 Ohio (During May-Sept. 15).
 Oklahoma (No closed season).
 Oregon (During May-Oct. 15).
 Pennsylvania (During May-July 31).
 Rhode Island (During May-July 15).
 South Carolina (No closed season).
 South Dakota (During May-Sept. 30).
 Tennessee (May 1-July 4).
 Vermont (May 1-Aug. 15).
 Virginia (During May-July 5).
 Washington (During May-Oct. 31).
 West Virginia (During May-July 9).
 Wisconsin (May 18-Sept. 7).
 Wyoming (During May-Oct. 31).
 * Local exceptions.

SALMON

California (May 1-Feb. 28).
 Idaho (No closed season sockeye).
 Maine (Lakes and Ponds: ice out—Sept. 30, Rivers above tide: ice out—Sept. 14, Brooks and Streams: ice out—Aug. 15).
 Michigan (During May-Sept. 2).
 Massachusetts (During May-Nov. 30).
 New Hampshire (During May-Sept. 1).
 New Jersey (During May-July 15 also Sept. 1-30).
 New Mexico (May 15-Nov. 15).
 North Dakota (May 2-Sept. 30).
 Oregon (Under 15" During May-Oct. 15, over 15", no closed season).
 Vermont (May 1-Aug. 31).
 Washington (No closed season).
 * Local exceptions.

LAKE TROUT

Connecticut (During May-Aug. 31).
 Illinois (No closed season).
 Maine (Ice out—Sept. 30).
 Michigan (No closed season).
 Minnesota (During May-Sept. 15).
 New Hampshire (During May-Sept. 1).
 New York (During May-Sept. 10).
 Vermont (May 1-Aug. 31).
 Wisconsin (During May-Sept. 30).
 * Local exceptions.

BLACK BASS

Alabama (No closed season).
 Arizona (No closed season).
 California (May 29-Nov. 31).
 District of Columbia (May 30-Mar. 31).
 Florida (May 20-Mar. 14).
 Illinois (May 15-31 southern zone).
 Kansas (May 1-Feb. 28).
 Louisiana (No closed season).
 Minnesota (Southern zone, May 29-Dec. 1).
 Mississippi (May 1-Feb. 28).
 Nebraska (During May-Nov. 30).
 North Carolina (May 10-Mar. 31).
 Oregon (No closed season).
 Ohio (To May 24 Lake Erie District, elsewhere June 16-Apr. 30).
 South Carolina (No closed season).
 Texas (May 1-Feb. 28).
 Washington (During May-Oct. 31).
 * Local exceptions.

PICKEREL, PIKE-PERCH, PIKE, MUSKALONGE, GREAT NORTHERN PIKE

Alabama No closed season (pickerel).
 Arkansas May 15-Nov. 30 (pike).
 Connecticut To Feb. 9 (pickerel, pike-perch).
 Illinois May 1-Feb. 28 (pickerel, pike).
 Iowa May 15-Nov. 30 (pike).
 Maine No closed season (pickerel).
 Massachusetts May 1-Feb. 28 (pickerel, pike-perch); May 1-Jan. 31 (muskalonge, pike).
 Michigan (May 15-Mar. 15).
 Minnesota May 15-Feb. 15.
 Nebraska May 1-Nov. 30 (pickerel, pike, pike-perch).
 New Hampshire Pickerel at any time certain waters.
 New Jersey May 20-Nov. 30 (pike, pickerel, pike-perch).
 New York May 1-Mar. 1 (pike, pickerel); May 10-Mar. 1 (pike-perch).
 North Dakota May 16-Oct. 16 (northern pike, pike-perch).
 Ohio No closed season (muskalonge, yellow pike).
 Rhode Island No closed season (pickerel).
 South Dakota May 1-Feb. 28 (northern pike, pickerel, pike-perch).
 Vermont May 1-Mar. 14 (pickerel, pike-perch).
 Wisconsin May 18-Jan. 15 (pickerel, pike); May 25-Jan. 15 (muskalonge).
 * Local exceptions.

MISCELLANEOUS

Alabama No closed season on any game fish.
 Louisiana No closed season on any game fish.
 Mississippi May 1-Feb. 28 (all game fish).
 Missouri May 15-Dec. 31 (all game fish).
 Montana May 21-Mar. 14 (all game fish).
 Nevada During May-Oct. 1 (all game fish).
 Oklahoma No closed season on any game fish.
 South Carolina No closed season on any game fish.
 Utah June 15-Oct. 31 (all game fish).
 Wyoming During May-Oct. 31 (all game fish).
 Washington 3rd Sunday in April-Oct. 31 (all game fish except white fish).
 * Local exceptions.

Hawaii

Islands of unparalleled pleasure

Outrigger, surfboard, gay-hearted riders, racing shoreward in parallels of exhilaration... that's Waikiki!

A sun-bright island corner of the Pacific, where living, playing, being happy have reached unrivaled heights, where June turns each page of the calendar and writes at the top, "Fair, with light, flower-scented breeze prevailing"... that's Hawaii!

And it's true of all the islands in the group... besides Oahu, there are Hawaii, Maui, Kauai... each the essence of the same perfection, with delightful variations, and each easily reached by plane or steamer.

All four islands, with featured Waikiki, offering happy events, ever-changing variety, and a plan for happiness unparalleled anywhere... they all merge in the one, inspiring word, Hawaii!

For an alluring foretaste of Hawaii, drop into your Travel Agent's office and look over a copy of "Nani O Hawaii." Its beautiful color photographs glimpse some of the sun-bright variety of Hawaii. A sailing schedule will show you that, whenever you plan to go, there will always be a splendid luxury liner leaving within a few days from Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Vancouver, B. C.

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THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII



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RAINBOW FALLS — HAWAII



IOLANI BARRACKS — OAHU

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COMMENT in the PRESS

A QUESTION

I FOUND this letter printed in COUNTRY LIFE, January issue 1940: "To the Editor:

"My fellow countrymen and former joint Master of the Cattistock, W. V. C. (Tally) Ruxton, has sailed for America on a mission which should appeal to every hunting man. He is starting a drive to raise funds with which to equip and maintain a complete field ambulance unit with Allied armies in France to be known as 'The America Foxhunters Ambulance Unit.' He has the backing of not only the British Red Cross, but also of a dozen of the most prominent Masters of the hunt in England, among them the president and four ex-presidents of the British M. F. H. Association, as well as that well-known Welsh Master, Lord Dies, through whose generosity the fund which started the Hunt Servants Benevolent Society of America was founded. I am sure that if any American hunting man cares to contribute to this very worthy project any donation sent, etc., will be duly acknowledged. Signed, A. Henry Higginston, Cattistock, England."

I wonder how many American foxhunters who will contribute to this foreign ambulance unit would be willing to match every dollar they gave to the ambulance outfit with another dollar toward a project, for instance, to give medical assistance to many of our rural sections and the Americans living therein—Americans who sorely need such help?

"Evening Public Ledger"

TURF REPORTING

IN the United States, where we have an uncontrolled press, the press is controlled in various ways. Behind this control lie many implications and many philosophies, and hence many conflicts. In the main these conflicts of interest and opinion go on rather silently, except that Communists and a few others frequently decry the obvious and necessary fact that the press is controlled by capital. But lately one of these *sub rosa* conflicts has been brought into the open.

Some of our American race tracks, in their effort to insure a favorable press, have adopted the least subtle method of obtaining it. For at least 40 years it has been the custom of some tracks to make direct payments to Turf writers. The acceptance of these gratuities automatically renders a reporter incapable of reporting anything derogatory to the giver. The hand that feeds is rarely bitten.

The moral implications of this system are so obvious that they need no pointing. But newspapermen are pretty good scouts, and ordinarily they do not go around picking on one another's code of ethics. If one refused to accept his hush money, he did not publicly deplore the fact that another accepted it. But in the Janu-

ary issue of COUNTRY LIFE Editor Peter Vischer put it down in black and white that such things existed and that they ought not to exist. Immediately Mr. Vischer began catching the devil, not in print so much as orally. But there was also some discussion of the subject in print, notably in "Editor and Publisher," the newspaperman's magazine, and in "Time," which concluded with the statement that "many an injured sportswriter telephoned in, to question not the truth but the cricket of his cracks."

THE BLOOD-HORSE does not question either Mr. Vischer's truthfulness or his cricket. This system of bribing newspaper employees to do a little less than their duty is a pernicious evil, and it will not be exterminated by ignoring it. But the principal culprits are not the reporters, but the race tracks which subsidize them. The fact that a track sets aside a part of its revenue to purchase the good will of newspapermen, whose obligation ought to be only to the newspaper and the public, is an admission of guilt or inadequacy.

Race tracks, very naturally, feel more secure when everyone applauds and no one boos. But it is a false security if the applause comes only from claquers. Unless our reasoning is cockeyed, a race track would profit more by removing the cause of the booing than from shushing the booing itself.

"The Blood-Horse."

WHAT, NO HORSES?

THERE is no more thrilling place in the world than a race track, unless it be the Mint, because there is so much money about. And in the Mint it lies in cold, austere, static, unapproachable piles. At the race-track it is red-hot, alive, pulsating, and constantly changing hands.

Lucky bettors come away from the paying windows with their fingers full of green- and yellow-backs which they stuff into their pockets without counting.

Everyone in the long queues up to the betting grilles has money in his or her hands. The white numbers up on the great, black odds and results boards mean money.

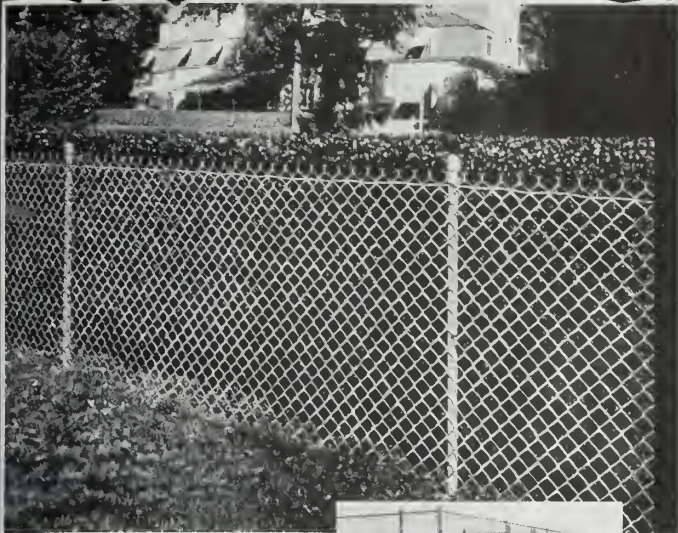
Everyone is talking money, handling money, feeling money, making or losing money.

I have at times been quite close to what is called horse-racing because I am and have been a hungry, greedy, covetous man myself.

I have mingled with the betting crowds and felt the pounding of the thousands and thousands of pulses in my own wrist and throat. Herein lies the turf, in these other eager, greedy people, all swept together by the common fever engendered by trying to obtain something for nothing. From an article entitled, for some incomprehensible reason, "Farewell to Sport," by Paul Gallico, in the *Hearst newspapers*.

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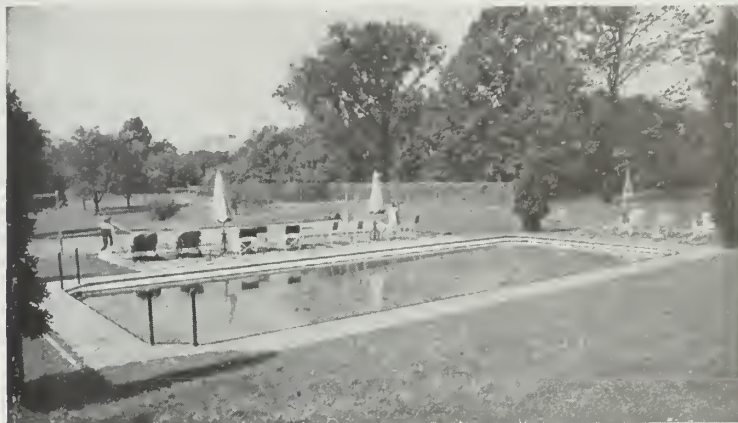


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By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Dept. of Conservation & Development, Publicity Service
22 State House, Montpelier, Vt.
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For family reasons this estate is available for \$20,000.

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Guest house nestled in the trees



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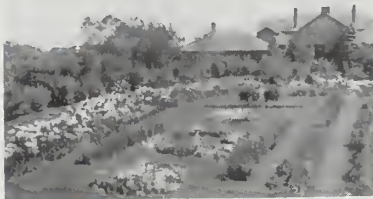
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Very attractive house, 12 rooms, 4 baths, 4 servants' rooms and bath in separate quarters; 2-car garage with 2 rooms and bath; completely furnished; oil burner; 2 acres picturesque grounds with ocean frontage. For SALE to settle an estate or will lease furnished for the Season.

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In an enchanting setting on the warm water shores of Nantucket Sound, midst 3 acres of beautiful trees, lovely green lawns, glorious flowering shrubs and plantings, a windbreak of century-old pines bordering on one of the finest private beaches in the world, a long tan bark driveway with a caretaker's lodge and garage at its entrance, winding its way to the charming modern residence, perfectly appointed for every comfort and exquisitely furnished.

Too lovely to portray adequately its fascinating appeal.

We are commissioned to offer this estate at an attractive price. The owner would consider leasing to an approved tenant.

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Topping the Hill opposite the town of GLOUCESTER, MASS.

with an unobstructed view (as below) of the ever-changing panorama of picturesque, famous Gloucester Harbor, this attractive Summer home is for sale at a moderate figure.

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On Buzzard's Bay at
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NINE ACRES

Sweeping water views.
Excellent bathing from
own beach, tennis court,
use of Private Dock.



Residence of 10 master bedrooms, 4 baths, 6 servants' rooms, 2 baths. 50 ft. living room, large dining room, sun room, study, 9 fireplaces. Pleasant gardens, landscaped lawns, wide terraces. Beach house with living room overlooking water. 6-car garage with 3 rooms and lavatory. Colonial cottage of 5 rooms and bath.

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Taxes only \$55 per year
Seasonal rent \$600, sole of sacrifice price
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This property, Duntreath Farm, settling the Estate of Silas B. Mason located on Route U. S. 60, near Lexington, Kentucky, containing 651 acres will be sold in four separate tracts and will NOT be offered as a whole.

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TRACT No. 2—contains 124 acres **TRACT No. 3**—contains 189 acres

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Twenty acres; many good apple trees.

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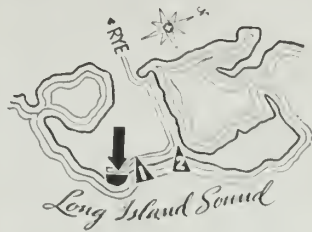
2nd floor, 4 master bedrooms, 2 baths; 3rd floor, additional bedrooms and bath. Barn with house-keeping apartment; chicken houses; tennis court, flower and vegetable gardens. Yacht anchorage nearby.

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LETTERS

ENGLAND

TO THE EDITOR:

One so often hears nowadays that foxhunting only exists in England—or anywhere else, for that matter—as a pastime for the rich and a burden on the farmers, that it seems to me worthwhile to tell the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* how it is regarded by these same farmers themselves in some countries in England.

These are troublous times in Great Britain, and the very existence of the sport is threatened, not only by the shortage of forage for horses and hounds, but also by the reduced incomes which are available for the maintenance of Hunt establishments. I do not mean to infer from the above statement that there is any scarcity of foodstuffs for human beings or for all essential animals; but, naturally enough, hounds, which are in no way necessary for the economic welfare of the community, must be placed at the bottom of the list when it comes to the allotment of food supplies which can be employed to better effect elsewhere. To understand the situation at its true value, Americans must realize that foxhunting is—as England's Poet Laureate has told us—"a sport loved and followed by both sexes, all ages, and all classes; something in which all who come may take a part, whether rich or poor, mounted or on foot. At a fox hunt, and nowhere else in England, except perhaps at a funeral, can you see the whole of the land's society brought together, focused for the observer, as the Canterbury Pilgrims were for Chaucer."

Although I have lived and hunted in England for the last twelve years and have observed the affection in which the sport is held by the people of every class, I do not think I had become aware, until the present crisis arose, what a strong hold the sport had on the farming community. Except in the case of the great landowners, who are rapidly disappearing, foxhunting depends to a great degree on the goodwill of the tillers of the soil who are wrongly supposed by many Americans to "tolerate" the sport.

It is not so long ago that I remember one American writing an article which was published in a contemporary American magazine, implying the above condition; and I am afraid that there are other sportsmen who are under that same impression. How wrong they are will be shown by what I am about to tell.

A few weeks ago I attended a meeting of the South Dorset Hunt, which was called in order to find out the ways and means available for the support of the Hunt for the coming season (1940-41). As perhaps some Americans are not aware, Masters and Hunt servants "take on" as from February 1, and assume their duties as from May 1. It was therefore nec-

essary to ascertain the prospects for another season at this time.

All England is bearing the burden of increased taxation, made necessary by the war. They are bearing it cheerfully and without murmur, but it is nevertheless a burden, and it was for this reason, as well as for the fact that he was called up for active service, that the Master sent in his resignation to the Hunt Committee. The "country" was faced with the problem of how to carry on.

I know that the Master, as well as many of the subscribers, was very much worried. The Honorary Secretary, who has served in that capacity for many years, sent out a notice calling on the subscribers to do what they could in the way of underwriting the expenses for next season, and the response was liberal. The local veterinarian had promised to give his services free of all cost. The owner of the property on which the kennels are situated remitted the rent "for the duration." But it was not enough, and then what do you suppose happened? A yeoman farmer, a fine example of the type of men who have made English hunting what it is, got up on his feet and said, "Mr. Chairman, the farmers in the South Dorset country will guarantee to furnish the forage for the Hunt stables and kennels free of all cost. Some of us hunt, to be sure, but the non-hunting farmers also appreciate all that the Hunt has done for them in the past, and we all know and love the Master, and don't propose to see the Hunt go under if we can help it."

Needless to say, this generous gesture on the part of the farming community was deeply appreciated by everyone, perhaps by the Master, with whom I talked, most of all. He rose to his feet and said, with a voice that betrayed his emotion: "I've always been told that you Dorset farmers were the finest lot of sportsmen in the world; and now I know it to be true." Perhaps it is superfluous for me to mention that this same Master has endeared himself to every farmer in his country, and that he himself has loaned his horses, stable tack, kennel equipment, etc., to the Hunt for the duration of the War.

The above story of the South Dorset Hunt is first-hand information, and I can personally guarantee the truth of every statement. The Master is an intimate friend of mine, and well deserves the confidence which the country has placed in him. I have been told that there are several Hunts in the North of England, where the farmers have adopted a somewhat similar procedure, but this is hearsay, though I do not doubt it is true. Many Masters are at the front, and their Hunts are being carried on by Deputy Masters—men too old to be at the front, or ladies—but they are carrying on somehow; and if one looks at the list of fixtures which are published in the sporting papers each

week, one sees little evidence of the diminution of sport. After all, as one man said to me the other day, when he was home on leave, and had a day's hunting with the Cattistock, "this is the England we're fighting for."

A. HENRY HIGGINSON,
Cattistock, England.

SALES

TO THE EDITOR:

When reading your very interesting article "Racing: more than a sport," it occurred to me that you might be so kind as to give me your opinion on a breeding and marketing problem.

For some years, we have been endeavoring in western Saskatchewan and Alberta to raise a hunter type of horse, combining quality and substance. A comprehensive marketing system, that will be satisfactory to buyers and breeders alike, is badly needed at the present time.

Dissatisfaction has been aroused by buyers who persuaded breeders to part with their horses for a low price, then were able to sell the horses in an eastern market for a very high price. One example of this spread occurred a year ago. A horse purchased in Calgary for \$600 was sold in New York for \$5,000. Usually the spread is less, but the average price paid to the breeder is much lower.

Unfortunately, experiments in selling on commission have resulted in utter disaster to the breeder.

Buyers naturally wish some assurance that a number of animals of quality and type will be available before making a buying trip. Breeders are equally loath to continue breeding without some assurance that they will receive some recompense for their work, that will be in a fair proportion to the ultimate selling price of the horses.

Can you suggest some way in which this deadlock may be broken? Do you think the buyers would prefer to have the horses for sale gathered together at certain points during the year? I have in mind the blood stock sales at Ballsbridge as something to work toward.

Would buyers pay considerably more money for horses that are properly schooled? In the hope of interesting some of our country young people in the training of light horses, I have been conducting a column in the "Saskatchewan Farmer." The response has been very good and the idea of educating a horse, rather than "breaking" him is gaining ground.

Any suggestions you may care to make will be greatly appreciated.

CLARIS ALLAN,
Regina, Sask.

The problem of marketing promising (rather than made) horses has been disturbing breeders, trainers and

even dealers for some time. What suggestions have COUNTRY LIFE readers to offer?

RESULTS

TO THE EDITOR:

I wish to thank you for printing the letter I wrote in your magazine. It has brought immediate results, which quite overwhelmed me for the moment, because of the fact that it is my first venture into the field of publicity.

This April issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* is an exceptionally good one, so far as I am concerned. The articles are so well written, and I only wish that more of our rough and ready Westerners could read the better ways and means of training and schooling horses. Most of the people in this part of our state had no idea that Arabian horses were other than Pintos and "Pal-o-mines," as one lady referred to the breed.

The article by Howard Fair on "Conditioning Hunters" seemed to pertain to almost any kind of horse a person would wish to turn out. After all, the basic principles of the training and schooling of either children or animals should be about the same, or am I a bit off?

"Huntsman, I'm in a Quarry!" by E. B. White is lovely! What a priceless sense of humor. A friend and myself were quite over-come with mirth upon reading it, and besides, we do need more stuff and nonsense added to this life of ours.

I wish to apologize for not having written our last name more clearly, for it does start with a V; Vicars; and that is it! And thank you again for your kindness.

MRS. H. A. VICARS,
Red Bluff, Calif.

LIPPIZANER

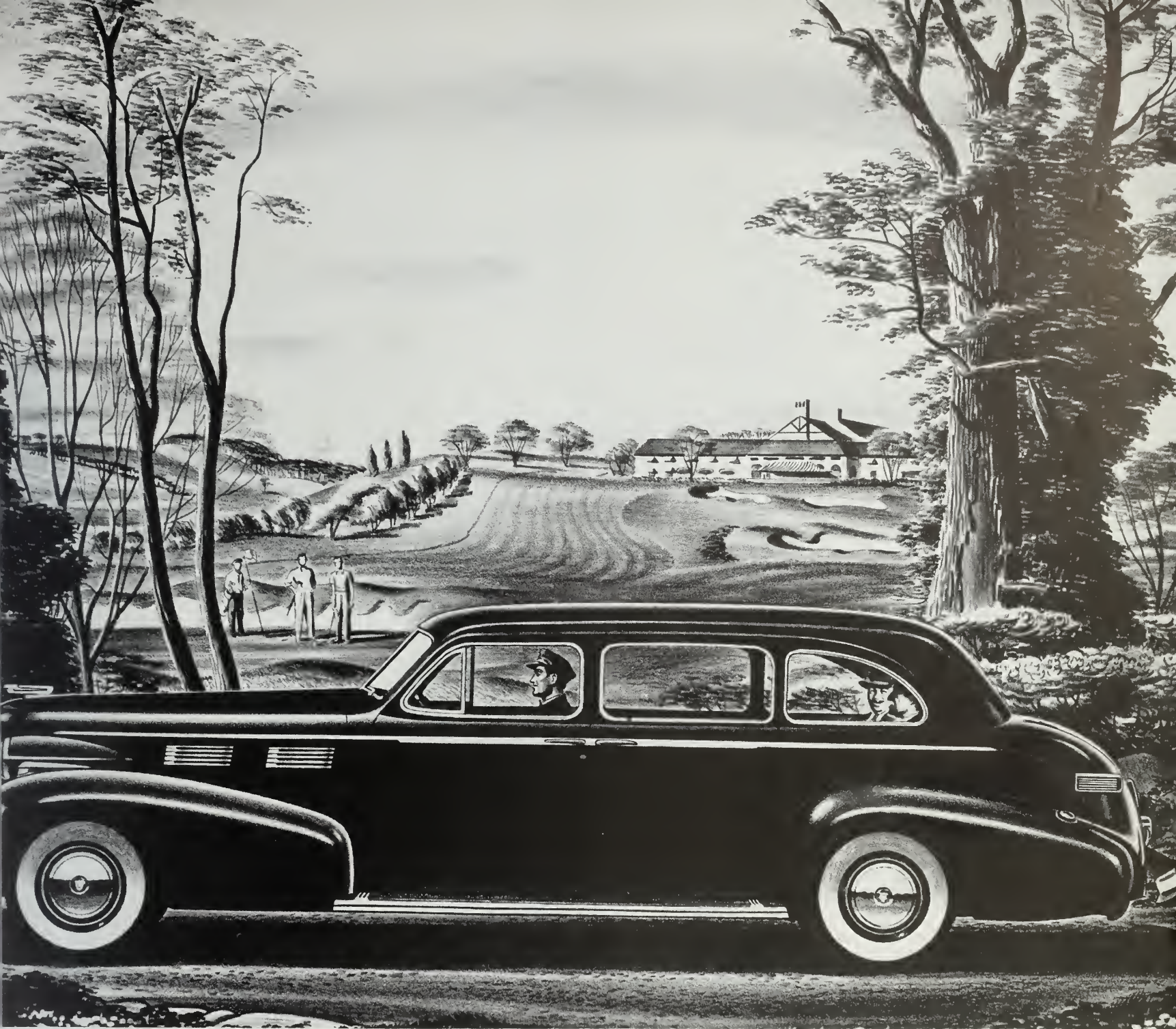
TO THE EDITOR:

I see in issue of February, 1940, in "Notes and Comment," on page 55, a very nice little story about the lovely Lippizan horses. I happen to be well acquainted with that fine breed of horses and able to say that the Lippizan, as a saddle horse, is one of the very best.

I have ridden a few of the stallions in their original dressage work and have had the great pleasure of a fine friendship with one of the great old masters and trainers of the (pre-war) Spanish Riding School, Mr. Gebhardt, who died, 1925, in Hannover, Germany.

But coming back to the Lippizan horse. Who is riding those two stallions at Hidden Valley in California? The Lippizan is the ideal horse for dressage and speaking of dressage, we have practically no civilian dressage riders, not mentioning trainers of that fine art in the U.S.A.

Would it not be interesting in one way or the other, to encourage dress-



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age riding and training in this country?

I for my part have just started a little dressage training place as far as my means allow, and that is very limited, and will do all I can to favor and encourage this fine art of equitation and would very much like to see a few enthusiastic people cooperate with me.

Permit me also to say that I will never be without COUNTRY LIFE as long as it keeps up as it does.

EDWARD WULFF,
Staatsburg, N. Y.

EYESIGHT

TO THE EDITOR:

Holmes Alexander in his story, "The Water Cure," which I enjoyed very much, tells of a rider putting a horse over a jump which is not visible to the horse. To justify this statement he relates incidents where hunting men coming home in the evening, send their mounts over a fence. He assumes that the rider puts his mount up and over a jump that the rider can see but which is not visible to the horse, while it is common knowledge that nine horses out of ten can see better than their riders.

I am not saying that Mr. Alexander's statement is impossible, but the only way I know of sending a horse over a jump is to canter him up to it and then "give" on the reins, and, though I have never tried it, I can't imagine riding a horse out in a clearing, "giving" and have the horse jump where there is no hurdle.

If Mr. Alexander was talking from experience I would appreciate anything he could do to enlighten me, but if he merely intended to tell a pleasant story he certainly succeeded and deserves better than having curious folk hurl questions at him.

Best of luck to him and to your splendid paper.

GEORGE PALMER GUELICH,
Piermont, N. Y.

It is no secret that horses have quite bad eyesight, far worse than humans—even humans without glasses. Hasn't Mr. Guelich heard of the blind horse which jumps at his owner's command?

GUARDIANS

TO THE EDITOR:

We know, as a rule, dogs are like women's clothes. The style changes about four times a year. A breed becomes very popular, and then all at once it is out of favor. But I believe there is one breed that, like the cavalry horse and the Texas mule, is here to stay. He fills every requirement that can be asked of a dog; brains, beauty and nerve, he is kind and gentle and very affectionate toward his family, but suspicious of strangers until assured by his master that they are O.K. and then, like the true gentleman, he extends a cordial welcome.

If more women and children had for companion a well-bred Doberman Pinscher, there would be far less kidnaping, house breaking and hold-ups. A well trained Doberman is by far better protection than a policeman,

for a Doberman is very easy to awaken, he is alert and on the job day and night. It is a real comfort to retire at night, knowing your child will not be kidnaped or your home robbed. We have for several years given a cordial invitation to any burglar to come and rob our home. We promise not to call the police, but will gladly call an ambulance for him. In the hot weather we sleep with windows and doors wide open without fear, knowing our Doberman is on duty and makes many rounds of the house during the night. Yes, I think the Doberman is here to stay.

C. A. D.

SUGGESTION ACCEPTED

TO THE EDITOR:

Your questions and answers pertaining to various sporting subjects have afforded me a great deal of pleasure while reading COUNTRY LIFE, and I do hope that you will continue to print them. But why do you doubt the integrity of your readers to such an extent that you print the answers upside down? If they wish to be dishonest with themselves, they will do so, no matter how the answers are written. It would show a certain consideration to your readers, if you were to print these answers in the conventional way, and by so doing eliminate the most annoying process of trying to keep the correct page and at the same time shifting the magazine to and fro.

JOHN L. RITCHEY,
Greencastle, Pa.

DO NOT READ NOW ANSWERS

to questions on page 98

1. A well-fitted English type saddle. Not the straight flap show type, nor the "Forward Seat" saddle with high cantle and rolls beneath the flaps.

2. When the rider's legs are fully extended, the irons when hanging loose should strike just below the ankle bone.

3. When the rider's legs are fully extended, the irons when hanging loose should strike just above the ankle.

4. Resting on ball of foot.

5. Resting on ball of foot or "home."

6. Left.

7. The strange horse may be so different in shape and size from yours that your leathers may be too long or too short and you should always make sure they are properly adjusted to your length before starting.

8. Against the A.H.S.A. rules as well as those of good taste and good sportsmanship.

9. Politely explain that you do not clearly understand and would be grateful if the directions could be given you again.

10. Back up facing fence not more than three lengths, shorten the right rein, and added to the driving of your legs, use your stick on the horse's left flank.

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THE FACE OF EARTH

by RUSSELL LORD



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "TO HOLD THIS SOIL" BY THE AUTHOR

IN the early days of their migration and settlement the prophets of Israel rejoiced in "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills." They sang of plenty, never ending: "Thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything." They promised security: "Here they shall sit, each man, under his own vine and under his own fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

Now, this seems a far cry from Steinbeck in his "Grapes of Wrath," crying: "This land, this red land, is us; and the flood years and the drought years . . . We can't start again . . ." But there were prophets and agitators, heralds of soil displacement and of human displacement, in the old days too.

There was Job: "The waters wear the stones; thou wastest away the things that grow out of the dust of the earth; and thou destroyest the hope of man." Ezekiel warned against overgrazing. Isaiah cried out against cultivating hill land and pictured the consequences of mismanaging soil and water: "They shall turn the rivers far away. The brooks of defense shall be emptied and dried up; and everything sown by the brooks shall wither."

The Greeks had a name for it. Homer mentions dust storms. The Romans knew something about soil erosion and the human consequences. "O Lycidas, this have we lived to see, unfeared before: Strange holders of our farm say, 'This is mine, Begone, ye farmers old.'" That is from Virgil.

So much for the prophets and agitators.

What are the facts? What, especially, is the condition of our own part of the face of the earth, the United States of America, today? It is bad. Let us call upon a dispassionate observer, far removed. Dr. Gilbert Wooding Robinson, professor of agricultural chemistry at the University of North Wales, recently published in London a quiet book called "Mother Earth," or "Letters on Soil." In his sixteenth chapter, entitled "Corruptio Optima Pessima," "I propose in this letter," says Dr. Robinson, "to tell you something of the tragic happenings to the soil of the United States. They are not without parallel in other parts of the world, but nowhere else has the drama of soil destruction been played so swiftly and on so great a stage . . ."

A great stage, indeed; three million square

miles, no less; roughly one-sixteenth of all the land, exclusive of the polar caps, on the face of the earth! To put it in acres: 1,900 million acres. As for cultivable cropland we have 415 million acres.

Of this cultivable land, three out of every five acres has been in some part hurt by accelerated run-off, or blow-off; by water erosion or wind erosion. Upwards of 57 million acres of cropland has been so badly hurt that its productive power is essentially destroyed. That would be soil enough, if we still had it in working order, to provide 715,000 families with 80-acre farms. Another 50 million acres is in almost as bad shape; and on still another 200 million acres the same processes of destruction have visibly started.

It seems incredible; but there it is. These are United States Soil Conservation Service findings from a national reconnaissance, by foot and car and 'plane, from Maine to Mexico, from Florida to Oregon. How could it happen? Who was responsible? What must we do?

Every living man and woman has a stake in finding the answers to these questions: Those of us who live on the land, and love it; those of us who live in cities and eat the fruits of the land; and those in city and country who turn faucets expecting automatically to obtain a rushing supply of clean, life-giving water. When a soil runs down, as the saying goes, farmers are not the only sufferers. Bankers or insurance companies, with money in distressed land, often find that their security has run out from under them. And so, in a larger sense, has the security of a nation. For erosion of topsoil in undue measure depletes soil, exhausts underground and surface water supplies, raises flood levels, dispossesses shore and upland birds from their accustomed haunts, chokes game fish, diminishes shoreline seafood, clogs harbors and stops with grit and boulders the purr of dynamos. With accelerated erosion unchecked, the land lies wounded, a mortal engine "out of joint." Then all the people feel the difference they have not had the eyes to see.

Poets, as well as scientists, in the past, have been blind and unimaginative, with few exceptions, as to the common affairs of earth, sun, wind and rain. Here is Shakespeare writing of "this sure and firm-set earth." The soil was changing, squirming, beneath his very feet. Here, centuries later, at Thomas Jefferson's University of Virginia, are geographers, geologists, historians refusing to believe in the menace of accelerated erosion, even as the process in the surrounding hills visibly tore down good farms to wasteland almost as barren as the craters on the moon.

"I observe," one learned fellow is reported to have said, wryly, "that the hills are still there." So they are; but they have changed, professor; they are not the same hills they were, even a year ago; they are sadly changed. And the once-clear streams, and the game, and the lakes have changed. They are choked to death, professor, with silt, dead soil. There has always been erosion? Surely. Once those little foothills you call the Blue Ridge stood as mountains 30,000 feet high. Erosion has moulded and many times remoulded the whole beautiful body of our country; but not, until quite lately, at the furious and destructive rate we now lament.

This world is made of solid rock, but the weather grinds the surface into little pieces,

and the pieces travel. There is no such thing as solid land on earth. A good spongy topsoil will contain as much as one-half air and one-fourth water. Topsoil is not fixed or permanent; it is semi-fluid; it moves. And: "The preservation of the food giving value of the soil," as Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, a perceptive geologist, remarked thirty years ago, "depends on the efficiency of the means by which man keeps the passage of the soil to the sea at a rate no greater than that at which it is restored by the decay in the materials on which it rests."

NOT erosion, in itself, but a high-powered modern differential between the rate of soil formation and its rate of displacement: that is the trouble. Even when trees or thick grass shelter and mat the soil, topsoil creeps and changes. But these changes, under Nature, are generally so slow that they are balanced by soil-formative forces; and the succeeding generations of men may accommodate themselves to the change and never feel the difference.

"Cultivated" land moves differently; and especially so in places of violent climate. When you take off cover, rip off trees or sod, pulverize the soil with steel implements, push it too hard, and deprive it of the spongy remains of organic growths which do so much to hold the face of the land together—then you smash the natural balance. And Nature then starts moving soil away from the top much faster than it grinds, mellows and builds new soil from below.

Soil is the living surface of a land. Topsoil, the most vital part, the film of life, seldom exceeds the depth of a spade. Eight inches of topsoil is more than you will find in most places; then comes a foot or so of subsoil, topsoil in the process of making, but still un-

ready, unresponsive, poor. Under that are partly decayed rock remnants, as a rule; and under that, bedrock. Down beyond that are about 8,000 miles of solid rock until you come on the other side to another land surface, and perhaps another life-giving film or layer of soil again.

Depending upon the nature of the bedrock, and the climate, it takes the weathering agencies anywhere from around 300 years to more than 1,000 years to lay down and mellow into fertility a single inch of topsoil. I walked not long ago on the torn fields of Shadwell, the farm just up from Charlottesville, Virginia, where Thomas Jefferson was born. Hugh Bennett, Chief of the Soil Conservation Service, took me there. He took me to a hill field, entirely stripped of topsoil, and almost entirely stripped of subsoil, too; farmed almost down to bedrock; naked, barren, hideous. This field faces another hillside of about the same extent and pitch; but the other hillside still is wooded. Digging in the woods, we found between five and six inches of beautiful topsoil, fertile, mellow, intact.

We left the woods and went back to the naked field. Bennett had identified the soil type. Soil like that, he said, took at least 600 years to the inch in the making. Moodily, on the face of the barren land, he scratched with a stick what he called "the time-table" or "ring-growths" of the topsoil which had been lost from there:

Top inch started forming about	1340 A.D.
2nd " " " "	740 A.D.
3rd " " " "	140 A.D.
4th " " " "	460 B.C.
5th " " " "	1060 B.C.

"These are approximations," he said, and did not push his calculations further. He stood up and threw away (*Continued on page 81*)



These sheep almost completely denuded their range



A western water hole dug in a flat drainageway



One result of harrowing up and down the slope



Cut over and burned, and ready to wash away . . .

KENTUCKY DERBY

How a country race became a national institution • by Henry V. King

THIS is the month of the Kentucky Derby and thousands of our citizens are discussing the race from innumerable angles; the probable winner, the best horse eligible for it, its value as a stimulant to racing, the ballyhoo connected with it, the chances of it being truly run, and the effect it has on the sport.

By way of press and radio, millions of words have been written and spoken about it. From Churchill Downs, Kentucky, scene of the extravaganza, has gone forth more twaddle pertaining to this horse-race than has been spread about the cause of the European war that threatens the civilization of the world. According to reports emanating from Louisville everyone in America, including you and me, is in Kentucky or enroute to the famous event on May 4. The race is broadcast as an equine struggle that puts all other races, even those among the chariots of Caesar's time, into the miniature class. Its



Col. E. R. Bradley's Bimelech, F. A. Smith up

sponsors call it a colossal, tremendous and gigantic thriller.

It is a great show, unquestionably the most colorful turf event in America. As an equine competition, though, it is alternately good, bad and indifferent. It is ultra in balderdash, its popularity is built largely on ballyhoo and it rightfully could be called the Great Magnetic Stakes. To tens of thousands, including numerous owners, it seems irresistible.

Without blushing I confess to being one of the first and loudest trumpeters for the race. Unintentionally, I gave it an impetus that spread its grandeur throughout the nation as rapidly as the news of the present conflagration in Europe was disseminated.

Until 1922 the Kentucky Derby was considered a local event. In early March of that year I learned that Morvich, a colt belonging to Benjamin Block and Fred Burlew, was displaying especially high speed at the Jamaica track, in preparation for the Derby. I wrote about it for Frank Munsey's "New

York Herald." The substance of my reports of the trials flashed east and west and were published in newspapers and periodicals from Texas to Canada. Ordinarily such work-outs would not have been considered important sports news, but it was the best obtainable at the time because in those days there were no important hockey or basketball matches, no worthwhile racing, golf or tennis, little boxing and less baseball news at that time of the year. Therefore, for a famous three-year-old colt to work fast on a cold, blustery March morning, with snow and ice as a background, was something worth publishing.

SCORES of turf writers, sports editors and columnists became interested in the colt and his speed tests, and as a result every subsequent move Morvich made found its way into type with unusual fanfare and display, and Morvich, who was the favorite for the stake because of his unblemished record as a two-year-old, was followed to Churchill Downs by many reporters who had never before made the trip to Kentucky for the race.

And those writers and innumerable others have been reporting the Derby ever since. That, and the fact that its richness attracts good horses, are the reasons, in my opinion, why the Kentucky Derby is one of the most popular and most publicized sports events of the year, and a race of national importance.

Reporting my part in stimulating it sounds egotistical, I know, but your editor said many

devotees of racing wonder why and how a race of its kind became so popular so suddenly, and he requested me to write my version of it.

Of course, Col. Matt J. Winn, venerable master of promotion who controls it, deserves all credit for its success. For years previous to the Morvich race, he had visualized his Derby as developing into the most popular and spectacular horse race in the country. Before Morvich had displayed his first swift trials about which I wrote, Col. Winn had gradually increased the value of the stake from \$5,000 to \$50,000 and by his ability, perspicacity, showmanship and expenditure of time and money, he retained and increased its popularity of 1922 with the years.

As Herbert Bayard Swope, chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, says, Col. Winn and his Derby have done much more for Kentucky and Louisville than they have done for him and his race. Swope believes Louisville and Kentucky owe the Colonel an everlasting vote of thanks because he and his Derby brought millions of dollars into the state and city, and gave them advertising that was priceless.

Whether or not the Derby stimulates the sport is problematical. Undoubtedly it encourages innumerable men and women to become racing conscious, but does it inculcate in them the spirit of the sport of racing? Perhaps! More likely it arouses the insatiable gambling appetite of the American people,



What the Derby means to thousands is shown by this picture, taken on the morning of race day

MORVICH GOING GREAT GUNS IN TRIAL SPINS AT JAMAICA TRACK

RAPIDLY ROUNDING INTO DERBY FORM

Hard Held by Big Exercise Boy, Morvich Breves Half Mile to 1/2 Seconds.

CROWN AT WORKOUTS

Best of Horses Are Training on Both Tracks at Belmont Park.

LEXINGTON TRACED TO FUTURITY WINNER

Family of Great Race Horse Sprang From Filly First in Produce Stakes of 1805.

ALSO PRODUCED WINNER

Marie, by Melzar, a Veritable American 'Royal Mare' in Pedigree of Famed Sire.

By GUY C. COE.

Following up the article of the Herald published on an article of Peter the Great, John L. Morvich has written for the *Forbes* of a family of Lexington in a review of Lexington's pedigree, which, coming just at the time of the appearance of the article, is of great interest to those who are interested in the pedigree of the horse.

The family of Lexington's famous son has never been above what has been called a "race family" and has produced many of the best horses of the day. The family of Lexington's famous son has never been above what has been called a "race family" and has produced many of the best horses of the day.

The name of the family of Lexington is known to all who are interested in the history of the horse. The family of Lexington's famous son has never been above what has been called a "race family" and has produced many of the best horses of the day.

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Casior Exemplifies Versatility of Morgan

Casior, a product of the Morgan Horse, is a horse of great versatility. He is a horse of great versatility. He is a horse of great versatility. He is a horse of great versatility.

FEW PONIES NOW IN POLO GAMES

Extra Speed of Modern Play Demands Horses Above 14.2 Hands, Experts Say.

As a pony in an exhibition match was seen to become a horse in a real polo game, the experts say that the extra speed of modern play demands horses above 14.2 hands.

Horse Show Dates for Coming Season

City	Date
New York	April 2-10
Philadelphia	April 11-19
Baltimore	April 20-28
Washington	April 29-5
Chicago	May 6-14
St. Louis	May 15-23
Indianapolis	May 24-31
Cincinnati	June 1-9
Cleveland	June 10-18
Pittsburgh	June 19-27
San Francisco	July 1-9
Portland	July 10-18
Seattle	July 19-27
Denver	July 28-31
San Diego	Aug. 1-9
Los Angeles	Aug. 10-18
San Jose	Aug. 19-27
San Francisco	Aug. 28-31

FISS, DOERR & CARROLL

BLUE FRONT SALES STABLES 247 STREET SEMI-WEEKLY HORSE AUCTIONS LEXINGTON TO THIRD AVE

400 HEAD OF HORSES At Auction To-morrow MONDAY, MARCH 20th, AT 10 O'CLOCK TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS WITHOUT RESERVE.

Two Excellent Shetland Ponies, Pony Carriage and Sleigh, Single and Double Harness and Equipment.

General and Livery Stock AT PUBLIC AUCTION Saturday, March 25, 1922. 141 Ludlow Street

NEWS AND VIEWS OF HORSE SHOWS

King of Kings

The King of Kings is a horse of great versatility. He is a horse of great versatility. He is a horse of great versatility. He is a horse of great versatility.

Farmers Buying Horses in All Western Markets

Prices Relatively Higher Than Here.

Farmers in the western states are buying horses in all western markets. Prices are relatively higher than here.



The newspaper story that started the Derby on the way to its present fame, and Morvich himself



The race was always important to Kentuckians



PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. C. COOK, THAYER, CAUFIELD AND SHOOK AND THOMAS HEALY

The Churchill Downs track in 1905; in those days the Derby was still only a local race

and makes them think of the \$2 mutuel bet on a horse rather than the gallantry, speed, endurance and class of the contestants.

Its adherents claim it is an asset to racing because it entices many men and women to buy horses in an endeavor to win it, and obtain the thrill and publicity that goes to the owner of the victor. That, probably, is true, but considered from another viewpoint the Derby might be termed a detriment to the sport. It is decided so early in the season that many horses are ruined while preparing for it. In my opinion, though, real good horses do not land on the hospital list because of preparation for the Derby. A first-class horse has a stout constitution and hard, long training does not injure it if it is properly handled. The records of the race show that Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand was a good horse, and he trained for, and won, the Derby and went on to score other notable victories. So did Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Cavalcade, William Woodward's Gallant Fox, Omaha and Johnstown, Mrs. John D. Hertz's Reigh Count, Samuel D. Riddle's War Admiral, and Morton Schwartz's Bold Venture.

But the races and records of those great horses are not sufficient evidence to warrant the contention that the race and the preparation for it are innocuous, and that racing does not suffer from the Derby because they survived the ordeal.

Many less sturdy horses which prepared for it were practically ruined. As Al Smith would say, they landed in the ash can. They lacked the constitution necessary to withstand such a test. If they had not been pointed for the race they probably would have been able to continue racing for several years, would have won races, and have (Continued on page 89)

Harmony Landing

MISS HENRIETTA BINGHAM, RETURNING TO HER NATIVE BLUEGRASS, TAKES OVER AN HISTORIC ESTATE



Among Miss Bingham's interests is the breeding of Border terriers, little known in America

A HOUSE at peace with its soul can present a lovely face to the world, and just such a house is Harmony Landing Farm at Goshen, Ky. More than a hundred years of sun and rain have mellowed its hand-made brick, laid together with becoming pride in the days before simplicity became self-conscious.

Its owner, Miss Henrietta Bingham, has brought an understanding imagination to work on the restoration and preservation of Harmony Landing Farm. And nowhere is this more evident than in her revival of the old pioneer name, given in compliment to the peacefulness of this landing place on the wide Ohio.

More than one hundred and forty years ago Harmony Landing was an important name to flat-boating river voyagers. They landed here, at the little clearing among the trees, after long and dangerous journeys down the eastern streams. And here travelers from Virginia and the Carolinas forded the river, bent on adventure and a possible home site in the new Northwest, or looking to see how the land lay in Clark's Grant, just across the Ohio. And to and from the spot where the boats met, wagons and feet beat out the Harmony Landing Road, which winds around the boundary of the present farm.

Miss Bingham's house was built by an enterprising Indian trader, Francis Snowden. Having kept a log-cabin store near Charles-

town for trappers and Indians, he picked up one day with his wife and belongings and moved across to the Kentucky shore, to take possession of the acreage on which Harmony Landing Farm now stands. And here, over a period of years, making his own brick as he went along, Francis Snowden built his

house, finishing it finally in 1812, with a skill and taste that will keep it a joy to the eye for as many years as it stands.

Several generations of Snowdens lived in the old house, around which in time grew up an entire community of stores and houses, a postoffice and a flourishing log-cabin "academy." Francis, the good builder and trader, fought in the Revolutionary wars, but it is a later and less historic character who is dear to Miss Bingham, possibly because of his prophetic vision.

This Col. Snowden, relieved of the rigors of pioneer living, followed the natural bent of the leisured Kentuckian by building himself a neat little private race track, half a mile long, where Thoroughbreds could gallop whenever it suited the Colonel and his friends.

Later, Harmony Landing passed from Snowden ownership, and after further changing of hands, the place finally became the Greenfields Golf Club.

But Harmony Landing wasn't destined to end as a golf club. Its membership fell off and the depression finally finished its career. The house and buildings were bought, with the surrounding four hundred and fifty acres, by Judge Robert Worth Bingham, then Am-



The house was completed in 1812 by an Indian trader whose taste and skill were impeccable

Farm

by MOLLY CLOWES

bassador to the Court of St. James, as a gift to his daughter, just a few months before his death. And it seemed to Henrietta Bingham, who had lived with her father for years in England, the perfect house for a Kentuckian who wanted to come home.

But there was much to be done to make the former golf club over into Harmony Landing Farm as it stands today.

Inside the house Miss Bingham's first task was to have the club's "cheerful" wallpaper stripped off to show the honest walls beneath. Then, suspecting a beautiful wood beneath successive layers of gloss, she had seven coats of paint scraped away, a job that took a good two months and lots of patience to finish. It was well worth it, however, as envious visitors have been saying ever since, because one of the principal beauties of the old rooms is the panelled woodwork, with its exquisitely fine, carved beading detail running around door and window frames.

MUCH of the furniture was brought from England, and the old pieces fit the pleasant, square farmhouse rooms as though specially planned for them. Racing prints showing many a bygone triumph at Epsom Downs line the dining room walls. Every window looks out on waving bluegrass and treetops.

But Miss Bingham wanted more than just a house in the country. She has known and loved and lived among horses since her childhood and on coming home to live she wanted to go into the traditional Kentucky business of breeding horses, both for fun and for profit. So Harmony Landing is now a nursery for



The living room; one of the principal beauties of the house is its panelled woodwork

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DARNELL AND ERNEST GRAHAM



English racing prints line the dining room walls; every window looks out on waving bluegrass



Two beautifully panelled doors distinguish the hall



The library; much of the old furniture gracing the house was brought from England

long-legged colts and fillies and their mothers, all kicking up their heels under the tall trees and eating from acres of fine bluegrass.

From England Miss Bingham brought home a few mares bred to famous English stallions as the nucleus for her stable, and has since added a number of fine American

mares. She sold her first crop of yearlings at Saratoga last August.

Among leading American stallions who have sired foals born and being raised at Harmony Landing Farm are Man o' War, Sir Gallahad 3rd, Blue Larkspur, Pharamond 2nd, Gallant Fox, Hard Tack, and Stimulus. The mating

of one of Miss Bingham's Gainsborough mares to the French Grand Prix winner, Cri de Guerre, of the Ayrshire line, has produced an interesting outcross in breeding.

Miss Bingham also raises Border terriers. A very uncommon breed in this country, the Border terrier requires some introduction. He is a native of the wild Border country between England and Scotland. He is a compact, rough-coated little fellow, courageous in battle with foxes when put to ground. Possessing a quiet dignity he is an ideal house as well as sporting companion.

MUCH had to be done to make the former golf greens a suitable home for horses. First, the erstwhile fairways were fenced off with five and a half miles of gleaming white rails. Then a new large barn and stable were built, and although this building is scarcely two years old it is as perfectly rooted to the landscape as the oldest tree on the place. It houses, in addition to a huge storage loft and food bins, a "lying-in hospital" for mares, and quarters for them and their offspring.

The existing barn, which had the potentialities of a problem, has turned out to be a nearly perfect structure from the horseman's point of view. A huge, white octagonal frame building, it was, believe it or not, originally the home of the merry-go-round at White City, an amusement park about twenty miles farther down the Ohio. Nobody knows what strange whimsy on the part of a former owner induced him to have the thing dismantled when the park closed, and brought, shingle by shingle and board by board, all the way up to Harmony Landing. It still boasts a sky-blue ceiling and rows of tiny lights all around the cupola-like structure on the roof. But now, with windows cut into each of its eight sides, it houses with perfect ease twelve roomy box stalls, and a circular track which provides a perfect bad-weather exercise ground.

Harmony Landing is a joy to its neighbors as well as to its owner, on several counts. In an age of absentee landlords farming mainly for profit, Miss Bingham has returned home to live on her place and to respect its history and tradition. She also is helping cheerfully to prove wrong the Kentucky superstition that good bluegrass just can't be grown outside of the fifty-mile radius around Lexington, and the theory that good horses would just pine away and die outside of that same charmed circle. Harmony Landing produces bluegrass to spare.

Naturally it is the owner's ambition to breed a Kentucky Derby winner. That wouldn't be a novelty in the Bingham family, since Miss Bingham's great-uncle, George J. Long of nearby Bashford Manor Farm, was the first man ever to win the Kentucky Derby twice. He pre-dated Colonel Bradley with Azra in 1892, and Sir Huon in 1906, and the proudest moment of little Henrietta's life came on the day her uncle set her up on a Derby winner for a few breathless seconds.

The Derby's crown of roses may yet come home to Harmony Landing. When that day comes, says Miss Bingham, the little lights around the merry-go-round roof will be relit and perhaps the shades of an uncle who won two Derbies and of the old Colonel who built a race track at Harmony Landing will come together for a gleeful handshake.



The pastures are fenced off with five and a half miles of gleaming white rails



Once the home of a merry-go-round, this strange born has a ring for bad-weather exercise



Miss Bingham, with a broodmare by Sir Gallahad 3rd and a day-old foal by Stimulus

PLAYING POLO FOR FUN

by GROVE CULLUM

effort enough, I should say. So to my mind, it is no wonder at all that men approaching forty should wish to turn over the active leading roles to younger players.

This, however, does not explain the decision of Raymond Guest, who, according to general report, played probably the best polo of his career last year. Without attempting to divine the motives that actuated him, let us hope that his decision will receive reconsideration, and that again we shall see him active on the field and lending support to the game in which, during and since his college days, he has been an important figure.

That the ponies of these retiring players, thrown on the market at the close of a none too successful season, should fetch a low price, creates even less surprise. Quite naturally, most players prefer to buy ponies that have had a sound basic training: that are still fresh and plastic: ponies that, given a fair chance, will soon adapt themselves to the idiosyncrasies of their new owners.

They know from experience, that a pony having gone through several seasons of hard play under a high-goal player, has given his best to that player; has adapted himself to that player's hands and seat—to his mannerisms, and the chances are, he may prove disappointing to his new master.

The high-goal polo field is not a training ground for ponies; rather, it is a finishing school in which a pony acquires the responses demanded by the particular rider on his back. And once he has acquired these responses, it requires more time and more skilful training to remake and remould him to his new rider, than it does to confirm a fresh one that is still in the plastic, malleable stage. I have never tried to teach an old dog new tricks, but I have tried it on a few old ponies with less success and more headaches than I care to admit.

It is no disparagement of Argentine ponies to recall that many of these, having played brilliantly under their original owners, proved disappointing to Americans who purchased them after the games were over. Occasionally, of course, exceptions are to be found, but they are rare in any class of polo, and especially so in high-goal polo. So much for the pony sales.

Now, as to the lack of response of the public to the international matches, again I can register no surprise. To begin with, the vital element of suspense was lacking. The English team had been in California practically the whole winter season; three of their players, Gerald Balding, Aidan Roark and Eric Tyrrell-Martin, while owing allegiance to the British Crown, have been more intimately connected with American polo than with English in recent years and are perhaps better known to the polo world here than there.

And in all fairness to the English side, it must be admitted it required no particular gifts of prophecy to predict the final outcome. It was like sitting through a play in which the denouement—if any—took place in the first scene. When the first starting bell was sounded, the *(Continued on page 88)*

IT may sound presumptuous for one who lives in the West, and who has but slight contact with Long Island, the recognized world center of the game, to attempt an answer to the prevalent question, "What has happened to polo?" If so, it should be remembered that one who lives continuously inside a house may not have the same perspective that is granted to another who views the house from a distant hilltop.

So it seems to me, and to many others similarly situated, that actually there is nothing basically wrong with polo. It is still the greatest of games for those who play it, if not for those who watch it.

There is still the same thrill in the feel of a fine, elastic pony—schooled to one's taste and steeled by condition—that springs forward like an arrow to catch and take out an opponent who has outwitted his rider; there is still the same sound, the same feel in the clear, clean smack of the mallet head against the ball; there is still the same deep satisfaction in outmaneuvering an opponent—bracketing him between one's self and a teammate; there is still the same exhilaration in the sensations of a fast galloping, hard-hitting match against worthy and fair opponents. So I say, the great game of polo is not seriously ailing, and having said this, I propose now to diagnose a few of these symptoms that have given concern.

To my mind, it is but natural that Tommy Hitchcock, and perhaps the Whitneys, should announce their retirement from matches that impose demands comparable to the International and the Open Championship games. Generally, as men grow older, their responsibilities increase, leaving them less time for sports. At the same time, it grows more difficult for them to reach and to hold that pink of condition required in modern high-goal polo.

If I remember correctly, Hitchcock made his debut in international polo in 1921, and since that time, some nineteen years ago, with the possible exception of one year, he has been the central figure on an International or an Open Championship side. Honor and



E. S. MOORE, JR.

Polo in the West is and has always been a sport, not a battle, and its popularity is growing steadily without benefit of ballyhoo or big names

The Country Church

by the REV. ASA WRIGHT MELLINGER

I ONCE thought it my duty to stream-line my country church. I have since changed my mind.

Although I was country born and bred, I spent my college and seminary years in observing and studying the technique of the urban church. The country parish was to be a miniature, no less perfect and no less complete, than the large city church.

I have abandoned the idea because a city church is inadequate for country people. Probably this sounds like an arrogant thrust at the city. I am not a rustic, preening his superiority over the urban dweller. I do not mean to infer that the church at the cross roads is more godly, orthodox or sincere than the church in the busy down-town district. I am merely suggesting that they are not the same, and that comparisons are odious to both alike.

An official of a nationally known manufacturing firm was groping for the distinction between city and country when he told of his visit to a hill-town fair. He saw the boys' ox-drawing contest. He watched one little boy leading his oxen and inspiring them to drag a tremendous load. When he related it, the thrill brought tears to his eyes. He went on, "Oxen are slow. When a boy drives oxen he has time to think of a lot of things. A city kid has no time to think. All he does is repeat what somebody tells him or what he reads in the papers. A man who drives oxen is lucky, he has time to think."

I am not at all certain that his analysis is either correct or significant. I am grateful to him for having noted a difference, and having been favorably impressed. Probably I can do no better in my interpretation. But I must be kinder to the city boy.

Saying that a city church is inadequate for country people does not infer that they would not appreciate it. One who lives in the country thoroughly enjoys a visit to a city church. He is impressed by its size, its beauty, its lighting, its soothing and commanding organ, its well trained choir and its eloquent minister. In all these aspects he may grant that the city church is superior.

Concerning matters of doctrine it cannot be said that the country is either more liberal or conservative than the city. More uniformly than ever, the ministers of all the churches are graduates of college and seminary. They hold every conceivable shade of theological opinion. Often a country minister goes to a city parish, and then again, a man who has successfully served in the city moves to a country parish. The cultural preparation of the minister is not particularly a factor in

furthering the difference between country and city church.

The only reason I can give for the inadequacy of the city church for country people is the fact that it is not made up of country people. A young woman, a college graduate, who enjoyed going to church in the university circle, moved to the country with her husband. Because of a denominational preference, she passed by the little country meeting house, and went to her own church in the city. She did not suffer the embarrassment of the country bumpkin who has never been outside the township, but still she felt dissatisfied with the church. She is now attending the church in the country where she lives. She changed her denomination to do it.

The country dweller needs his own church to help him interpret his life from a rural point of view. His philosophy of life must deal definitely with his own experience. For that reason the farmer does not jump into his own car and hurry off to church in the city. He has a car that would carry him there. He could often do this more economically than he can support his country church.

IN my country parish of about 150 homes, I doubt if more than half a dozen of them are without a car. In almost every instance the reason that must be given for not having a car is that there is no one in the family capable of driving it. This is not a rich community, but the fact is that a car is an actual necessity. Even those who dip so low economically as to need work relief have cars that they may get to the work that is offered them.

With so many cars, the local grocer finds himself competing with the chain stores in the city eight miles away. He knows definitely that, without exception, people buy most of their groceries in the city and that he merely does tag ends of small business that were forgotten. His store meets the emergency and credit needs of the community. The garage man, however, does a good business and is not worried about city competition.

Almost every service that we require, haircut, shoe repair, pressing, tailoring, is managed within the family or else is taken to the city. No one ever says we ought to have a barber, cobbler or tailor in the community. We had thought it might be a good idea to have a movie in the town hall about twice a month. We must have decided we did not want it because we did not support it. We went to the city to see a newer show instead. We prefer to go to the movies in the city, even though it costs us a little more.

In the face of this we cannot say that the

country church is maintained because of rural necessity or economy. It is maintained because it justifies its existence on a basis of service to the community. While repeating that a country church can serve its people more effectively than a city church could, I am well aware of its inadequacy. Like every other, it fails to make any visible contribution to half the people it should reach. Whereas it was, once, newspaper, forum, Sunday community gathering, social center, and entertainment bureau, it is now trimmed down to a poorly attended morning service and a small cluster of petty money-making organizations. With that confession let us see what it does.

The first task of the church is to reveal that life is more than meat. There are many things on the farm that must be done, which do not bring adequate financial return for the work involved. Because these jobs prove thankless, the church does not offer a reward in heaven for the doing of them. It does not gloss over or justify any social inequalities that may exist, but it must reassert that the abundant life is not completely dominated by farm incomes. It does not want to tie the farmer eternally to his land like a serf; it suggests that a trek to the city is not a solution to all of life's problems, even though occasionally it is an answer to the economic ones. Although the Bible begins in the Garden of Eden and closes with the Holy City, life's deepest satisfactions are not always found in an urban movement, as is indicated by the happy return of many prodigals to the simplicity of rural life.

Machinery advertisements to the contrary, the church affirms the dignity of work with the hands which are still the farm's most useful tools. It is through their hands that men can save their souls. For driven dirt-farmers or sporting amateurs, life can become worth while, despite economic difficulties and frustrations. Whoever digs his hands into the soil, with joy, has become a co-worker with God.

The farmer who works incredible hours merely to feed and clothe his own family, should realize that it is by his labor that the world is fed. He must know that he is not struggling alone. He needs companionship to console him in his losses and to celebrate his victories.

The unique opportunity of the rural church lies in the fact that it can make significant the ordinary routine of the country dweller. It may glorify a bit of nature by celebrating Appleblossom, Laurel or Rose Sunday. Such observances in a country church are more than a splurge in which rustics go artistic. In their own subtle way, (*Continued on page 74*)



H. H. COSTAIN

TENNIS *goes back to the players*

by JOHN R. TUNIS

I SAID hullo Pete do you want to come down to Forest Hills and see some tennis and he said why yes I think I can get away who's playing and I said oh Frankie Parker against somebody-or-other and Bitsy Grant against and he said wait a minute I'm sorry I forgot I have important conference this afternoon please ring me again g'by.

Call it un-American, as the boys in "Pins and Needles" used to, and probably still sing, but at the risk of being so tagged it seems to me that what we call quotes amateur unquotes tennis in the United States is at its lowest ebb. Nor do I refer to the fact that the Australians walked away with the Holy Grail of the tennis badgers, the Davis Cup. They're welcome to it. I refer to the standard of top class play at the present time.

Want to make something out of it? All right, take a look at the tennis guide and compare the first ten of 1920 with Tilden and his buddies with the first ten of 1940, paced by Master Riggs. Or take the first five of the early 'twenties, consisting of the Rev. Drs. Tilden, Johnston, Richards, Williams and Washburn and stake them against the Messers Riggs, Parker, McNeill, Van Horn and Sabin. We will now return you to our studios in New York for station announcement.

Yes, Mr. Smith is in conference and would you mind calling him back tomorrow. The second ranking player in the United States in this Year of Grace 1940 is Frank Parker, which is more eloquent than anything that could be said. Because he was beaten in three 6-1 sets by Gil Hunt in an early round at Forest Hills last fall. Can you imagine what Billy Johnston, who was second fiddle to old Bill Tilden from 1919 to 1926, would have done to that Parker forehand? Lots of people have, and stayed away from tournament tennis in large numbers of recent years. The fact is the crowd doesn't want to see these lads play, a fact that was reflected in the attendance last September when only 7,500 paying customers were enticed into the stadium at Forest Hills to see the final round of the American championships.

If the play and the standards are declining here, the situation is much worse abroad. There are no Cochet and Lacoste in France, no Perrys and Austins in England. At the French championships in June, 1939, I watched Borotra and Brugnon, whose combined age was over 80, come four times within a point of winning the doubles title of France (which Borotra first won fifteen years ago) against Harris and McNeill. Wimbledon a few weeks later had the poorest men's entry in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the finals between Riggs and Cooke, which took place before sparse benches, was described by an English tennis (playing) friend as a "girl's singles."



The gentry concerned won't thank me for these few kind words, but a man has to live with himself, and besides facts are facts, and you can find all this in the records. The fact is, and you must have observed it yourself, that the semi-amateur-semi-professional game of Forest Hills and Wimbledon and Roland Garros is at a painfully low estate, and not likely in the near future to improve. Folks just don't want to watch Frank Parker wind up that forehand, and you can hardly blame them.

What's the matter with tennis? Nothing. Nothing at all. Not a thing's the matter with the sport. Tennis, the game, is in a healthier condition than ever before. There's far more interest in playing all over the United States than ever before in our history. Far better play at the colleges, at public parks (for which the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association is

responsible) than ever before in our history. And, among the tennis public, far less interest than ever in the brand displayed at Seabright and Southampton by the exhibitionists of the first ten.

Tennis has gone back to the players. In New York City, for instance, there are a dozen places; clubs, courts where you can play on paying, public parks and other facilities, where there was one twenty years ago. Tennis rackets are infinitely better than the old Pims and Sutton Stars on which we learnt the game. So, too, are the balls. Fred Alexander is authority for the statement that the tennis ball of 1940 is 100% better than the ball of 1914, and Sam Hardy, another former Davis Cup star, bears him out in this. That means it is easier to control, easier to keep in court; that means longer rallies and more fun. Say, why do we play games, anyhow? For fun, of course. We've sort of gotten away from this idea in recent years, but lately tennis has gone back to the players to whom it belongs.

IN passing, some honorable mention should be given the manufacturers of the composition courts gradually being laid down all over the country. These courts originated in England, and made play possible along the South Coast pretty much the whole year round. The best of them, like En-Tout-Cas which is the daddy of the lot, Har-Tru, an American variation, and Corkturf, make delightful surfaces to play upon because they slow up the game and render it easier for those of us who once thought we were fast if we ran the half in 1:58:3, and are no longer as speedy as we used to be. The ball hangs longer in the air, gives the average player more time to reach it; in short, makes tennis more fun. My conviction is, and the aforesaid manufacturers will slay me for this, that champions will never be developed on these courts. In my brave new world that isn't over-important.

No, it isn't important at all. The important thing is to get folks playing. With the development and introduction of these courts into this country from abroad has come an English custom which I much fear is in abeyance over there for the duration. I refer to the tennis party.

A tennis party in the English countryside is just something. You start playing about three in the afternoon, but that's because there isn't enough light at three in the morning. Everyone plays, and that means everyone from grandmother down to the tiniest toddler. Everyone plays pretty well, too, and if you think grandfather cannot get to the ball because of his sciatica or his game leg, don't fool yourself. He will shoot the next one down your alley, or just over your head, with diabolical accuracy. At four thirty there's an intermission called tea. Tea around a table, with cakes and sandwiches and lots more of the same. You aren't through. Oh no, unless it's snowing as it sometimes does in

England in June, you go out after tea and play until it's time to bathe and dress for dinner.

What's the secret of a successful tennis party? Just one thing; get everyone playing. This is done in several ways. Here in the United States we think of a game of tennis or a game of golf as a match, eighteen holes, three sets. None of this for your tennis party. Limit everyone to a single set, always doubles, because, obviously, in doubles you have four persons playing. You'll discover if you don't already know it that doubles and—yes, even mixed—is amazingly good fun. But you must observe one important rule. Keep sides even.

If you are the host, choose the sides yourself. Try always to have them as well-matched as possible, and above all keep the two good players on opposite sides of the net. The moment one set is over, step in. Have the next four already chosen in your mind, and as the English host puts it; "Peter, will you play with Colonel Hogwallah against Miss Jones and Jimmy?" What's that? A woman in a man's four? Certainly, this isn't considered in the least unorthodox in England, where the principal thing is to get everyone playing and to keep the sides even so the game will be fun for all concerned.

To get everyone playing and playing as often as possible, eliminate all deuce sets. Abroad they have a term for this; sudden death. At five all, the two sides toss for service and then one game decides the set. This may cause a moment's silence and a few unspoken regrets from the losers, but it will help make your tennis party a success. It will keep things moving and prevent one of those 14-12 sets which continue forever while the spectators perish of boredom and inactivity on the sidelines. The point is to get everyone playing as much and as often as possible.

If it's early in the season, you ought to have some sort of shelter near the court to keep the cold wind off those sitting round, and plenty of blankets ready. To have a really good game, you need, of course, good playing conditions; a first class surface, a net without holes, backstops that really stop, and above all new balls. Don't invite a crowd to discover that you are giving them 1900 Armagnac to drink, and 1900 tennis balls

to play with. Throw out five or six new balls at the start of the afternoon, and after every three or four sets pick them up and throw out half a dozen new ones. New balls are easier to play with, to see, to find when they get lost. They're more fun. They help a tennis party as much as the presence of Big Bill himself.

IN tennis, of course, the court is really the important thing. The modern quick-drying courts range in price all the way from \$1,800 to \$3,500, depending upon how much excavating is necessary. Should you already have a court on your place, the concerns mentioned, and others, will re-surface it with patented material at sums ranging from \$500. You couldn't spend money to better advantage. Because your tennis party can then go on directly after a heavy thunderstorm, and should a shower arise in the middle you can stop for a drink and continue the moment the rain ends.

Construction of a tennis court sounds like a simple problem to the layman. It isn't! For example, there's the problem of light. Your court must be laid out so the sun will be over-

corner, from the net to the ends, or down the middle to the sides? Is there enough room for your court? You have surely played on tennis courts where angled shots to the side were impossible to get. Remember how annoying that was, especially whenever the angled shots were yours. Consequently, there must be plenty of room at the end and on each side of your court, yet not so much that chasing a ball means a ten minute walk. How high should the backstops be? What kind of a surface do you desire? Some surfaces need considerable upkeep—no matter what their manufacturers may tell you—in the way of watering, rolling and brushing each day. How is your water supply? Are you limited by an artesian well? Is the town water good but expensive; if so you won't feel like keeping a sprinkler going all day; you'll want a fixed surface requiring no upkeep. But such a court is more expensive at the start.

Can't you tend to all this yourself? Yes, you can, if you have nothing else to do, and it's fun. But you'll find yourself in all sorts of difficulties and the chances are ten to one you will spend twice as much money in the end than if you had called on expert advice.



Flanked by a swimming pool and close to the house C. H. Buell's tennis court in Detroit provides a perfect setting for the kind of party the author describes



R. W. TEBBS & H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS PHOTOS

head and not in the eyes of a player on one side of the net. To get this right is a job for an engineer, and a tennis playing one at that. Often trees cast shadows on the court. But sometimes trees must be preserved. Here you'll have to call on a landscape architect for help. What about the background? Bad or imperfect backgrounds spoil the game. Here's more trouble. And the location of the court itself? A court placed on or near a hill-top, close to a large body of water or in any exposed place means constant wind, and wind can ruin a game more quickly than anything save rain.

Then there's your drainage. The court must drain quickly and efficiently if you are to get the maximum use from it. But courts don't drain naturally by themselves. Drainage must be planned. Should the surface slope to one

All these things should be settled by someone who knows his business. A homemade court is seldom anything but a sorry affair. The best solution, indeed almost the only satisfactory one is to consult a tennis-playing architect or engineer, or better still some court construction company who have met these problems and know the answers.

At the risk of wearying you, please let me repeat my theme-song. More tennis is being played in this country than ever before. The game itself is in a healthier condition and interest is active and vital. The Forest Hills variety seems to be in a slump for the moment; but I can bear up if you can. It has taken a longish while; but tennis has gone back to the players.

By the way, speaking of tennis, whatever became of Gene Mako?

Country Life in

WESTERN



ETCHING BY R. H. PALENSKE

AT a cocktail party the other day, a girl, knowing that we had just arrived from British Columbia, asked my husband in what ship he had come.

"I didn't come in a ship," he answered.

"Oh, you flew then!"

"No, I came by train."

"How could you come by train?"

"Where do you think British Columbia is?" I interrupted.

"Oh, it's somewhere in South America, or is it Africa?" she replied vaguely.

If this were the first time we had had a conversation of this sort, we would have put it down to the crass ignorance of a silly girl, but every time we come east we are astonished at the number of people in and around New York—and in London, too—who have not the slightest idea where British Columbia is, let alone knowing anything about its topography, climate or inhabitants. Many ap-

parently confuse it with Colombia—in South America, you know—and fondly believe it is infested with tribes of ferocious natives still practicing the art of the bow and arrow.

When we tell them it is the westernmost province of Canada—a tract of territory about six hundred miles long and five hundred miles across, bounded on one side by the Pacific Ocean and with two ranges of the Rockies passing through it—they generally say: "How silly of me! I suppose you are snowbound half the year and surrounded by Eskimos. . . . or is it Indians?"

It isn't nearly as bad as that.

We are quite civilized. We have cars, and pretty bad roads; electric refrigerators, stoves, and all the other gadgets sold us by our enterprising neighbors south of the border; oil burning furnaces, and big open fireplaces with plenty of wood—not at \$18 a cord either; movies; a little theatre movement; a country

club, where the usual drinking and dancing go on; radio and, as an escape, a town symphony orchestra, pretty bad but at least they try, and do have fun. There is a tea room in every town, where the ladies of the Social Register gather in the lulls between shopping and perhaps to have their fortunes told while they wait for their spouses to finish that game of billiards at their own club; a new sports arena which is filled to capacity both for skating, and the weekly hockey matches; skiing; cricket; a drag hunt—it's a fine sight to see the hounds in full cry followed by a real English field. There are churches and the social life surrounding them; a community hall. . . . well, as you can see, we have all the amenities of modern life comparable with that lived anywhere in the country in England or New England, except that we have more space, if no more freedom from convention or gossip.

OUR climate is practically the same as that one has in New York or the New England states. Even in Alaska, they have summer, you know!

We live in a dry belt in the interior, and enjoy hot, blazing sunshine from June till October, with scarcely any rain at all. The thermometer often reaches the hundred mark, but the nights are cool, for we are thirteen hundred feet above sea level. The wet belts enjoy the same warm, sunny weather, but they have the usual amount of rainfall.

During the winter, that is, from December until April, it can be extremely cold. Anything from twenty, to more than thirty, below zero in the southern part of the province, and even forty or more below in the north. We can have terrific blizzards, which, may close the roads for several days at a time, and I have seen a fall of five feet of snow in one of these. But it is a dry, powdery snow, and the cold is not unpleasant unless the wind blows. The winters out here, in fact, remind one of the winters in Switzerland. . . . and people come to enjoy them.

On the Coast, due to the Japanese current, the climate is much more equable, and can be compared with the climate of southern England, or the Côte d'Azur. There the temperature rarely goes down to freezing point, and roses, jasmine and other flowers bloom until December, and again in February. Both Victoria, our capitol on Vancouver Island, and Vancouver, are noted for their beautiful gardens, many of which have distant back-

by RENE SCUDAMORE

CANADA

a little old French woman last spring, when my husband and I were at Halcyon Springs (one of the several natural hot springs with curative powers, known since the time of the Indians) who still lived in the little log cabin on the shore of Arrow Lake where her husband, an American miner, had brought her as a bride fifty years before. In spite of her age and infirmities, she manages to hang out her American flag every 4th of July, although there are only her dog, goats and chickens to see it. Her sole communication with the outer world is an old paddle wheel steamer which passes twice a week, connecting with the spur of the railroad at the head of the lake. The main line of the Canadian Pacific is twenty miles away at Revelstoke.

B RITISH Columbia has a population of 750,000, nearly a third of whom live in Vancouver, and the rest either on Vancouver Island or scattered through the southern part of the province. There is a fairly large Japanese and Chinese population, most of the former living on the coast and engaged either in the fishing or lumbering industries. The Chinese engage chiefly in agricultural pursuits, raising vegetables, or working in the fruit orchards in the interior. There is quite a large "Chinatown" in Vancouver, and even our own little town of Vernon, which has a population of 4,000, has its Chinese quarter with names like Hi Ling Kwong, Sam Lee, and Ling Tan Sun occupying large spaces on stores and restaurants. Miss Kwong, a pretty young Chinese graduate of the Vernon High School, runs her papa's business now and supplies our Chinese crew for the orchard each season.

Sam, our Chinese gardener, has been in the country for thirty years or more. He is a funny, little, dried-up fellow with plenty of stamina, eats five eggs for lunch every day, and is proud of his eight children, still in China with his wife, and most of them born since his arrival in our parts. Sam has a grand sense of humor. I remember him telling this story on himself one day while he was digging up tulip bulbs. I cannot hope to reproduce his almost unintelligible English.

DOUGLAS KERMODE, CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU AND CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



The country home of R. P. Butchart, at Victoria



The lovely sunken gardens of the house above



This party got its quota of birds in three hours

"Sam's papa he in China. He want come British Columbia. Sam he work hard, save money, in three years he send for papa. Papa he come. Three months, papa dead. Sam, he then work hard, save money for three years. Send papa back to China aglain."

Before this war in the Orient, every year a ship would leave Vancouver with a cargo of Chinese bones, shipped back to be buried in their own country. Now, I suppose the bones must rest uneasily in this heathen soil, for many of the boats are filled with scrap iron.

Mining is the principal industry of our province, though we are far from any mines. Gold, silver, copper, lead and iron are found, and the Vancouver Stock Exchange lists many properties never mentioned in the United States. The sporting old vicar from our neighborhood goes down to Vancouver every winter, ostensibly to escape our rigorous weather, but in reality to play the stock market, and he always wins. He made some money for me the first winter I was out here, but I lost it all later in a wildcat scheme.

There is also a rich timber growth, and a great deal of lumber is exported, not only abroad but also to the prairie provinces. And British Columbia canned salmon is known all over the world.

Although the country is mountainous in character—it has (Continued on page 70)

grounds of snow-capped mountains beyond the blue sea, and even in the dry belts in the interior, flower gardens are the rule and not the exception.

This may be because many of the inhabitants are of Scotch or English descent, immigrants like ourselves, or one generation or two removed. For, although British Columbia was discovered in 1774 by Juan Pérez, a Spaniard (I looked all this up in an Encyclopedia) it was not settled till fifty years later. In the first part of the last century, the Hudson Bay Company was paramount, dealing with the Indians for furs and minerals, and Vancouver was little more than a tiny trading post until after the 1880's. The discovery of gold in 1858 brought a wild and turbulent type of settler—many of our most important families are their descendants, but I didn't find this in the book—and each year the miners worked their way farther and farther north in the search for gold. In 1887 there was a gold rush to the Kootenays, which opened up the interior. This makes us practically a pioneer country. Much of the northern part of the province is still wild and uninhabited, just miles and miles of trackless, virgin forest abounding in wild game.

Parenthetically, I might say here that I met



Looking eastward over Lake Kalamalka and the reaches of the fruit-growing Coldstream Valley

SALMON RIVERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

by E. S. GALLOP

TO paraphrase a writer of the fourteenth century, "Of a truth God *could* have made a better salmon-fishing country than New Brunswick, but it is equally true that He never did."

Take a look at the map of the province. It is a network of rivers, and most of them contain salmon, the size of the fish depending on those inscrutable laws of nature, most of which are shrouded in mystery—the mysterious life-history of that most sporting of all fish.

Within a few miles of Mount Carleton, at the junction of the three northern counties, lie the sources of most of the salmon rivers in New Brunswick, which radiate from that point like a fan, with the exception of the lordly Saint John River, the Rhine of eastern Canada, and its lower tributaries.

Names to conjure with have these streams—names from the original Algonkian Indian tongue—Nipisiguit, Upsalquitch, Miramichi, Tabusintac, and, contrary to popular opinion, more than six hundred miles of their waters are open to the public. There is room for all, depending on your leisure or your purse, and every one of these rivers has different natural characteristics, as the accompanying illustrations will show. Rugged or placid, wild or pastoral, they are all there and they all contain fish.

Whether you can catch them or not, is *your* problem. "It's hard to know the mind of a fish," and again to quote from an early piscatorial writer:

"If they will, they will, you may depend on't

And if they won't, they won't, and there's an end on't."

It is not the object of this article to pro-



LEE WULFF

vide a catalog of necessary tackle for salmon fishing. That depends on you. First of all, get the idea out of your mind that it is a millionaire's game.

True, if you wish to, you can spend a wonderful day in New York and emerge with tackle worth a king's ransom, which will thrill you, even to look at, all winter. You can then put in a long-distance call to the Department of Lands and Mines in Fredericton, and make reservations on the government waters of the Restigouche at twenty dollars per day per rod. You will get what you pay for; some of the best, if not the best, salmon fishing in the world.

Or, to swing to the other extreme, if you should be motoring through the province, provided you have a seven-day fishing license and a good reel and line, you can, through the good offices of a farmer with riparian rights on some of these rivers, land a salmon on a steel rod, at the cost of a couple of dollars to the farmer.

It's rank heresy, I know, to talk of landing a salmon on a common steel rod, but as a talking point, it can be done. The guides do it all the time.

In between these extremes are all shades of opinion regarding equipment costs, and you can name your own figure.

One thing, remember: find out beforehand what class of fishing you will encounter on the river of your choice, and prepare accordingly. If you will be fishing from a canoe, a long double-handed rod becomes very awkward and heavy towards the end of the day. If you are wading and have a shorter, light rod and tackle, that eddy just beyond your reach is very tantalizing; so, if you can manage it, take along two rods, or a rod with an extension butt. Two rods are better.

Remember also that the trend is toward lighter tackle these days, and a good sturdy Palakona split bamboo sea-trout rod supplemented by a first-class, light weight salmon reel, and line to balance, will provide more sport than the heavier equipment.

THE rest of your tackle comes under the same category of taste as your rods. A good, silk line is necessary; not the fine casting line so beloved of plug casters, but an oiled silk or enameled line of 50 yards, with a hemp or linen backing of another 100 yards. Personally, I use a level trout line of 100 yards, all in one piece. It came from Norwich and has lasted me for years. My cast, contrary to all precedent, is not of the fancy, stained gut which most salmon fishermen consider best, but eight feet of Telerana Nova, artificial gut bought by the coil in Scotland from "Robertson's House O' Flees," in Glasgow. It has never failed me—yet. I get a Puckish pleasure in using this tackle, although I know I lose a certain amount of caste with the guides.

As to flies, their name is legion and every



Shoving off for the day's fishing from Dead Man's Brook on the Miramichi



Casting down a likely salmon pool on one of New Brunswick's famous rivers

river, has its particular favorite, and it were better to enquire from someone on the spot in making your arrangements. On the Restigouche, you will be assured that the Mar Lodge is the only fly worth a hoot, whilst the guide on the Miramichi will laugh the Mar Lodge to scorn and declare the Black Dose is the best for *all* waters. Even "The Dose" must be taken with a grain of salt, however, for the Nipisiguit man will swear by a Jock Scott, or a Wilkinson, and so on, and so on.

Nor will I particularize in reels. The selection is too varied but, in Canada, Hardy reels are tops.

I THINK I would advise against buying all your tackle at the home store. Keep a dollar or so, and buy a few flies, and perhaps a cast, from the outfitter or the guide. They will know what is best, and usually have a supply on hand. Above all, beware of buying salmon flies with gut loops. See that the eyes are part of the hook itself. This may save you a fish when fish are scarce.

Now for your trip. You will find that the New Brunswick roads are largely hard-surfaced and good, and you can usually reach your river by car. However, two railways, the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, between them, tap the focal points, and the tourist bureaus of both these lines have all particulars at their finger tips for the asking. Also the Department of Lands & Mines at Fredericton and the New Brunswick Tourist Bureau, at the same place, will give you all necessary information.

Just one tip. Do not leave your outing till late in the season and suffer the disappointment, as I have done, of standing on a cliff overhanging a pool and counting literally hundreds of salmon in the pool below, not a single one of which would rise. If you can't come earlier, however, don't let that discourage you, especially if you are a dry fly fisherman, since even those salmon who turned up their noses at me gave lots of sport later in the day to a dry fly expert.

At the end of this article you will find a list of the principal salmon rivers with the names of individuals who can look after you. Be guided by them. That's not meant as a



Wild water and a deep, rocky pool on the Nipisiguit; the wilder the water the faster they swim

pun, but as advice, as they know a whole lot outside of the mere taking of fish, and a day with a New Brunswick guide, if you treat him like the gentleman he is, will be an instructive one.

Statistics are dry reading unless you have a background. Let us suppose ourselves, say, on one of the branches of the Miramichi river in July. It has rained heavily the night before and we expect that quite a few of the salmon we saw lying in the pool below the camp will have moved up-stream during the night, so we leave the camp just after sunrise and start up-river to the Falls Pool half a mile distant.

As the guide and I wander up the trail, the rising sun just tops the spruces, each spiny branch gleaming like jewels with the raindrops. The scent of the underbrush and the fresh morning air are invigorating and

wonderfully vital, and we swing along grandly. Suddenly—*bop!* and there on the left are a pair of large ears waving and a pair of bright eyes peering at us. Twenty yards away a fine buck stands trying to catch our scent. We "freeze," watching. Suddenly a wandering air must have given him what he feared—manscent. *Whoosh!* and all you can see is his white scut, waving like a flag in the distance.

Arriving at the pool I get my cast ready while the guide mounts the rocky bank at the side. Across the pool the shadows lie purple under the cliffs, the foam from the falls above gliding by oyster-white against the dark green water. The guide returns with the reassuring news that three salmon and a grilse came into the pool just as he arrived, and are lying below a rock at the tail of the pool.

After a few minutes casting further up stream, in order to (*Continued on page 70*)

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU, CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



The end of the fight; the guide netting a big salmon on the Restigouche



It's a really big one, and there is much interest in what the scales say



A dwarf Japanese cherry against a dark background; a single tree is lovely but better is an informal mass

Oriental Trees

IN OUR COUNTRYSIDE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. HEALY AND H. H. COSTAIN

The Japanese plums came in many shapes; some are bushy, some symmetrical, while others are upright

AMERICAN country estates have been invaded by the Orientals. But their owners are not heading their gardeners in battle array to beat back the invader; for the invasion is that of the Oriental flowering trees. Garden lovers form welcoming committees, rather than groups of defenders, for no floral immigrant has ever brought more of beauty to the American countryside than have these flowering trees.

The garden historian of the future will record the epoch of their coming as one of greatest significance. They are the trees which above all others are bringing rich color in large scale plantings. While exotic in one sense, in another a massed planting of the Oriental flowering trees along a stream or lake shore, or a great thicket of them at the edge of an otherwise rather dull woodland, appears as natural as a mass of native dogwood.

They constitute the almost perfect tree with which to paint the spring landscape with great splashes of color. Although these Oriental trees are beautiful as individual specimens they belong, in a peculiar sense, in massed effects. Perhaps this suggested feeling of fitness has come to us unconsciously because so many of us were first introduced to these beautiful trees by seeing them massed in groves along the tidal basin in the nation's capital city. To a far lesser number the suggestion came direct from a visit to the cherry groves of Japan, visited during the blossom festival.

In American preference the cherry comes first; the crab is perhaps now in second place; and the plum third. The peach is very striking, and one can be fearful that a too common love of the brilliant and striking may push it into undeserved popularity. It is stiff and lacking grace in growth; its colors seem almost artificial; and it is the ready victim of peach curl. That the first choice is the cherry is almost as much a matter of chance as of relative merit. They were the first introductions to attract wide attention. It is so hard to make a choice between the flowering plums, cherries, and crabs that the only thing to do is to have all three, and, by careful selection, prolong the season of spring color in our landscape.

IF to see Washington at cherry blossom time, or any estate where they have been used in large plantings, is to dedicate our gardens to Oriental flowering trees—why, then, has the introduction been relatively slow? Perhaps the most important reason is the wide-spread belief that anything as exotic as these trees would be too difficult to use in large-scale plantings. There is no foundation in fact for such a belief, for they grow as readily as our ordinary fruit or native forest trees, and some, notably the crabs, will stand more abuse than most self-respecting trees.

A very real difficulty has been the matter of obtaining nursery stock. The first importations from Japan were made with difficulty, which meant that the supply was sharply limited and the prices high. Then came such strict laws regulating imported nursery stock that the supply was almost completely shut



In American preference the cherry comes first; this double-flowering variety displays its beauties two to three weeks later than the single

off. The result was that for many years the nursery stock of the Oriental trees in our country was very limited, and is just now reaching the stage where these trees are available at prices which warrant large-scale landscape use.

There is almost no end to the possibilities of use of these flowering trees. They fit as perfectly the needs of the small city place, or the formally landscaped garden, as in large-scale, naturalistic landscapes. In size they range from dwarfs, useful for plantings about rockeries and in shrubberies, to those which become large trees. Shapes are distinctive, from those which conform to the spreading line of the elm, to those which reach skyward like small Lombardy poplars.

There are those which branch from the base and make a great compact mass, and so on. See your ideal garden or landscape picture, and the Oriental flowering trees are ready to step in and make it a reality. If you want two tall uprights to guard a garden gate, or weeping trees to sweep down and touch the water of a stream or lake, or a thicket of trees to screen out some undesired view, you can readily find them among these wonderfully versatile Orientals. You can find a lovely crab (*Malus Atrosanguinea*) which makes an almost perfect high-growing hedge, and stands for shearing almost as cheerfully

as privet. If no other place can be found, these trees may march in prim rows along a driveway.

But there is no use so beautiful as the massed planting along drives, walks, streams, and lake shores, where the painting can be done with bold strokes. A single tree can be very lovely and shape itself perfectly; but no planting is quite so fine as letting these trees grow in informal thickets, tangling their flower-laden branches together in one great mass of bloom.

THE care of these Oriental trees is very simple; to plant them is not to create problems for those who are responsible for the condition of the gardens. Once established, they will stand any abuse an ordinary fruit tree similarly situated would accept, and they are as readily established as the ordinary fruit or shade tree. On the other hand, they are very responsive to good care. The cherry desires a well-drained, deep soil, and should be well-fed. A hard clay subsoil is bad, but not necessarily impossible. But if one is afflicted with such soil, it is better to depend on the crab, which is much more indifferent to soil conditions than the cherry.

The crab will endure far greater extremes of both dryness and dampness than the other trees. As with all trees, proper feeding and

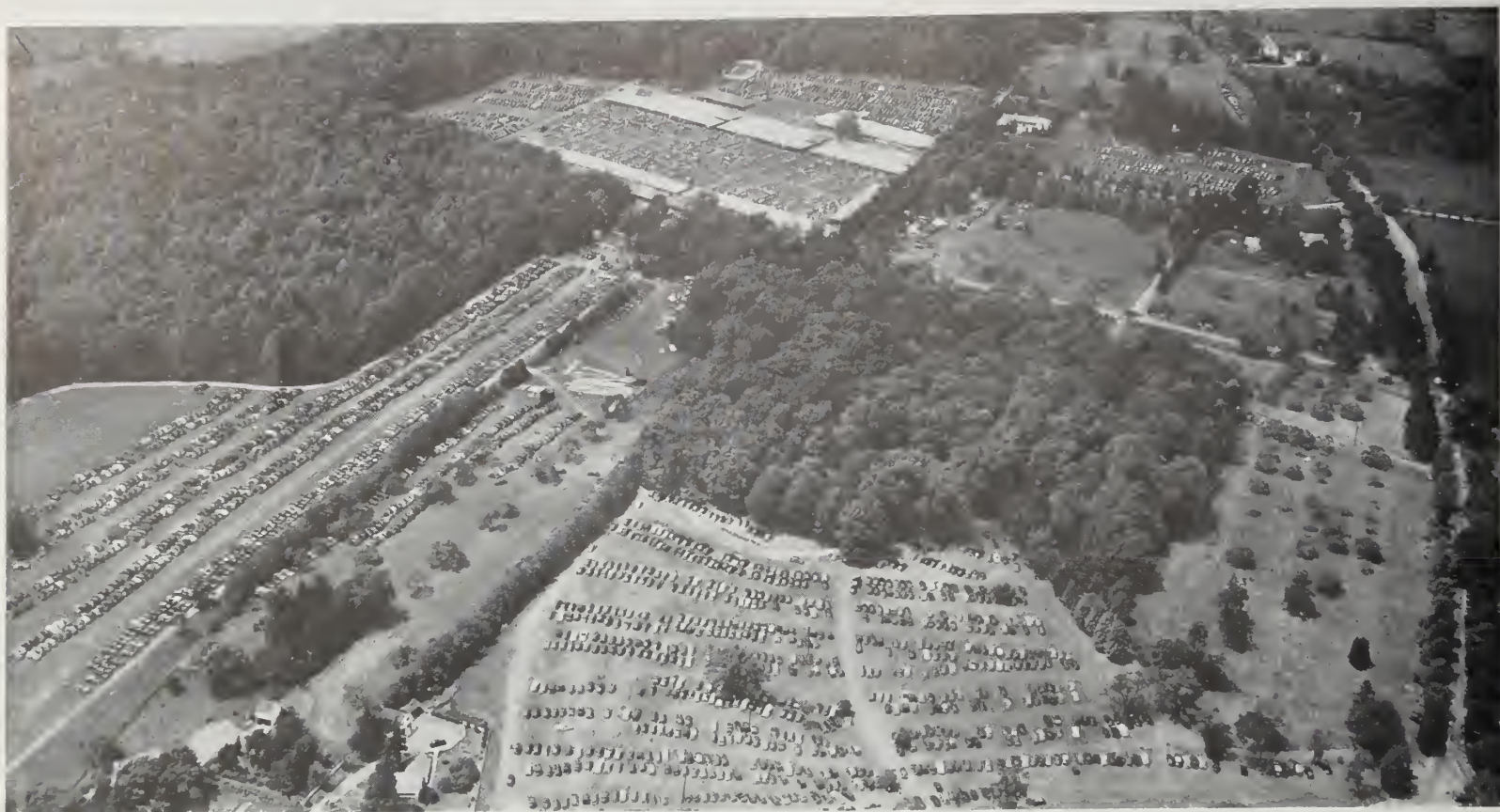
watering will bring a grateful response that speeds the creation of the picture which the landscape architect had in mind when the planting was done. Why leave the picture to be enjoyed only by future generations? Why not give the care which will quickly make the picture a present reality?

These trees are generally very hardy and are proving well adapted to every part of the country, except the very warm, dry sections. Heat and dryness, rather than cold, are distasteful to them. Inasmuch as the trees are planted for blossoms, there should be no trimming save to remove an occasional branch which may insist upon going some place where it is not wanted. The more small branches and twigs you have, the greater will be the load of blossoms. Although the plum, cherry, and crab usually do very well without spraying, the use of the regular fruit tree dormant sprays is a wise precaution. The peach must be carefully sprayed, or the curl will quickly remove its gaudy color from the landscape.

When it comes to specific selection we face a major problem. For one thing, the confusion of names will give a headache to anyone who tries to straighten them out. The Japanese recognize between three and four hundred different plums, and at least a hundred distinct varieties of cherries. To add to the confusion, we have (*Continued on page 83*)



These single-blossom cherries bloom with the daffodils; fragile and delicate as they are in appearance these Oriental trees are hardy customers



JOHN F. HICKS

Giralda Farms the day of the Morris and Essex dog show last year, showing the vast parking fields, and the tents beside the show rings

BIGGEST DOG SHOW IN THE WORLD

by GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

ONE May day back in 1927 a new dog show was held at the 5,000-acre Giralda Farms, a vast country estate near Madison, New Jersey. It wasn't a big show—595 dogs representing 17 breeds—and to the casual observer it probably wasn't much different from a score of other pleasant outdoor shows that would occur that same season.

There was one medium-sized tent at one end of a polo field, benches, judges, dogs, spectators—all the usual set-up. But there was something else, too, something that the other shows didn't have, and because of this the show grew. It grew beyond all precedents; beyond the fondest dreams of anyone who had ever undertaken the running of a dog show, including its own sponsor.

In the brief span of six years it had jumped from its modest beginning to an entry of 2,346 dogs, and become America's largest show. Still it grew, year after year, until in 1938, 11 years after it was founded, it became the largest in the world, with a total of 4,213 dogs, a record broken again the next year with the largest dog show ever held. It was, and is, called the Morris and Essex, after the two adjoining counties, the most extraordinary event of its kind ever held.

Now, once again the Morris and Essex is about to come into being. The judges have been chosen long since; premium lists have

gone out; gardeners, carpenters, plumbers, and electricians are preparing the grounds; caterers have been arranged for; so have private detectives, veterinarians, an M.D. and nurses for the inevitable minor injuries which crop up when a vast crowd is gathered together. A myriad other miscellaneous attendants are on the job, or will be when the big day comes. Some of them have been working since shortly after the last exhibitor went home last year.

WHEN the big day, May 25, rolls around, everything will be ready. The great tents, 1,000 feet long and 80 feet wide will be waiting to receive the 4,000-odd dogs. Highways will be marked for miles around so that the 2,500 exhibitors from nearly all of the 48 states will be able to find their way without difficulty; nearby roads will be policed, and parking fields for the 10,000 or so cars will be carefully supervised. All in all, nearly 900 attendants will be on hand to see that everything goes as it should, that there are no delays, and that everyone has a good time.

Neither weather nor any emergency known to man can interfere with the scheduled running of this great event. At approximately five-thirty in the evening all the rings will be cleared except the long flower bedecked

arena where George S. Thomas will choose best dog in the show. At the appropriate moment the sponsor will step into the ring, present the trophy to the final, glorious winner, and it will be all over. All the weeks of work, the weeks and months of carefully laid plans, will have reached their conclusion in an event lasting approximately nine hours.

How did all this tremendous undertaking come about? Why is the Morris and Essex the largest dog show in the world, and above all why does Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, its sponsor and guardian angel, go through with this unbelievably expensive and involved event each year?

Actually, when the show came into being there was no thought of making it the largest show in the world, or, indeed, of having more than an average good entry. It was started because Mrs. Dodge was dissatisfied with the run-of-the-mill outdoor show. Always a dog lover, having been brought up with the constant companionship of half a dozen breeds, she became interested in shows through the influence of McClure Halley, who was her secretary and even back in those days, a dog man of note.

With Halley as handler, Mrs. Dodge achieved outstanding success with German shepherds, and she liked to go to the shows to see her dogs judged. Being an exceedingly busy woman managing her vast estate and other interests, she would try to make plans to attend a show while the judging she was interested in was in progress, and then be in New York, Madison, or elsewhere in time for another engagement. However, the way most of the shows progressed, she found it impossible to make any plans or predictions.

The leisurely manner in which most dog shows were then run was perhaps appropriate for the tempo of a dreamy summer's day, but hardly appropriate for handlers keyed up for competition, or dogs panting themselves to exhaustion under (Continued on page 71)

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

April 15, 1940

Monday,

Opening day in New York had an extra interest this year: the return of pari-mutuel betting, that happy system whereby eager punters push their money into a machine instead of the pockets of bookmakers, generally with the same result. Thousands went to see how it was going to work and found that it works in conservative old New York just exactly as it does in those other states that have been doing it for some years. The weather was cold and windy. The Jamaica track jammed with people--many more than it could comfortably handle. The horses? Oh yes, there actually were a few people who cared about them. The horses performed nobly.

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You can get an idea of the record breaking crowd at Jamaica from this picture



Few realized that the new starting gates were in use



Fine racing brightened a cold, otherwise dull day: Fenelon beating Carrier Pigeon in the fourth race



Crowds trying to buy tickets: the betting facilities were obviously inadequate



Fighting Fox, seen finishing in front of Porter's Mite, ran a brilliant race in the opening day feature

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

April 17, 1940

Wednesday,

In spite of its small size, New Jersey probably does more for trout fishermen than any other state in the union. Its hatcheries grow and liberate thousands upon thousands of trout each year, and its thousands of trout anglers immediately proceed to catch them. This year, due to the late, cold spring, the usual first day limit catches were not forthcoming. The anglers, bait fishermen mostly, who stood shoulder to shoulder in the icy streams soon got discouraged. However, the streams are full of trout as well as snow water, and more trout (and more snow water) are going in all the time. This means better sport for the fly fisherman later in the season, if the weather finally gets warm!



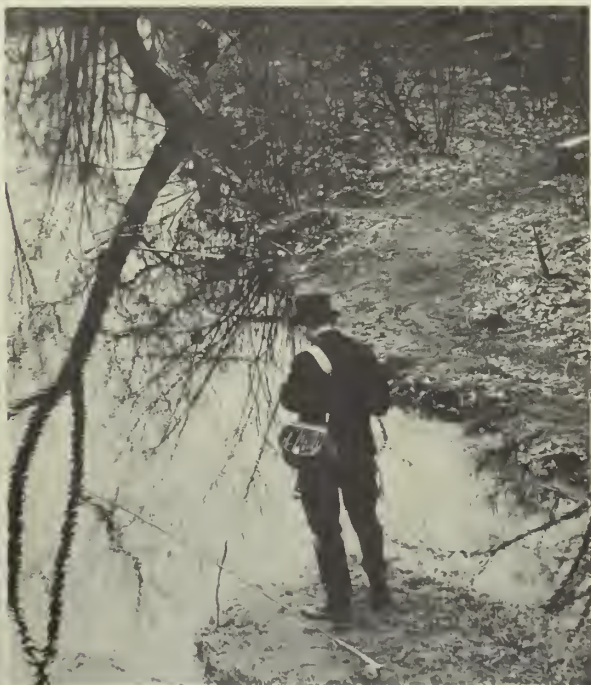
A few fly fishermen plied their art the first week but worms and minnows were the best bet



The famous Hackettstown hatchery sends big trout all through the state



Enough for dinner; this angler has streamers in his hat, but notice the bait pail in the foreground!



A worm fisherman can use a forked stick as a rod rest



Got one! One of the few trout that felt like feeding in that icy water makes this fisherman the envy of everyone

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

April 18, 1940

Thursday,

There is a lot more to dog shows than just showing dogs. You have to have a good dog of course, and you have to keep him in condition by exercise, proper feeding, and proper grooming. At the outdoor summer shows which will start before long there is an excellent chance to see people working on their pets with combs, brushes, nail clippers, or even, in the case of some of the toys, perfume atomizers! Some necessary if they are to appear at their best in the ring. Others are done more to please the owner than the judges. Still all this is part of the fun of showing dogs, and most of the time even the dogs seem to like it.



These Chihuahuas are kept in a glass enclosed cage; they have rhinestone studded collars!



This whippet doesn't seem to mind having his toenails clipped



A poodle relaxes on top of his crate while his owner gives him a last minute beauty treatment



This Pomeranian probably doesn't like to smell sweet any more than a big dog would



A towel "bib" keeps this St. Bernard from drooling on his chest



Lunch time is a chance to relax at a dog show and this borzoi takes it easy with the rest of the family

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

April 20, 1940

Saturday,

Each spring students of agriculture at Pennsylvania State College have a live-stock show which they call "The Little International". This show, patterned after the Chicago International, gives the students practical experience in important phases of animal husbandry. All the students are given chance to select animals from the College's excellent herds and flocks to fit and show. The seniors, organized by members of the junior class, organize and train the other students. While they are preparing their animals for the event they are given expert advice by herds-men and shepherds of experience. These pictures show the students preparing their exhibits for this year's show.



Alex Buchan, herdsman in charge of beef cattle, shows two students how to curl a steer's hair



Some of the students and their entries for the show: Herefords, a Shorthorn, and two Aberdeen Angus



John Dieese and Clayton Hackman, Jr., trim the weathered wool off a Hampshire



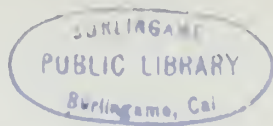
They look over a pen of gilts to select one to be fitted for the show



Marlin Wirely and Morris Schaffer doing up the tail of a Belgian

THE

STEEPLECHASES BEGIN



THE racing season is well under way. Horses which took part in the winter racing at the big tracks in the South or in California, and those which wintered where the climate is usually more favorable for galloping, are concentrating further north. The season was opened last month in Kentucky, Maryland, New England and New York.

Steeplechase horses are making the same trek, having made their 1940 debuts at the hunt meetings of the Carolinas in March. Pimlico, Belmont Park and Delaware Park have made extensive plans for their jumping races; Saratoga, it is hoped, will follow suit. Purses have been increased and special races added through the efforts of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, designed to encourage new owners and to help maidens start under more ideal conditions.

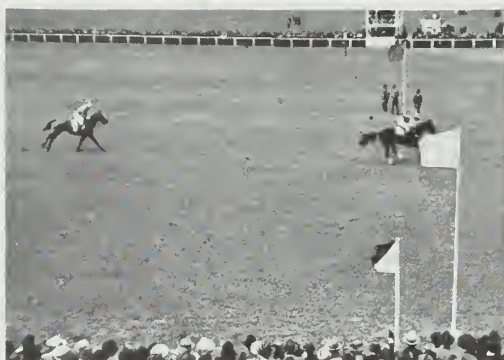
The hunt meetings, still referred to as "amateur," have lost much of that flavor. At the three hunt meetings held in the Carolinas in March, only the timber races were so restricted. The traditional designation "Mr." seldom appeared on the jockey board in other races; in fact, only once at the entire Aiken meeting, in the heart of the "amateur" horse country.

Otherwise the Sandhills and Camden meetings were truly hunt affairs. The courses were laid out over country where the starters got far enough away from the judges' stand to make glasses a necessity; neither had the facilities of a permanent stand. In the Carolina Cup race none of the 18 fences are taken a second time, and to all effects and purposes it is a cross-country race, though one where the horses may be viewed at all times by most of the spectators.

At Aiken, the four races were run over the infield of the mile trotting track, where the horses could easily be followed by the naked eye from the well-filled and commodious boxes. Except for the obviously temporary fences, the other details of steeplechasing paraphernalia, and the curious lack of proper facilities for jockeys, the meeting seemed as professional as any at the big tracks—quite unlike the Aiken meetings of a few years ago.

The Sandhills meeting, held midway between Pinehurst and Southern Pines, N. C., opened the season on March 16. The weather could not have been improved upon, the course was in fine shape, after the rains earlier in the week, and the attendance was all that Richard Wallach's committee could hope for. The races were well filled and despite an unusually large number of falls, each race was a contest.

In the Sandhills Cup, three miles over timber, it was expected that Paul Mellon's Faction Fighter would duplicate his win of 1939, but a fall at the twelfth spoiled such hopes. Mansfield Park, a newcomer to racing (bred and long hunted by Paul Daly, a horse-minded New York lawyer) dashed to the front from the start and at two miles had opened a gap of forty lengths only to lose



G. R. SHAFTO PHOTOS

Taken one year apart, these pictures are of the same race, the same horses and the same jockeys; in the 1939 Carolino Cup (top picture) Poul Mellon's Faction Fighter won from Mrs. Frank M. Gould's Postman Home by five lengths, just as he did (lower picture) in the 1940 running of this event of Comden, S. C.; Sidney Watters, Jr., and Johnny Harrison are the riders

F. H. Powers, Jr., on the flat after a perfect jump over the seventeenth fence.

From there on the race was a duel between Mrs. J. C. Clark's Home Sweet Home and Mrs. E. S. Spilman's Postman Home. They came to the last fence close together but Home Sweet Home was all in, failed to rise and after falling lay for 20 minutes. Postman Home won, eased up from the only other finisher, Carleton H. Palmer's Gil Blas.

THE Croatin, a subscription race for maidens over brush at two miles, was another upset for the dopesters. Paul Mellon's Enterprise was favored, with the F. Ambrose Clark entry of Horner Wood and Fay Cottage liked in that order. Horner Wood fell at the seventh while leading, whereupon Fay Cottage came from nowhere to win decisively from Mrs. George Watt Hill's Sir Koster and the still more tired Enterprise.

The hurdle race of one and a half miles was a romp for Louis E. Stoddard, Jr.'s, Frozen North, which won by 15 lengths from Thomas B. Gay's Betty Tour after leading all the way. In the other brush race, Samuel Wolf's Little Hurd—the rank outsider—was held off the early pace and won by a length from Mrs. Lewis A. Park's Crooked Wood, two lengths in front of Mrs. Esther du P. Weir's The Dook 2nd.

Nine started in the Randolph Cup at a mile on the flat. Mrs. Willing Bromley's newly acquired Planter's Punch was rated off the early pace, took the lead at the half and

won by half a length from Richard K. Mellon's Escape 3d, which was just able to beat James E. Ryan's Stampede.

At Aiken, March 23, the weather, except for a strong wind, was splendid. In the morning, the steeplechases were preceded by trotting races for which the new starting gate was used. In the afternoon, between the steeplechases, there was an exhibition by Greyhound, the world's champion trotter, whose smooth muscular movement and machine-like regularity of stride it was a privilege to watch. No observer, regardless of his likes and dislikes about horses, was unimpressed by the remarkable sight.

The feature race, the Imperial Cup at two miles over hurdles, was expected to be a battle between James Cox Brady's Battle Ground 2d and the Clark entry of Bachelor Philip, winner in 1938, making his first start after a two-year lay-off. These two fought a duel for a mile and a half when Mrs. Weir's Golden Oak took command, winning by three lengths. Bachelor Philip was second, well in front of Little Hurd, with Battle Ground 2d a poor fourth. No others started.

The Aiken Steeplechase, a subscription race of two miles for non-winners over brush, had only four starters and was won by the rank outsider, L. W. Robinson, Jr.'s, Parma. Parma was off on top, then restrained for a turn of the field and came on to win easily from Fay Cottage, two lengths in front of Horner Wood, with Escape 3d a poor fourth.

Both the other races were won by John Hay Whitney. In the Fermata, for maidens and winners of one at a mile and a half over hurdles, Sweetie Pie was always a contender, took the lead after the first turn and won by a length from James E. Ryan's Hills of Eireann, with Louis Stoddard's Danny Byrne three lengths back. In the Sand River, seven furlongs on the flat, Massa went promptly to the front and won by four lengths from G. H. Bostwick's Pompeius.

Saturday, March 30, the weather frowned on Camden. After several days of uncertain skies it rained in the morning, and continued to rain nearby during and after the races. The course was in excellent shape but even spots of sunshine during the meeting did not bring out the crowd that the splendid card deserved and the high wind was a bothersome feature.

Following the upset in the Imperial Cup at Aiken, a match race between Bachelor Philip and Golden Oak was arranged as an added attraction at Camden, with even weights and at two miles over hurdles. As a race it left much to be desired but as an exhibition of knowledge of his mount's capacity and of judgment of pace by F. Bellhouse, up on Bachelor Philip, it was masterly.

Golden Oak broke on top, was passed going to the first fence and thereafter, despite repeated drives, was unable to get within two lengths of Bachelor Philip, which won by 20 lengths. Apparently the Bachelor needed a race to get on his toes.

Six started in the Carolina Cup. Mansfield Park practically ran away but this time most unexpectedly refused the seventh while far in the lead. Forced quickly to make up lost ground, he tired badly and was pulled up at the sixteenth. Escape 3d made the running (for those behind Mansfield Park) until he fell at the fourth; perhaps it was too much to expect him to (Continued on page 89)



Furniture Outdoors

A new and practical double chaise-longue from Hammacher Schlemmer



Delicate pieces from W. & J. Sloane are shown in a Natchez, Miss., setting



Terrace furniture; camfartable and weather praaf



A rolling refreshment cart from Hammacher Schlemmer



A hand-wraught iron dining set and a canopy settee and double chaise-lounge are same contributians from Abercrambie & Fitch



Patia furniture of a Palm Beach hause

F. M. DEMAREST, H. H. COSTAIN AND DEBSKI, INC. PHOTOS



A charcaal steak brailer with blacksmith's bellows, by Lewis & Canger



The lawns of histic Manteigne, in Natchez, seem to take kindly ta W. & J. Slaane's garden pieces

THE HOME OF A SURGEON-SPORTSMAN

DR. AND MRS. MAGNUSON HAVE DEVELOPED THEIR
OWN SHOOTING ON THEIR ILLINOIS ESTATE

by SOPHIA YARNALL

AT Dundee, Ill., some 45 miles from Chicago, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Magnuson have developed a unique kind of farming. It includes not only the usual horses, cattle, sheep and farm crops, but also a game preserve, for which part of their thousand acres is admirably suited. The marsh land in a broad valley is heavily stocked with pheasants and ducks which give shooting over a long season, and form a crop from land which would otherwise be waste.

The long, low, rambling farmhouse, overlooking the Fox River valley, fits into a grove of oak trees, at the top of a hill, as

though it had been there always. A lane leads from the gravel road, through panelled pastures where sheep and horses graze almost up to the front door. In fact, one of the things which makes you feel that the house is indeed an integral part of the farm is the sight of the sheep below the garden terrace, on a grassy slope leading down to a bass-stocked lake.

From the moment you cross the threshold of the Magnusons' house, you are aware that it belongs to people who cherish the tradition of gracious country living.

First, there is the exterior of white, wide

clapboards and field stone collected from the farm. Then, from the narrow brick porch with low, white pillars, you step directly into a room which serves not only as an entrance hall but as a gun room and farm office. The recessed fireplace is in an alcove papered with chintz on which is an over-all design of quail in greens and browns. On the mantle of southern pine is an old French hunting horn. The hearth rug of needle work is in a design of fox and pheasant and there is, next to the front door, a gun case and crop rack, designed by Mrs. Magnuson.

There is a strong flavor of the Victorian throughout the interior. Everywhere are needlework rugs which Mrs. Magnuson has collected for a number of years, and many of which have been combined happily with modern tufted rugs.

The walls of a small library are hung with flower pictures, embroidered or on glass. There are shelves of garden books, French china lamps with flower design, and a fireplace screen and pillows in needlework. In one corner is a black lacquer cabinet filled with Lowestoft which belonged to Mrs. Magnuson's grandmother, initialed with her monogram, which is also that of her granddaughter and namesake. As in almost every room, there is a Victorian, painted coal scuttle to hold wood for the fire. In fact, the room has the atmosphere of an English morning room, with the large, red-topped mahogany desk at which much of the work of the farm is done, and a safe behind painted folding doors, where farm records are kept.

At the entrance to the living room, a winding stair leads up to a small hall from which open the two guest rooms.

In a niche on these stairs is one of the most treasured evidences of the appreciation



The long, low, rambling house, overlooking the Fox River Valley, fits into a grove of oak trees at the top of a hill as though it had always been there

VORIES FISHER PHOTOS

and spring water, high grass and rushes, would be an ideal place to hold pheasants, and it was certainly a natural habitat for mallard ducks.

However, the game laws, except in a few states, did not provide for setting out a crop of game birds and reaping the harvest in shooting. They had been written when there was much unowned, undeveloped land and the title of the game was vested in the state. But now the land was all privately owned and there were few farms on which the sportsman could get permission to shoot, and not many birds there when he did. Nevertheless, it was necessary to embark on an educational campaign, not only with the legislators, but with the farmers and the townsmen in the surrounding neighborhood, for the natural reaction of the uninformed was that the city man had come to the country to "hog" the game.

To overcome this prejudice against private shooting of artificially raised game birds was quite a task, but by interesting the local sportsmen, giving them eggs, instructing them in methods, and encouraging them to plant feed patches and cover on farms in the surrounding territory, a sentiment was built up for the planting of a game crop and the harvesting of a certain percentage of this crop over a longer season than was allowed the general public who would do no work to gain their sport. Within three years from the time these ideas were first advocated, the state



The guns are stationed back of blinds, about half way between the release and the pond; the resulting sport closely resembles pass shooting at wild birds

of a grateful patient. It is a bronze plaque which the donor modelled of Mrs. Magnuson's favorite hunter.

Mrs. Magnuson's interests and those of her husband are broad and varied and horses have always held an important place in them. They have built jumps in the fences throughout the surrounding country, and spent some years raising and training Thoroughbred hunters. Finding this too costly a pastime because they were adamant about the perfection of manners and safety a horse must have before he left Pond Gate Farm, they gave up the Thoroughbreds and started experimenting with other types. Some Cleveland Bay mares were brought from Canada, and they have been bred to Thoroughbreds with the hope of using the get for hunters. How the experiment will turn out has yet to be proven, but the chances are that it will be successful, for Dr. Magnuson combines a love of the sport of hunting with scientific knowledge. His ability to find time to develop so many kinds of sport on his farm, while engaged in one of the most active surgical practices in Chicago, can be attributed as much to wise planning as to energetic enthusiasms.

The part of the farm which was developed to make use of otherwise waste land has become almost the primary interest, for on it has been started a game preserve and shooting syndicate. Some years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Magnuson went to live for a time in England



Dr. Magnuson, in the center, and Mrs. Magnuson, in the field with a party of friends at Pand Gate Farm

and had a house in Hampshire. While there, they became interested in the excellent sport provided in a country where the topography was not as well suited in many respects to the development of game as was the country practically at their own front door, in Illinois. Yet American shooting had been gradually decreasing as land became more intensively cultivated and the country more thickly populated. There were not only fewer birds, but many more shooters and many fewer places to shoot. They, as almost everyone else who loves to shoot, had spent many days in the field only to come home with an almost empty bag. They decided, therefore, that a game crop could be added to the other produce of their farm. The valley, with marsh

legislature rewrote the game laws, in conjunction with the department of conservation and the local sportsmen. Now it is legal in the state of Illinois to raise game birds, liberate them on areas licensed by the State, and have a permit to shoot 75 per cent of those so released.

While this campaign was going on, Dr. and Mrs. Magnuson were raising pheasants on the stretch of pasture in front of the house, banding them and letting them wander where they pleased. They stayed around their home territory until early fall, and then they drifted toward the valley and the covert, where feed was planted and left standing during the winter season.

From this has (Continued on page 90)

Retriever Trials in the Public Eye

by DAVID D. ELLIOT

WITHIN the last ten years, ever keen to try something new, a few American sportsmen interested in dogs and shooting, among them Robert Goelet, Marshall Field, Franklin B. Lord, Charles L. Lawrence, David Wagstaff, Anthony N. Bliss and Walter Roessler, began modest experiments with a method of judging retrievers that had become popular in England. The first trial was held at Robert Goelet's, the second at Marshall Field's and the third at Charles L. Lawrence's. Then the late Jay F. Carlisle and W. Averell Harriman became active and the trials gained further in popularity and entries. So recent is the development of this phase of our expanding sporting scene that the first licensed trials date back only to 1931.

"Non-slip retriever trials" is their technical name. In plain language it means a test of dogs used to retrieve fallen game. The dog stays at his master's heel until the game is shot; he marks the fallen game, and, under the direction of his handler (motions, voice, whistle are all permissible) he travels with dispatch over land or water to pick up what has been shot and return it, tenderly, to his master.

Labrador, Chesapeake Bay, Golden Re-

trievers are the most popular dogs for this fascinating sport; occasionally, one may also see a Curly-coated or a Flat-coated Retriever, or even an Irish Water Spaniel. They are highly intelligent animals, alert, quick, obedient; they are big and strong, ranging from 65 to 85 lbs. in weight.

So popular have they become that they can be found on the American sporting calendar from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi Valley, from the Canadian border far into the South. So many entries are now available for the bigger trials that it takes three days to judge the dogs.

COUNTRY LIFE is intensely interested in this phase of sport and has long felt that critical comment on it would be exceedingly helpful. With that end in view, the magazine invited David D. Elliot, owner of the celebrated Wingan Kennels, to write all that he could find to say of the principal trials this spring in the East, as frankly as he could speak.

Happily for Mr. Elliot, he handled the dogs that finished first and second in the Carlisle

Memorial Trials held on Long Island last month. Alas for COUNTRY LIFE, his spectacular victory cast a shroud of modesty over what he had to say.

IT is safe to say that five years ago very few dogs would have accomplished such tasks as the participants were called upon to perform in the Carlisle Memorial Trial, which was held on the Samuel Wagstaff estate at Babylon, Long Island, April 5, 6, 7. Here was a demonstration of the advances made in training and breeding over this period of time.

This meeting is held each year, in memory of the late Jay F. Carlisle, who did so much to foster the sport of field trials in this country, and also to popularize his own favorite breed, the Labrador retrievers. For the first two years of its existence this trial was run under the auspices of the Labrador Club of America, but it is now a club in its own right, being sponsored by Carlisle's three sons: Allan P., who is president of the club; Jay F. Jr., is vice president, and Lewis G., is treasurer.

This year's edition of the trial brought forth 52 dogs for the three stakes up for competition—derby, (Continued on page 96)



The author and Ledge, outstanding winner



General view of the gallery on the final day of the trial, watching the water test



Mr. and Mrs. Allon Carlisle, Mrs. Hawes Burton, Mrs. David Wagstaff, Paul Bakewell, III, Mrs. Morgan Belmont



John Monroe, J. Gould Remick and John Lozaer

JONES PHOTOS

The Compleat Angler

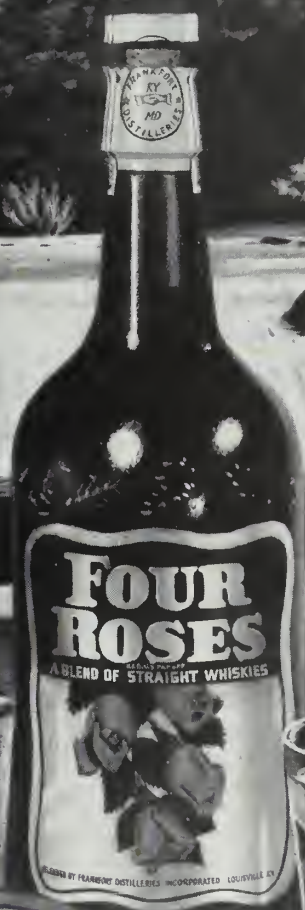
MANY AN EXPERIENCED ANGLER has discovered that, after a day of keen sport, there is nothing that can quite match the perfection of a highball or cocktail made with Four Roses.

In this we believe they are not mistaken. For to name the attributes of a truly great whiskey is to name precisely the qualities for which Four Roses is celebrated...mellow richness, magnificent aroma and flavor, infinite smoothness.

In recognition of these qualities, many men of discerning judgment do not hesitate to rate Four Roses as the finest whiskey bottled.

Four Roses

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD



A blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



NATCHEZ NOSTALGICS

They are Sloane's new Summer furniture...graceful, redolent of Natchez' honeyed charm. In the settings that inspired them, they were photographed during the 1940 Pilgrimage of the Pilgrimage Garden Club, Natchez, Mississippi. Now, at Sloane's, they are ready for you...for outdoor and indoor living...in forty-five different styles.



W & J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

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The Sp

"THE Master's after winning another tournament," announced the maid to the cook. "You poor creature," mechanically replied this dignitary from force of habit. "Is it a monstrous big one that'll break your back an' ruin your hands?" "It is not. It's no silver at all, but a fine bag he has, an' him as pleased as a boy."

There are certain very important events in competitive sports which demand following tradition in the presentation of trophies of gold or silver. This article does not concern such events, but has to do with the vast majority of lesser, purely local ones, where usefulness may be more highly prized than permanence.

That there is a marked trend towards giving prizes which are not of silver is clearly evident, and is due most probably to our changing way of life. Not only are people less well off economically, but more consciously and uncomfortably aware that needless extravagance cannot be defended.

Though, personally, I should prefer a silver trophy as a lasting proof of my prowess, this is due to the great infrequency of victory, a natural love of silver, and the very important personal fact that the four children consider any trophy, other than silver, proof positive of the unimportance of their mother's amazing triumph.

This department has made a determined effort to find a wide collection of prizes of usefulness, quality and value. As in the quest of silver trophies, the same comment is valid, to wit: that quality is rarely found anywhere but in the shops of honorable name.

Many horse show committees know of certain shops specializing in trophies which offer them fabulous discounts.

A careful check of these has proved that the discount prices quoted on any standard merchandise, such as "Revere" bowls, is the same price as is found in stores quoting no discount.

Also that the general stock of these "Bargain Tempters" is not of high quality.

How different a story when a store such as Abercrombie & Fitch allows a store-wide 10% discount to trophy committees.

The most helpful way of presenting suggestions for the use of trophy committees appears to be to list the possibilities, according to the sport with which they seem most logically connected.

It would always be best if trophy committees would allow themselves enough time to shop around, for no store, not even Abercrombie & Fitch, can possibly carry all the choicest articles that are to be had. Also, it is to be borne in mind that the stores listed are most of them unaware that

such purchasing groups as trophy committees exist. Some may give discounts and some may not, a good deal will depend on the approach to this subject by the committee. The prices quoted here do, in some instances, include a 10% discount, but as all but a very few stores do not wish to have their discounts made public, the committees will have to check on this personally in the New York establishments listed here.

We will start our trophy list with suggestions for horse events: horse shows, hunter trials, point-to-points, polo, etc.

Bridles

Martin & Martin snaffle bridle, sewn in, soft, single hand-plaited rein, of full length. Ogden Saddlers, 701 Madison Avenue, \$27.

Whippy bridles, without bits, snaffle \$18, double bridle \$24.30. Abercrombie & Fitch, 45th Street and Madison Avenue.

Best quality, imported English bridles. Hooked, not sewn in, snaffle and pe'hams \$30.60, double bridles \$31.50. M. J. Knoud, 716 Madison Avenue.

The above all represent the finest quality and workmanship and the prices quoted are only for trophy committees, which is likewise true of the saddles.

Saddles

Knoud's imported English saddle with all fittings is \$117. Ogden Saddlers imported English saddle with all fittings is \$121.50 and Abercrombie & Fitch's Whippy saddle complete is \$126, and you cannot go wrong on any of these.

Saddle Trunk

The best price for this standard trunk is \$34.20 at M. J. Knoud's.

Sandwich Cases

These vary considerably in quality and workmanship. Fine-appearing leather cases with boxes made of lead are cheap in price and worthless to a hunting man or woman.

The handsomest case and also the most expensive was the Ogden Saddlers, Swaine & Adeney, ladies' case, best quality leather, chamôis lined, strong "silver" box and flask at \$45.00. Supply limited. Very good



Swaine & Adeney's finest sandwich case

cases, if not with quite the style and finish of the above, were the chamois lined ones at M. J. Knoud's at \$30, and Abercrombie & Fitch's unlined ladies' cases without flasks at \$24.75 and gentlemen's ditto at \$27.

Whips and Crops, Fly Whisks

These vary in price according to the material and workmanship. All are imported. Knoud's have at present a wide selection with a price range of from \$10.80 to \$30 to trophy committees only. Abercrombie & Fitch's shipment from England to replenish their stock has not yet arrived, and Ogden Saddlers carry a limited number of very fine hunting crops of Swaine & Adeney make at \$13.50 for the children's size, \$22.50 for men and \$27 for the ladies, this because the ladies get two silver bands to the gentlemen's one.

The fly whisks at Knoud's were exceptionally good and priced at \$4.50 to \$7, depending on size and material used.



Abercrombie & Fitch saddle carryall

As far as a lay person can judge, the quality of domestic wool blankets and sheets are the same at Knoud's, Ogden's and Abercrombie & Fitch's but with the discount price offered trophy committees, Ogden's wool blankets in solid colors are the best buy.

Knoud's have at \$26.50 a matching set, wool blanket and sheet of the best quality fawn colored wool, bound in dark brown that is the top in looks.

Knoud also carries the good old "duck" sheet in various color combinations at \$4.50, and this is always an acceptable prize. At the same place is to be found another most useful and rarely thought of prize, a rubber sheet, ample enough to cover a horse from his ears to his tail. It comes in brown or black at \$8.10.

Abercrombie & Fitch's and Ogden's hand sewn imported halters, with brass buckles, at \$9, make another inexpensive and practical award.

Abercrombie & Fitch and Ogdens carry the imported wire clippers in

leather cases, and theirs are most reasonably priced to trophy committees.

Also at Abercrombie & Fitch are to be found three of their own inventions that would make splendid prizes:

A saddle carry-all of canvas, leather bound. This carries a cross saddle with all fittings and would be invaluable to any foxhunter or horseman when on a hunting trip, horse buying expedition or traveling the horse show circuit. It is only \$12.15.

Then there is a leather-bound and backed canvas saddle lunch kit that holds a large stainless steel sandwich box and pint thermos bottle, which should be one of the best possible prizes for the endurance riding contests held in the Green Mountain State every year. The price to trophy committees is \$13.50.

Last but not least is the hand-sewn leather case, lined in either maroon, tan or blue jeweler's plush and arranged so cleverly that its boot pulls, button hook-shoe horn and jockey lifts fall into place and stay there. Everything about it is good—shape, leather, color and fittings, and for anyone who wears boots—man, woman or child—it is as pleasing and useful a prize as can be found within twice its price, which is \$13.50.

Both the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop at 38 East 52nd Street, and Abercrombie & Fitch, have cigarette boxes of the finest crushed leather and the cover is, at the former, a sporting scene in water color, painted by Wickstrom and placed under glass, or, at Abercrombie's, a hand-painted tile by Cyril Goranoff. The price of the Sporting Gallery's cigarette boxes is \$30, while those at Abercrombie & Fitch's are \$13.50, and to my way of thinking, the cheaper box is much more solidly constructed and attractive.

A good prize for children is the bronze head of a Thoroughbred horse set on a marble base, by Gordon Woods. Its total height is 6 5/8", its price \$35, and it is to be found only at the Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street.

Another suggestion from the same shop is the well modeled mask of a fox, cast in brass, used as a door stop, and priced at \$20.

For any horse event open only to hunting men, the cowhide top hat case at Brooks Bros. at \$38 is worthy of consideration.

Still in the low price range but confined to events for fox-hunting people, are the following well bound books from the sporting bookseller, Ernest R. Gee at 35 East 49th Street. "Gee's Hunting Diary," bound in full French levant, gold tooled, with running fox or fox's mask in center, gold stamped with any wording desired, at about \$20 to \$25. The most complete hunting diary on the market.

Modern Edition of Peter Beck-



Modern Reproductions

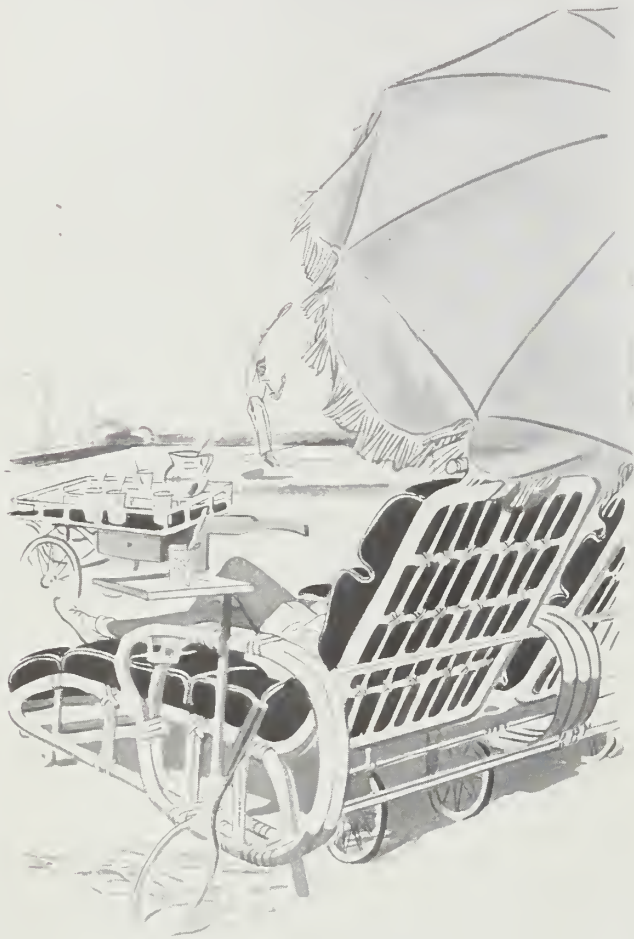
The art of the mastercraftsman in silver which flourished during the Charles II period is faithfully reproduced in the above Porringer and Cover. The Acanthus leaf design shows a classic influence so frequently expressed during that period. Mr. Guille's noteworthy reproductions of Old English Silver invite your inspection.

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In the Sun

Long, lazy days are just ahead. And here on our Play Hours floor are more ways to relax and enjoy this Summer than you can count.

Wrought iron in the new bird-and-bough design, Mexican color on woven cane, rolling canopies, huge mushroom poufs. And tricks like this double chaise above, with a curb-service tray, \$185 complete. Tilting umbrella, \$16.50. Peddler's cocktail cart, \$60.

Send for your free copy of
"Sitting Out Summer"

**ABERCROMBIE
& FITCH CO.**

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK

ford's great classic, "Thoughts on Hunting," bound and tooled as above, about \$20. An excellent prize for the children's class in hunter trials.

At the Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue, are two early American engravings and one aquatint of horses. The first engraving, in small folio, is of the horse Shark, "bred by Henry Hall, Esq., of Haarlem, N. Y., and owned by Colonel William R. Johnson of Virginia," engraved by Dick after a painting by E. Troye, about 1830, price, unframed, \$30.

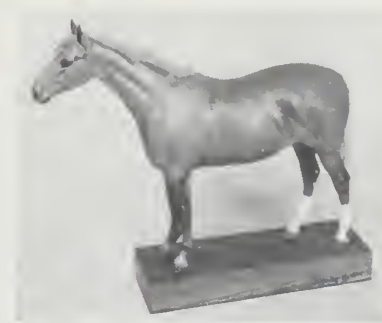
The second engraving, also in small folio, is of the horse Boston, "bred by John Wickham, Esq., of Virginia, in 1833, the property of Mr. James Long of Washington City," engraved by Dick from a painting by H. de Latte, unframed, \$35.

The aquatint is a large folio engraved by Knoedler in 1867 of the horse Kentucky. Though this is not a rare print, it is considered among the best American aquatints of a horse to be had. The drawing is good and the color exceptionally so. The price, unframed, is \$75.

Not being a collector of old prints, it is perhaps misleading to state that Shark won, in my estimation, by a good length, and though a buyer may have walked off with it before this is published, I hope some intelligent trophy committee may get it.

Also at the Old Print Shop is a drawer full of very small old English sporting prints, varying in size from 4" x 7" to 7" x 11" and in price from \$3.50 up, which depict such scenes as fox-hunting, cock-fighting, coursing, shooting, boxing, etc. Frames for these would cost between \$2 and \$5, and a pair or set of these would be a reasonably priced and unusual trophy.

Perhaps the number of people who appreciate antique snuff boxes on which sporting scenes of long ago are carved or painted are too few in number for a trophy committee to risk this choice as a prize. However, if any committee wishes to know where an excellent selection of these



Colvin Roy Kinstler hunter model

is to be found, at prices of \$10 to \$100, Arthur Ackermann & Son Inc., East 57th Street, is the place.

There are certain artists whose work in various fields of art is so good that a trophy committee wanting an outstanding prize cannot overlook them.

In wood carving, there is Roy Kinstler, who from photographs or from the living horse, produces a sculptured and painted model that is the best of its kind.

Trophy committees could either

give a check of \$85 drawn to the order of Abercrombie & Fitch (Mr. Kinstler's New York agents) to the winner, who could then forward photographs of his horse with the check and in time receive this unique and personally enchanting prize, or for \$65 the committee can buy outright some of Mr. Kinstler's models which are on display at Abercrombie & Fitch's.

There are two women, one an American and the other an English-woman, one working in pottery, the other in porcelain, whose work is amazingly good.

The American potter is Kathleen Wheeler, and her horses, hounds and fighting cocks are to be found at Arthur Ackermann's, 50 East 57th Street. The single hound is \$50 and my favorite group, the mare and foal, is \$125. Top price is the group of mounted huntsmen surrounded by hounds, at \$150.

What with the war and advancing years, it seems likely that the St. James Galleries, 19 East 53rd Street, and Philip Suval, 823 Madison Avenue, have the last which will ever reach this country of the lovely porcelains of Aline Ellis. At the St. James Galleries are five pieces. Three horses, an Arab pony, a polo pony and a Clydesdale. These are 8" high and about 8" in length. The Arab and Clydesdale are \$325 apiece and the polo pony \$275. The Clydesdale is magnificent.

Then there is a running fox at \$125, and a sitting fox at \$100, and no description could present the life and color of these.

Philip Suval has four of the Ellis foxes, two sitting, all at \$100 apiece. The Clydesdale is here also at \$325, and two English hounds, each \$200, and the chef d'oeuvre of chefs d'oeuvres, Mr. Jorrock's mounted on the "H'ugly Beast."

Here also is a pottery English hound by George Soper at \$125 that is really good, and a wash drawing by Aline Ellis entitled "Breast High Scent" that is first class and would make a reasonably priced and excellent prize for hunting men or women.

If a committee has even more money than this to spend, an equestrian bronze by the late Charles C. Rumsey or the living Herbert Hazeltine, or a portrait of the winning horse by the famous Australian, Martin Stainforth (now in the U. S. A.) or Franklin B. Voss, would be trophies which would certainly incite hatred, jealousy and malice among the non-winners.

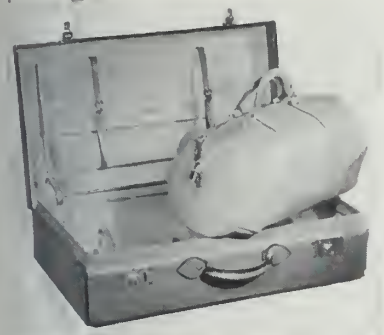
To bring hope and courage back to the committees with high standards, expensive tastes and no more than \$200 for a gentleman's prize, the imported boot case at Brooks Bros. should rehabilitate them. Hand-made of cowhide, lined throughout with green baize, it holds two pairs of hunting boots and comes with a generous supply of fittings, brushes, polishes, etc. The price is \$173.

To close with encouragement for committees with considerably less money but no less desire to find usefulness, looks and distinction, there is a circular set of twelve scarlet table mats decorated with a fox's mask that are surprisingly effective.

The MM Importing Co., 400 Park Avenue, import these from England and the price for the set is \$48.

The usual answer received from gentlemen to the question, "What are good golf prizes?" is "umbrellas and luggage." Having had some time to ponder upon this, the probable explanation may be that a man considered (in early married life) his umbrella and his luggage as his own, and consequent disillusionment has brought another hope, to wit, that a surplus of these may free one of each for his own use.

As men ask so little for themselves in the way of possessions, they demand and depend on quality, far more than do the gentle, cluttered sex. Therefore, an umbrella cannot



Brooks Bros. case; zipper club bag

be just an umbrella. Qualities never found among the umbrella proletariat must belong to their umbrella.

The MM Importing Co., 400 Park Avenue, import the cream of umbrella-dom made by Briggs of London; \$27 purchases the king pin of the lot, the one with the silver band. Abercrombie & Fitch carry the large striped golf umbrella at \$8.

The same rule of quality applies to luggage for men, and this is a field in which a trophy committee with the best intentions can go far wrong.

To the eye of the average buyer, there is no difference, barring the tempting one of price, between a case at \$50 from a shop of reputable name and the apparently identical one at \$15 in any one of the many shops which honeycomb the city.

In a very short time, however, the winner of the \$15 case will be aware of exactly what made the difference in price, and rightfully indignant he will be.

At each place where fine luggage is sold, the salesmen were asked to produce the case which nine times out of ten men themselves bought and the following suggestions are therefore safe choices as to popularity and finest quality:

At Brooks Bros., the 26" cowhide case, English brass locks, shirt flap, conservatively lined in linen, \$43.

At Crouch & Fitzgerald, the 24" pigskin "Two Suiter," built on an extended edge. Yale locks. \$52.50 (20% discount on this price to trophy committees).

At Arthur Gilmore's, the 24" cowhide handsewn case, lined with shirting, \$52.

At Abercrombie & Fitch's, the 26" cowhide "Solight" case, lined in ribbed silk, \$35.

At Mark Cross's, the 24" cowhide

"Suntan" case, lined in linen, \$47.50 (20% discount on this price to golf club trophy committees).

Personally, I place the Gilmore case first, with the Brooks case a close second.

Smaller cases, "club bags" big enough to hold one change of clothes, are less expensive and yet useful and good looking prizes.

Abercrombie & Fitch have designed their own version of the "club bag." It is of calf leather with zipper top and the price is \$17.50 less discount.

Crouch & Fitzgerald have a 20" frame opening zipper bag of saddle leather at \$16 to trophy committees.

Gilmore has a handmade 18" club bag of cowhide lined with red morocco for \$55. Wondrous handsome, indeed.

Mark Cross have an 18" suitcase style club bag of "Suntan" cowhide at \$25, less 20% discount.

All these shops listed carry the "Sportsman's Foldaway Bag," with case 14" x 8", in three sizes—small, medium and large. It is made of stout canvas, leather bound with zipper top, leather handles and looks when opened, like a very large sized mail bag. The price, according to size, is \$10, \$11 and \$12, and the winner of



Gilmore 18" Club Bag

the third sixteen would like it infinitely better than an engraved tin egg cup.

Golf shoes are good prizes, too, and size makes little difference as exchanges are so gladly made.

A. G. Spalding's old favorite, the "Drommie" calf golf shoe, which has a rawhide waterproof slip through the sole, is oil treated and has removable spikes, is \$10.95.

Abercrombie & Fitch's golf shoes range in price from \$12.50 to \$15, less 10% discount to trophy committees.

Should any committee wish to feed two birds with one piece of suet, in this case giving the winner golf shoes which he would scarcely dare hope to own and indirectly assisting the British Empire to win the war, Peal & Co.'s "Norwegian" waterproof, plain toed calf shoe with spikes is \$23.90 plus 10% duty, or \$26.29 landed on the winner's feet.

Should this excellent suggestion meet with enthusiasm, here are the mechanics: In an envelope, hand the winner a money order drawn to the order of Peal & Co., 487 Oxford Street, London, for \$23.90, a check drawn to the U. S. Customs for \$2.39, and the name and address of Peal's New York representatives, where, proper measurements will be taken and forwarded. This represen-

GILBEY'S GIN

must be Better..

*it's won the whole
wide world's
acclaim for almost
a hundred years!*



**The INTERNATIONAL GIN
distilled by GILBEY in the
United States as well as in
England, Australia, and Canada**

90 Proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. National Distillers Products Corporation, New York City

Made-to-Order Shooting For Your Estate



Quail Walk



In this gun game as many as twenty-five inexpensive Western Practice Traps may be used, camouflaged with shrubbery or other natural cover. Each trap is set to throw a target at a fixed angle. The angle is unknown to the shooter and the shooter doesn't know when the birds will appear.



Covey Rise



This installation duplicates the sudden startling whir-r-r-r of a frightened covey of birds. You use two Western McCrea Master Traps, capable of throwing from one to four targets at a time. The traps are mounted at the end of a walk or platform along which the shooter advances toward the trap.



THE numerous and varied types of clay-target shooting which have become so popular are made to order for estate owners. Why not enjoy one or more of these fascinating shooting games right on your own grounds?

Aside from the all-year pleasure you and your guests will derive, these interesting clay-target games provide excellent practice for field and wildfowl gunners. We will welcome the opportunity to explain and help plan any of the various types of shooting ranges. There are ranges for shooters of all degrees of experience. The amount of ground required is surprisingly small.

A Western Trap for Each Type of Range

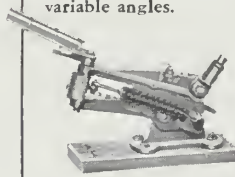
Whichever type of range you decide to install, Western target throwing equipment meets every requirement. Western traps and Western White Flyer targets are in use on innumerable estates and at thousands of Skeet and trapshooting clubs.

Shoot Western XPERT Super Skeet or Super Trap shells. The new Super Seal crimp assures holeproof, target-powdering shot patterns by eliminating the top wad.

High Tower



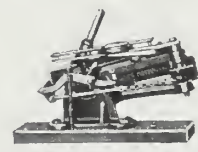
The Tower clay target game can be as sporty as a pheasant drive, or high overhead shots at wildfowl. Tower can be visible or concealed, 40 to 60 feet high. The Western trap for tower shooting throws targets 80 to 100 yards, depending on the wind, in a fixed line or at variable angles.



— And Skeet



A regulation Skeet or "angle" field on your estate will provide year around sport for family and guests. Skeet is another target shooting game made to order for field gunners desiring added pleasure and practice. Western Skeet Traps are modern in every detail. Durable. Dependable. Manual or electric release.



tative is Lazitch, at 43 Whitehall Street, New York.

Humidors come in all sizes, woods, linings, shapes and prices, and often combine utility with elegance.

The MM Importing Co. and Abercrombie & Fitch carry the porcelain lined type in cases of walnut or mahogany, all with brass insert on cover at approximately the same prices. Humidors of this construction come in following sizes and prices: 50 cigars \$25, 200 cigars \$50, 300 cigars \$72 and the grandpop of 500 cigars, \$120.

The 50 cigar humidor measures 12" x 8" and 5" in height; the 500 cigar humidor measures 22" x 14" and 13" in height.

Alfred Dunhill, 5th Avenue & 50th Street, have a patented "Airtight" construction for humidors and tobacco caddys, of which they are inordinately proud. They also give you a wide variety of woods—mahogany, walnut, oak, ebony, burl walnut and thuya wood, which last is a root wood and very handsome. The prices of the "Airtight" humidors in walnut or mahogany are \$16.50, 50 cigars; \$38.50, 75 cigars; \$45, 200 cigars; \$55, 300 cigars.

The 50 cigar humidor of walnut, edged with ebony, is \$21.50, and this ebony edging adds much to its style.

A 300 cigar humidor in burl walnut has real splendor and is \$87.50.

Also well worthy of note by trophy committees are the octagon "Airtight" tobacco caddys of ½ lb. capacity in walnut or mahogany at \$13.50 and ¾ lb. capacity in thuya wood at \$38.50. These are as attractive in shape and in finish as fine old Sheraton boxes.

There are more expensive smoking accessories at Dunhill's but these few represent their best sellers.

As the home professional of a golf club should receive all orders for matching sets, single clubs, balls, golf bags and even rain jackets from the club's trophy committee, it is unnecessary to list these here.

However, here are a few more sound suggestions as golf prizes:

At Abercrombie & Fitch—Ice preserver buckets, ½ gallon size, of silver plate, \$20; of chrome, \$12.50, and the cheaper one has the best shape.

A chrome buffet server—china lined, 1 quart size, \$12.50; 2 quart size, \$29.95.

Road map case of calfskin from England—2 pencils, red and blue; stamped free, \$7.50—a good prize for the winner of beaten eight of the second sixteen; while the "Hawkeye" refrigerator basket, metal lined throughout with compartment for ice, at \$10, is quite important enough for the winner of the second sixteen.

Sandwich and thermos case, made by A & F gun case makers, hand-sewn of mahogany brown cowhide, lined in green baize, is a first sixteen prize at \$16.75, for it has "class."

Cigarette box of gold tooled calfskin, stamped free at \$7.50, is an excellent consolation award.

Shooting sticks, \$6 to \$30, stamped on saddle without charge.

A & F's most popular binocular for two decades, made in France, \$25 with case (other binoculars will be

listed next month under sailing trophies).

Cameras, both still and moving, are very acceptable to all ages and both sexes. Which one of these to select depends considerably on the age group of the contestants as well as on the money available to the committee.

Listed below are the Eastman Kodak's best sellers of the better than average quality, but we strongly advise a committee's personal selection.

Eastman Kodak Co., 356 Madison Avenue:

Kodak Bantam Special F.2 "candid camera" type, with leather field case, \$87.50.

Kodak Vigilant 6/20, with F.4.5 lens, \$25.

Kodak Vigilant 6/20, with F.4.5 special lens, supermatic shutter, \$37.50. These are small folding cameras taking 2¼ x 3¼.

Kodak Monitor 6/16 Supermatic, special lens F.4.5, \$48.50.

Super Kodak 6/20, Anastigmat Special, F.3.5 lens of 100 mm. focal length. The best money can buy, \$225.

Cine Kodaks, eights, model 20, 8 mm., fixed focus, Anastigmat lens F.3.5, \$29.50; other 8 mm. models \$42, \$67.50.

Cine Kodaks, sixteens, magazine Cine Kodak, famous lens K.A. F.1.9—the best in the market, \$117.50. Other 16 mm. at \$39.50 and \$80.



Alfred Dunhill's thuya wood tobacco jar

Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, have an excellent Telechron electric clock 5" x 6", frame of black stitched leather dial of "gold" at \$20.85.

Alice H. Marks turns old leather hat boxes into substantial and good looking waste baskets for men, \$35.

The finest of all golf jackets seen—in material, tailoring and general use—was Abercrombie & Fitch's wool gabardine jacket; wind resistant, water repellent, lined in Vivella flannel, \$35—a beauty and cut to compliment all figures.

For a pigskin belt with 14 kt. gold buckle, Udall & Ballou, 734 Fifth Avenue, have them in hollow gold at \$39, in solid gold at \$78.

No mention is made of portable radios, always an excellent prize, as this merchandise, even in standard sets, is sold at such varying prices. For instance, there is a dealer in Greater New York who sells any model at 40% discount, and someone on every trophy committee is likely to know some such dealer.

N. PARKER.



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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE EDITOR of this department, having just and high regard for good wine, for longevity and for the permanency of pleasant marital relationships, makes the following gesture. He will send, with his compliments, to the first golden wedding anniversary of which he is notified, of a duly registered subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE, one bottle of Cazenove Brut, 1895.

This wine is now forty-five years of age. It was honestly grown and matured in the fine vineyards of Chateau d'Avize, south of Epernay. It bubbled into crystal glasses when the gay 'nineties were in full flush. Alas, now there are only a few bottles of it left on earth and one of them will be sent as a sentimental offering to a Golden Wedding. First come, first served.



MORTON BERGER

1 (9") baked pastry shell
 ½ cup heavy cream, whipped.

Soften the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in the scalded milk. Add to eggs, brandy, and sugar and mix. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in the egg whites. Turn into pastry shell. Chill until firm. Spread with a very thin layer of whipped cream.

THIS department, which has ever made a sincere attempt to keep its readers *au courant* with matters economic, gastronomic and oenophilic, is able to report that the next sixty days of the calendar will be largely devoted to matrimony. Young people of both sexes, and some not so young, will, *faut de mieux*, take up marriage with great gala and gallantry. I make this prediction despite any possible Gallup poll to the contrary. You can take my word for it that there will be thousands of wedding parties, guests will gather, bridesmaids will giggle and scuttle, striped-legged ushers will look important, mothers will look resigned but unconvinced, fathers will appear nonchalant, maiden aunts will be slightly hysterical, uncles will perform their quota of back slapping, sub-debs and younger brothers will, out of ear shot, turn to ribaldry, brides will assume, for the moment, their best clinging-vine air, grooms, with some strange pre-

monition, will develop unsteadiness in the knees, and ministers of the gospel, with perfect bed-side manner, will finally spring the trap.

It is truthfully said that a good wine needs no bush, and it is equally true that a good wedding needs wine, and plenty of it. I, personally, like wedding parties, and so I would like to be editorially present at as many of them as possible as a sort of Bacchic advisor. With this end in view I am going to present herewith a fairly comprehensive list of wines appropriate for weddings. Champagne, of course, is the traditional beverage, but if the family purse dictates something less expensive there are other wines, honest and pleasant in themselves, that are equally acceptable, either taken straight or in the form of punches, cups and bowles. I'll give you a few recipes for these concoctions also.

I am going to list the champagnes alphabetically, under one classification, and the other wines under another, and I will state the approximate New York price per case or per bottle. It must be remembered, that, due to local laws, prices vary in different states.

ACKERMAN LAURANCE DRY ROYAL

This is a sparkling Saumur from the Loire Valley and has the advantage of economy for extensive entertaining. \$30 per case

AYALA, 1928

A champagne for the discriminating palate. \$50 per case

AY BRUT

A wine from black grapes grown on the banks of the Marne. Heavy bodied and well thought of in France. \$30 per case

BERRY BROS., CUVÉE EXCEPTIONNELLE, 1928

A really distinguished champagne especially selected by Charles Walter Berry. \$65.25 per case

BERRY BROS., EXTRA DRY, 1928

A sound and satisfactory wine. \$61.82 per case

BERRY BROS., UNITED KINGDOM CUVÉE, 1928

Forty cases of this were served at the Clark-Roosevelt wedding. \$43.07 per case

BLONDEL, MARCHAL, 1928

A blanc des blancs from Epernay, light, dry, and with a flinty taste. \$36 per case

BOLLINGER, 1929

A dry, well balanced wine from a famous vineyard. \$55 per case

BOLLINGER EXTRA QUALITY BRUT

A non-vintage wine not quite so dry and is thus acceptable to many palates. \$50 per case

CAZENOVE, BRUT, 1895

A classic for a golden wedding. \$100 per case

CAZENOVE, EXTRA DRY, 1926

A fine year and a fine wine and the name, Cazenove, somehow connotes a wedding. \$45 per case

CHAMPAGNE, JULES FOURNIER, EXTRA DRY, 1929

A dry wine from Epernay. \$32 per case

CHAMPAGNE RUINART PÈRE ET FILS BRUT, 1928

A delicate but nevertheless full-bodied wine of a great year. \$52 per case

CHAMPAGNE RUINART PÈRE ET FILS BRUT, NON VINTAGE

A good, clean, dry wine although not dated. \$42 per case

CLIQUOT, YELLOW LABEL DRY, 1928

Madame Cliquot was a widow and she didn't care who knew it. Her name has been famous in fine houses and hotels for over a hundred years. \$62 per case

CLIQUOT, YELLOW LABEL DRY, 1929

A lesser wine than the preceding but still entirely competent. \$55 per case

CLIQUOT, YELLOW LABEL DRY, NON VINTAGE

Don't be put off by the words "Non Vintage". Sometimes a bottle without a date contains finer freight than a dated one. \$46 per case

COOK'S IMPERIAL AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

This wine has been favorably known as an American product since 1859. That's a long story as far as American wines go. \$2.49 per bottle

CRAMANT BRUT

Made from white grapes grown around the village of Cramant. Good stuff for punches. \$28 per case

CRAMANT NATURE, BLANC DE BLANC, 1929

Fragrant and light. \$40 per case

DRY MONOPOLE, 1929

The growers of this wine have been in business since 1785, so it is safe

DINK-TOED spring, shod with green slippers, treads our door-steps and it's time to think of eating out doors. To my way of thinking, there is nothing more appetite-prooking to the human palate than meat fish grilled over glowing charcoal. You and I had hotel kitchens we could do the job in the house, but most of us are not so equipped. So, when spring arrives we fare forth, forget our gas and electric ranges and get back to the basic principles of the cave-man who brought home his kill, dressed it and cooked it over the fire at the mouth of the cave.

To get down to cases, there has come from the Huntington Iron Works, La Canada, California, a new portable charcoal broiler that is just about tops. Californians are pioneers in out-door cooking, because their houses are damp. And so it is fitting that J. M. Huntington should have invented the best of all charcoal broilers. He has seven models to fit almost any purse and almost any number of hungry guests. One of the features of the Huntington broiler that appeals to me is the fact that it is equipped with a spit. Some models run by hand, and some by electric motors. Most colonial kitchen fireplaces had a spit run by weights or clockwork, and sometimes by a patient dog. There on the spit was impaled a chicken, a turkey, a leg of lamb or what have you. The spit revolved against the fire, and tender flesh finally reached crisp, brown-coated perfection. Spits disappeared from our lives along with most colonial kitchen fireplaces, but Huntington has brought them back and as an exponent of first principles I salute him. His broilers may be had from Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis and Conger and Abercrombie & Fitch in New York and at leading department stores throughout the country.

MY FRIEND, Richard Bennett, whose vocation is acting and whose avocation is raising actress daughters, is also a discriminating trencherman. He invited me to dine not so long ago at Susan Palmer's, 5 East 55th Street. Bennett and I and a couple of somebody else's daughters enjoyed a truly splendid meal which reached a high and pulsating climax in the shape of an eggnog cream pie.

Recognizing in me a pie expert, well qualified to testify upon the subject in a court of law, Mrs. Palmer graciously divulged the recipe with the permission to pass it on to the pie-fans of COUNTRY LIFE.

EGGNOG CREAM PIE

- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- ½ cup cold water
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 3 eggs well beaten
- 3 tablespoons brandy
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

WHAT TO DRINK?

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\$53.46 per case
- DRY MONOPOLE BRUT SPECIAL**
An undated wine of excellent quality.....\$45.90 per case
- ERNEST IRROY BRUT, 1929**
This is an interesting and refreshing wine.....\$52 per case
- ERNEST IRROY CARTE D'OR BRUT**
Its price recommends it for a large party.....\$35 per case
- GEORGES DUEL AY QUALITÉ SUPERIEUR, NON VINTAGE**
A delicate dry and lively wine, suitable for cups, cocktails and straight service at large gatherings.
\$22.50 per case
- G. H. MUMM, CORDON ROUGE, 1929**
This wine comes from a renowned vineyard. It is dry and fragrant.
\$4.85 per bottle
- G. H. MUMM, EXTRA DRY**
A medium dry undated wine, suitable for festivities...\$3.75 per bottle
- G. H. TISSOT FRÈRES, EXTRA DRY, 1928**
Here is a dry sparkling wine at
\$26 per case
- HEIDSIECK BRUT, 1928**
A sound and standard wine...\$46.35
- HEIDSIECK EXTRA DRY**
Excellent as a cocktail or in a champagne punch.....\$38.35 per case
- LANSON, 1928**
An historic champagne that holds its own in any company....\$55.08
- LANSON, 1929**
Not as great a wine as the '28, but in the forefront of its year.
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- LANSON, 1933**
This was a year of great promise. The first fine vintage after 1928.
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Will perform as acceptably as any non vintage wine and much better than many.....\$38.77 per case
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Dry, mild and delicate...\$38 per case
- LOUIS ROEDERER BRUT, 1928**
A good wine of a great year.
\$48.45 per case
- LOUIS ROEDERER, CUVÉE SPECIAL**
Entirely satisfactory as a non vintage.....\$33.15 per case
- LOUIS ROEDERER, EXTRA DRY**
Can be taken as is or in combination.....\$43.35 per case
- METROPOLE, 1928**
Made for the English market.
\$33 per case
- MOÛT ET CHANDON IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT CUVÉE AA**
A non-vintage wine of high merit. Light but with character and very pleasant.....\$37 per case
- MOÛT ET CHANDON IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT, 1928**
An excellent wine, at the peak of perfection. Very delicate and with splendid bouquet.....\$57 per case
- MOÛT ET CHANDON DOM PERIGNON, 1921**
Magnificent wine—standing its age beautifully.....\$90 per case
- MORLANT (DE LA MARNE) SEC OR EXTRA DRY**
Good for cup or punch.
\$31.85 per case
- PERRIER-JOUÛT, ENGLISH CUVÉE, 1928**
An outstanding wine of great breeding, crisp and dry and with fine bouquet.....\$55 per case
- PERRIER-JOUÛT, ENGLISH CUVÉE**
One of the best of the undated class. It is softer and slightly fuller than the '28.....\$42.50 per case
- PIPER-HEIDSIECK BRUT, 1928**
This wine has been famous and justly so for 150 years.
\$4.85 per bottle
- POL BERNARD BRUT, 1928**
An extremely fine blanc de blanc dry, clean and full of life.
\$29.75 per case
- POL ROGER, BRUT SPECIAL, 1928**
A great favorite in England w means that it will satisfy discriminating American palates.
\$60.50 per case
- POL ROGER, BRUT SPECIAL, 1926**
A really dry wine of full body fruity flavor.....\$60.50 per case
- POL ROGER, DRY SPECIAL**
Also dry and satisfying as a vintage.....\$50.75 per case
- POMMERY BRUT**
A very dry wine, made from first and second pressings of selected grapes.....\$4.40 per bottle
- POMMERY BRUT NATURE, 1928**
Made from the first pressings of selected grapes. This vintage is the best since 1921. The wines are magnificent and will continue to improve in quality for the next five to ten years.....\$5.10 per bottle
- POMMERY BRUT NATURE, 1929**
Made from the first pressings of selected grapes in the Delimited District of France.....\$5.10 per bottle
- POMMERY ROSÉ, 1929**
Made from the first pressings of selected grapes. The Rosé wine gets its delicate pink color in consequence of the fact that in the preparation of the cuvée a small quantity of the black pinot grape is allowed to ferment on its skin. It is the same cuvée as the Pommery Brut Nature, 1929.
\$5.40 per bottle
- POMMERY SEC**
A moderately dry wine, made from the first and second pressings of selected grapes.
- OTHER WINES**
- AMBRATO, DEMI SEC, 1930**
A dry and fragrant wine grown and bottled at Chateau Frecciarossa, Italy.....\$19.50 per case
- ANJOU, CHATEAU DE BELLEVILLE, 1934**
Good for punches.....\$15 per case
- BEAULIEU VINEYARD CABERNET AND BEAULIEU VINEYARD DRY SAUTERNES**
I have in my heart great hope for the future of our own native American wines. Here are two wines that give promise that my hopes will be realized. They are clean and honest and any wedding party can enjoy them in a punch bowl at a cost of.....\$8.50 per case
- CHANSON PÈRE ET FILS SPARKLING BURGUNDY, 1929**
For those who like a burgundy of this type this wine will meet approval.....\$35 per case
- CHATEAU MONCONTOUR VOUVRAY PETILLANT SUPERIEUR**
A fruity, live taste, interesting.
\$1.60 per bottle
- CHAUVENET, GRAND VIN MOUSSEUX**
A good sparkling Burgundy.
\$40 per case
- DOMAINES DOPFF GRAND RESERVE TRAMINER**
Fresh and fragrant...\$21 per case
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A really excellent French Rhine wine, good for a cup...\$18 per case
- MARTINI & ROSSI SPARKLING LACHRIMA CHRISTI GOLDEN RESERVE**
A sparkling wine made of grapes that originated on the slopes of Mt. Vesuvius. It is fresh, light, flowery and on the dry side...\$2.85 per bottle
- PERLE DE NEUCHATEL**
This is a fresh and fragrant Swiss wine that will do well in a punch bowl at.....\$17 per case
- ROSÉ CREMANT**
A sparkling pink wine from Anjou.
\$32 per case
- SAUTERNES, 1928, T. JOUVET ET CIE.**
Good fruit punch material.
\$14 per case
- VOUVRAY, CLOS DE MONT, 1936**
Makes a fine bowl...\$15 per case

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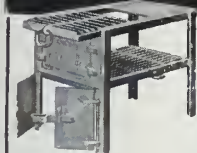
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Here follow some recipes for wedding punches, cups and bowls. I trust that you will find them competent for their purpose:

According to the Woman's Almanac, the best punch of 1938 was the invention of Jeanne Owen, the charming and beautiful secretary of the Wine and Food Society of New York. As this punch is now being made for a wedding party she has substituted non vintage champagne for the sparkling water of the original recipe.

In a large punch bowl put one package of frosted red raspberries or one pint of fresh ones. Add the juice of one orange, the grated peel of one lemon and the grated peel of one-half orange. Add half a cup of granulated sugar and over this pour one quart of Italian Vermouth (sweet) and put this punch bowl in a nest of cracked ice. Allow to stand a few hours. Just before serving add two quarts of dry champagne and serve.

STRAWBERRY BOWLE (Will serve 12 persons)

- 2 boxes strawberries (washed and drained)
- ½ lb. powdered sugar (or to taste)
- 2 bottles of Moselle
- ½ bottle of Claret
- 1 bottle of champagne

After the strawberries have been washed, remove the stems and cut them in half. Put them in a large glass bowl packed in ice. Sprinkle the sugar over the strawberries, then pour one bottle of Moselle over them and let the mixture stand for about six hours. When ready to serve, add the rest of the Moselle, the Claret and last, the Champagne. (The wines must be chilled).

Serve in glasses with plenty of strawberries in each glass.

MAI BOWLE (for 6 persons)

A handful of "Waldmeister" or Woodruff, fresh, if possible, tied in a small cheese cloth bag and put in a punch bowl.

Pour over the Waldmeister, two bottles of light Moselle, Rhine or Alsatian wine that has been chilled. Cover and allow it to stand for about half an hour. Remove the little bag containing the Waldmeister. Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and unpeeled oranges cut lengthwise in thin slices, the seeds removed.

Chill thoroughly. Place a slice of orange in each glass and one or two tiny leaves of the Waldmeister if desired, and fill the glass with the chilled wine.

PAUL STEVENSON'S RHINE WINE CUP
(Approximately three 4 oz. glasses for 15 people)

- 5 bottles of Rhine Wine or Traminer
- 1 bottle Champagne or Sparkling water
- ½ pint brandy
- Fruit
- Sugar to taste

Place fruit (as desired—raspberries, strawberries, sliced oranges, sliced lemon or sliced pineapple) in a bowl and cover with Rhine Wine and some sugar. Cover and allow this to stand for at least one hour. Place a block of ice in a large punch bowl and add mixture. Pour in the re-

mainder of the Rhine Wine and just before it is served add the Champagne.

PUNCH A LA PAUL STEVENSON
(To serve 40 persons, three 4 oz. glasses)

- 12 bottles of either Sauternes—Anjou, or Vouvray
- 6 bottles Sparkling water
- ½ bottle Framboise d'Alsace
- Raspberries, Lemons, Oranges

Place raspberries, lemon and orange peels in a bowl. Add a little sugar and pour on enough Sauternes to cover. To this add a teaspoonful or two of the Framboise. Allow this to marinate for about one hour. Then place in the large serving bowl together with a large chunk of ice. Add the remaining wine and Framboise, and at the last minute the sparkling water.

It is suggested that the peel of the lemon and orange be removed and slices of these same fruits be substituted before serving. It is suggested that the preponderance of fruit be raspberries. A few sprigs of mint may be added if desired.

TOM MARVEL'S CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

- 4 bottles of Champagne
- 1 bottle of Sauterne
- 2 glasses of Maraschino
- 2 glasses Curacao
- 1 pint of strawberries

Prepare in a punch bowl surrounded with cracked ice. Serves 15 to 18.

THIS time of year is the open season for grooms. During this period well established concerns like the U. S. Steel Corporation, Ford, General Motors, the Duponts (who make better things for better living through chemistry and Dr. Monaghan) pale into insignificance in comparison with the multifarious and all pervasive mischief of the firm of Louis Sherry, of New York.

The House of Sherry through usage, experience and practice has become the handyman of Hymen, the Management Corporation of Matrimony, the necessitous and never-failing necromancer of nuptial rites. During May and June thousands of Sherry trucks, driven by handsome headwaiters in full dress, go speeding through the countryside bearing the complete panoply and paraphernalia of marriage. They supply everything from a groom to a shot gun (when occasion calls for such an implement), red carpets, tents, awnings, chairs, claret, sherry, champagne, crabmeat cocktails, crêpes Suzettes and players of the harpsichord and the hautboy. At the drop of a hat, Sherry will take an order to serve Poi and Piper Heidsieck, '28, to mating Maoris in Pacific jungles or blubber à la Burns and Bataud Montrachet, '23, to Eros-minded Esquimos. It is reported that Sherry has had the marriage ceremony translated into all living languages except the Russian and if the minister does not show up the headwaiter will function wisely and well. What a pleasant business! I wish I had thought of it myself.

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- 2 Also significant is the fact that the Fire Safe House in the Town of Tomorrow at the same New York World's Fair is also protected against lightning—a major cause of fire—by another West Dodd installation.
- 3 So, too, is the Electrified Farm, sponsored by the electrical utilities industry.



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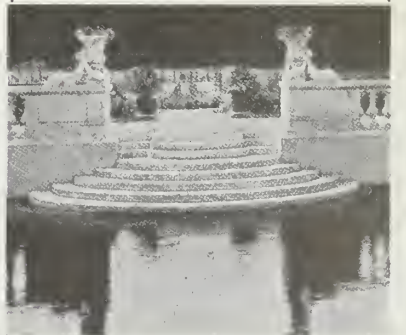
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Chicago, 4 S. Michigan Blvd.

Cincinnati, 206 Dixie Term. Bldg.
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New York, 673 Fifth Avenue
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GUNS & GAME

In bygone, unlamented days the country's resources of fish and game were frequently regarded as political assets, and the administration of them was oftentimes placed in the hands of men who knew a great deal more about shady politics than they did about the complicated science of conservation.

There is still some of that sort of thing to be seen here and there, but, in general, I believe that these resources are now being managed by honest, intelligent, and highly capable men and women.

The Fifth North American Wildlife Conference, which met in Washington in mid-March, bore no resemblance to a political junket. It was a gathering of serious-minded folk who came there to ask questions and to answer others and thus move forward toward the solution of conservation problems.

There was no red fire and no ballyhoo. It was a quiet, orderly and workmanlike meeting, very heartening to those of us who hope for our children to have good opportunities to enjoy shooting and fishing, and kindred recreations.

You cannot spend much time in the company of a competent wildlife conservationist without discovering that he uses the question mark almost as much as he does the period. He wants to know, and his interest takes him from the subsoil stratum to the treetops and beyond.

Everything that is organic comes within his scope, for all are related and interdependent, and each is a factor in the equation the wildlife technician sets himself to solve. It is not discouraging, but hopeful, to find that in getting the answer to one question often enough two others have been raised.

In this country, as in Europe, the greater part of the small game population is produced on agricultural lands. I saw evidences of an increasing realization of the fact that no game restoration program will be entirely successful unless it includes the farmer and landowner.

The eastern part of the country is more productive of small game today than in the Indian's time, when it was mantled with dense, light-excluding forests. Practically all of the small game mammals and the birds were able to extend their ranges and increase their numbers as the deep woods gave way to farms, upland fields and pastures.

The eleven western states have within their boundaries about 40% of the land area of the United States. In 1938, 7,524,720 shooting licenses were sold, but only 1,110,752 of them were taken up by the gunners in these western States. The 26 states east of the Mississippi river issued a total of 4,966,699 licenses that year. Many of these states are so nearly agricultural that it is difficult to find

any extensive tracts of wild land.

Indiana, for example, had nearly 400,000 gunners who shot 85% of the game taken on 88% of the land that is in farms. Michigan, with only 50% of her total area in farm land nevertheless supplied from those lands 70% of the game taken by 682,605 gunners. Ohio's 565,104 gunners took 85% of the total bag from the 87% of the state that is in farms.

Pennsylvania, 55% agricultural, and New York, 61% in farms, supplied game to over 200,000 more gunners than took out licenses in all eleven of the western range states.

Human populations are comparatively dense in the eastern states, but, even so, the figures I have quoted show that game grows best on fertile farm land. It is significant, too, that while farm game management practices are as yet practically unknown to millions of farmers, their lands produce enough small game to encourage millions of gunners to purchase their licenses. When, if ever, game management comes into general use, we shall have better shooting than we have ever known.

FRANK DUFRESNE, who is the executive secretary of the Alaska Game Commission, told me a curious thing about the small herd of musk-ox introduced on Nunivak Island ten years ago by the United States Biological Survey. These animals are utterly fearless and will charge anything that moves.

The herd is prospering but some of them were lost through an indomitable but mistaken conviction held by all musk-oxen that any one of them can lick the padding out of an Alaska "brownie." The 800-lb. musk-ox is a formidable adversary, but not for the big bears. The brownie, when attacked, just drops back on his mighty haunches and breaks the musk-ox's neck with one lightning swipe of his paw.

AMERICAN gunners who saw the British "Field" for the week of January 6 were no doubt as pleased as I was to find that one of Col. Peter Hawker's famous Manton guns has been carefully preserved all these years and is now in the hands of an appreciative British sportsman. W. Keith Neal, who owns the gun, describes it as being in perfect condition and says that he uses the weapon occasionally on game.

It is a 20-bore double, weighing 6¾ lbs. Originally made in flintlock, it was later converted into a percussion lock. According to Hawker's diary he received it on November 20, 1807. One hundred and thirty-two years of service have failed to develop any flaws in this product of the old craftsman who set the standards of perfection that still distinguish the finest double guns.

Mr. Neal also has Hawker's "Big

BY COL. H. P. SHELDON

Joe," the 17½ lb. single-barreled flintlock fowling piece mentioned frequently and affectionately in the diary. The original barrel of the big gun was lost but has been replaced by another of the same dimensions.

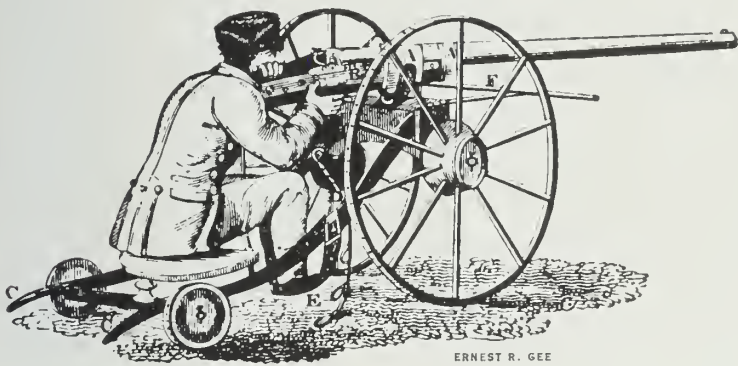
It would not surprise me to learn that more gunners have read Hawker's works on shooting than those of any other writer on the subject. His observations and conclusions were so accurate and sound that many of them are useful today. He was an authority on big-bore shoulder guns and punt or swivel guns for wildfowling, and went to great pains to design these great weapons and to test them.

We know little about the big bores in this country, guns that fire a pound or a pound and a half of coarse shot, for guns of larger than 10-bore are prohibited by law for use on wildfowl. They are still used along

consider it. As for me, I think of trout flies.

A lad by the name of Colin Macdonald was once a neighbor of mine. He was a trout fisherman, and each year by devious and clandestine means he received from Scotland a gross or two of the finest, most beautiful trout and salmon flies an angler ever laid covetous eyes upon. I have an impression that the United States Treasury profited not at all in this bit of foreign trade and traffic.

At any rate, Colin would offer the beautiful flies to a few of his friends at prices remarkably low for a Scot to be quoting. He came into my office one bleak day in March with his annual assortment—dozens and dozens of priceless bits of fine art and in such variety that an angler might match exactly every mood of water and light, and every whim or character of fish and insect. Few Amer-



A stanchion gun, one of Col. Peter Hawker's inventions, could be wheeled to where wildfowl congregated

the English coast, however, and under conditions that would make a rough day in a sinkbox on the flats seem luxurious by comparison.

IN Nature's family of months March is the unloved child—a scrawny, bedraggled offspring with chapped wrists and a dripping nose. She was born out of wedlock. She litters the landscape with the dingy drifts of snow, which are her soiled cast-off clothing, and sets spring holes for the traveller along the country roads. She woos man with a warm and promising breath one day, and then on the next freezes the poor devil into pneumonia with a wintry gale.

But the grimy month brews a love potion so active that even the dignified, taciturn woodcock becomes antic and lifts his small harsh voice in what he surely, and his lady possibly, believes to be song. The blackbirds in the elm, the frogs in the marsh, the geese overhead, and the grouse on the hill are bewitched by the same subtle power.

The amount of shameless sweet-hearting and courting going on toward the end of March is incredible and scandalous when you stop to

consider it. As for me, I think of trout flies.

One by one I summoned my angling friends to the feast, and finally called on the 'phone a delightful old gentleman named "Tommy" who served his community well by playing a silver cornet in the band and by being the clerk of the Town. At intervals, when he felt himself near to a breakdown from the cares and responsibilities of town-clerking and triple-tonguing, Tommy would close his door and open a quart of excellent rye whiskey by way of restoring his wasted tissues and his faith in God's goodness.

He had been having a sprightly bout with the demon when my call reached him. I explained that Colin was present with the grandest assortment of trout flies in the world. There was a long silence during which I could imagine the old boy rocking gently to and fro on his heels while he tried to concentrate on the problem. At last he had it.

"Well, now, I'll tell you, my boy," said he. "It ain't just convenient for me to come up there ri' now. Tell you what—you git 'em for me—like a good boy. You git me fi' doshen—fi' doshen Perp—Perp—Perfesshors!"



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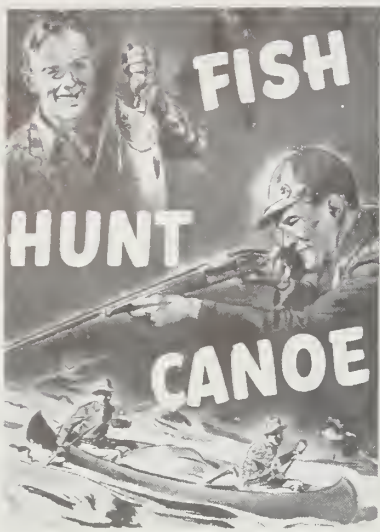
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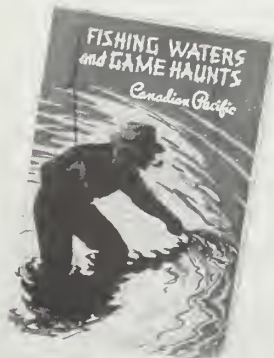
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SALMON RIVERS

(Continued from page 43)

get properly working, we gradually move down till our Black Dose drops beyond the rock and swings round with the current. A bulge appears in the water at the back of the fly. We are good trout fishermen, or think we are, and know that he has taken the fly, and strike! Nothing happens! The bulge disappears! A voice in our ear. "Ye pulled right away from him, let him take it." Then we realize shamefacedly that we are fishing for salmon, not trout, and where a brook trout or a sea trout would have had that fly with a dash, the salmon is more deliberate. It's no use hurrying matters so we sit down and smoke for ten minutes, put on a smaller fly of the same kind, and try again.

This time we do better, the bulge again shows, now more pronounced, and a fin appears. We draw our fly slowly, slowly, almost stopping. We see a gleam as he turns and feel a slight check. With an effort we resist the impulse to strike, and wait a second.

Then a steady strain, and as we strike, the scream of the reel brings our hearts to our mouths. Suddenly, sixty feet away, a silvery form cleaves the water; a good six-foot sideways jump, and then a skid along the surface for another six feet.

The reel stops screaming and I get hold of the handle and take a steady strain. The pressure eases and I reel in some line. Why, it's easy! Oh yeah! Suddenly a terrific surge. *Keep your fingers away from that reel!* Do you want to lose 'em. Twenty—thirty—forty yards right up into the upper pool, the line round a jutting rock. As fast as my legs will carry me I dash along the beach reeling in as I go to get the line clear of that rock. As I reach it, my fine friend gives a succession of leaps straight up in the air, then a slack line. My heart drops—has he gone? I reel in carefully. Again the strain, and more leaps, and I drop the tip of my rod, for all the world as though I bowed on each appearance.

I take a steady strain, the rod bending like a whip. He's well hooked—I can give him the works! A fat lot I can do. This lad has the upper hand and all I can do is what he lets me do. If he decides on going to the Atlantic, I'll just have to follow him or lose him. A period of quiet—then bumps on the line. Is he trying to Morse code me? The guide says quietly, "He's trying to break out the hook on the bottom, I'll have to rock him." A couple of stones stir him up and away he dashes again. But the strain tells, a gleam of white shows as he rolls and the pressure lessens. I reel him in to where the guide stands, gaff in his hand. Another break-away, and yet another, but each time I manoeuvre him back.

Then a gleam of steel as the gaff flashes out and back, and he is dragged to the beach. Fifteen pounds of dynamite, gleaming blue and silver in the morning sun. The most beautiful fish that swims—the Atlantic salmon.

Suddenly we are hungry! Starved in fact, so back to camp, and boy!

don't the wood smoke and frying bacon smell heavenly.

For information on the government waters of the RESTIGOUCHE, prospective salmon fishermen may write to the Deputy Minister, Dept. of Lands and Mines, Fredericton, N. B.; David Ogilvy, Plaster Rock, N. B., and E. Poole, Canadian Nat'l. Railways, Montreal, Que.; M. Howard, Kedgwick, N. B., and George A. Murray, Upsalquich, N. B., know all about the waters in those regions.

James Matchett and John Hare, Curventon, N. B., know the Northwest and Seville waters of the MIRAMICHI; Pat Whalen, "Grainfield," Newcastle, N. B., knows the Little Sou'west; Fred Fairlie & Sons, Boiestown, N. B., Jack Russell, Ludlow, N. B., and Frank Russell, Doaktown, N. B., can start you on the Main Sou'west. George Allen, Penniac, N. B., and Manderville Bros., Derby, N. B., operate on the waters of the Cains River, the Renous River, Dungarvon and Bartholomew.

For information on the NIPISIGUIT, write W. J. Kent & Co., Bathurst, N. B.

David Ogilvy, of Plaster Rock, N. B., knows the TOBIQUE.

The New Brunswick Tourist Bureau, at Fredericton, and E. Poole, Canadian Nat'l. Railways, Montreal, will tell you all about the SAINT JOHN RIVER.

WESTERN CANADA

(Continued from page 41)

been said that British Columbia consists of parallel mountain ranges with long narrow valleys between them—there are many tracts of good farming land; in the valleys of the interior, on the lower slopes of the mountains, on the deltas of rivers running to the coast, and on Vancouver Island. Most of this is mixed farming, the chief crops being wheat, oats, potatoes and hay. Halfway up Fraser Canyon, at Yale and in the interior, around Kamloops, sheep and cattle are raised; while in our Okanagan Valley—four hundred miles inland and about a hundred miles north of the American border—much of the famous British Columbia fruit is grown; apples, cherries, peaches, plums and apricots, as well as strawberries, tomatoes and hops.

There are hundreds of lakes scattered through this part of the province, anywhere from one mile to 80 long. Vernon, for example, is situated in a broad valley at the head of three lakes—the Okanagan, which is eighty miles long, the Kalamalka (named by the Indians, meaning Lake of Many Colors) twelve miles in length, and Star Lake, a paltry five miles.

Our ranch of two thousand acres is situated at the foot of Kalamalka Lake, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque situations in the world. The lake is as deep a blue as the Mediterranean, with patches of green and purple along the shores; high wooded hills surround it, and beyond are the deep blue and purple of the distant mountains. Miles upon miles of orchard lie on the lower slopes of these hills, running down the lake shore, and to see the pinky-white blossoms of the apple trees against the blue of the lake in the month of May is a sight for the gods.

Despite our bad roads, many American tourists visit British Columbia each year for the scenery, as well as the excellent fishing and

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shooting which it offers. In many lakes and streams are found plenty of big trout and salmon, while the pheasants eat up our gardens. It is no unusual feat to raise two or three handsome cocks, or to see a hen pheasant pilot her brood of ten or twelve chicks across your lawn. But, after the 15th of October, when the shooting season opens, they disappear like magic. We have, however, shot three or four birds in an afternoon in our own orchard, not three minutes tramp away from the house.

My husband and his brother went fishing on our lake one day last summer and were about to turn the put-put for home as a thunder storm was upon them, when my husband hooked a nine pound trout. Despite the high waves and pelting rain, he played him for more than half an hour before getting him near enough to the boat for his brother to gaff him. This is unusual, but we often go out for an hour or two before supper in the hope of catching enough for the pot.

Blue grouse are also found in the hills, and duck shooting is a favorite pastime in the autumn. One can also get deer, and an occasional bear, but it takes a stout pair of legs and a strong heart to comb the hills for them.

One hears the hunting cry of the coyotes on moonlight nights, and in the winter they often become bold enough to come as far as the barn.

We do all our shopping in Vernon, fourteen miles away, over a road, recently surfaced most of the way, which winds along the lake, and just before we reach our destination we can look across the placid waters of Kalmalka to the beautiful Coldstream Valley, with its hundreds of acres of orchard, and in the far distance, on clear days, the snow-capped Selkirk Range.

On a Saturday night, the main street of Vernon presents an amusing sight. The curb is lined with a medley of old and new cars and trucks, and standing on the street corners or moving slowly along are Indians, from the nearby reservations, in their gaudy reds, yellows or magentas—often all combined in one costume—and young boys, mostly Indian, in bright green or red silk shirts and ten gallon hats—the nearest we come to cowboys—while the Chinese, in their sober black, often leading solemn-eyed children, and the ranchers, their wives and offspring in conventional garb, rub shoulders. All come to town to do their weekly shopping and perhaps take in the movies.

One hears a great deal of German on the streets these days for there has been a great influx of Germans and Ukrainians from the prairie provinces where bad crops, due to droughts, have sent them westward in search of work. It is their daughters, mainly, who provide our domestic servants, unless one is lucky enough to have a devoted Chinese who does the cooking and housework, including the laundry, takes care of the garden, and runs your affairs.

Our social life in the summer is mostly out of doors. Garden parties and bazaars, to raise money for the local churches, are frequent; swim-

ming; fishing; corn roasts on moonlit nights, with sing-songs and bathing; tennis and cricket matches. One thinks nothing of driving thirty miles or more to attend a tea or dinner party, and on Saturday nights there are the weekly dances at the country club.

In the winter months we have skating, hockey matches at the arena, to which special trains are run from neighboring towns, and the S.R.O. sign is frequently out, though the arena seats more than 3000. Figure skating is taught there also, and each winter the Rotary Club puts on an ice carnival, with professional talent from the outside, to raise funds for charity. The little theatre movement gets going also, and several companies of amateurs put on a series of modern plays, the best of which may later be taken to Vancouver or Victoria, for the Provincial Prize. The choral society gives a Gilbert and Sullivan opera each winter, and the local symphony orchestra gives a concert or two. An occasional professional lecturer performs, and tea or dinner parties, with bridge, fill in the rest of the time.

All this in Vernon, of course. When one lives fourteen miles away, and the roads are slippery with ice, one stokes the fire, listens to the radio, or walks a mile or two to have tea with a neighbor. That's why we like to get away six months of the year, when it's possible.

BIGGEST DOG SHOW

(Continued from page 46)

hot tents. Nor was it fair to exhibitors, some of whom were miles from their next destination, to be forced to keep their dogs far into the evening, even though they had been eliminated from judgment.

There were other things, too. Some of the judges, for instance, had too much to do. Others were inefficient, slow, or even too easily influenced. Prize money was unevenly distributed throughout the breeds, those favored by members of the show committees getting more than their share, while others, equally worthy, were overlooked entirely.

Because of these and similar reasons, Mrs. Dodge determined to have a show of her own one day. She would not show her own dogs at this show of course, but it would prove that things could be done differently.

The idea germinated, and when in May, 1927, the show came into being Mac Halley was in charge. He still is. Then, as now, he was responsible for everything from choosing the judges to seeing that the plants for the best-in-show were started in the Giralda Farms greenhouses.

He has been given absolutely free rein and has run the show as if it were his own. It's a big job. Indeed he says there is hardly an hour of the day, year in and year out, when he doesn't give some thought to some phase of it.

It is Halley's constant thought and shrewd planning, with his thorough knowledge of the dog game as a background, plus Mrs. Dodge's will-



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WOVEN WOOD
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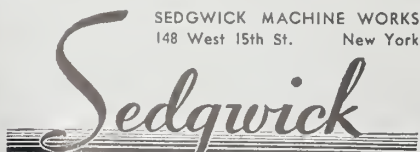
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ingness to foot the bills and spare no expense to make each detail as nearly perfect as possible, that is responsible for the show's greatness today.

The idea behind the show is to make everything as pleasant as possible for the exhibitor. This has been carried out in many ways.

The success of the early editions of the show was due to good judges and plenty of them, 11 for 17 breeds the first time; guaranteed prize money \$5, \$3, \$2 throughout all classes of all breeds; the encouragement of American-breds, the first time any attention had been accorded them at an outdoor show, in the tangible form of sterling silver; and last but far from least, Mrs. Dodge's hospitality, which was extended not only to the big exhibitor with a truckload of dogs, but to the novice showing his one pet for the first time.

Another most important contribution to its size was the fact that many specialty clubs, organizations devoted to the promotion of a particular breed, have come to consider the Morris and Essex their specialty show, contribute toward purses and are consulted in the selection of judges that will draw the largest entry in their breeds. There is a total of 32 of these specialty clubs participating this year!

Today the show is basically the same. The prize money, now raised to \$10, \$3 and \$2 in the classes has reached the staggering total of \$20,000, not counting the 300 sterling silver trophies.

There are still plenty of judges. There must be, for there is a tremendous job to be done in those few brief hours between ten and six. There will, as a matter of fact, be 70 of them to pass on 86 breeds, each one a capable and popular all-rounder, or specialist, depending on his assignment.

American-breds are still encouraged, trophies being offered throughout all breeds as a memorial to Hartley Dodge, Jr.

THERE is still the same precision and smoothness of organization that there was when the show was smaller. However, it has been far from static. Each year sees some sort of improvements, either to the grounds, or to the mechanics of running the show. Some of these are important and obvious; others are things that the average person wouldn't think of at all, but they all add up.

For example, it isn't necessary to bench your dog. This may not seem important, but it means a lot to a person with a high strung animal. Off in the fields, or in the shade of a tree, both dog and master can relax taut nerves and be the better for it when they go into the ring. You don't have to keep your dog there after judgment has been passed on him.

Then, if you want to come ahead by trailer you will find running water and free electricity waiting for you. You can come days before the show if you want to (some do) and stay a week afterward, and everything possible will be done to make you comfortable while you are there.

If you are an exhibitor, your car

gets a special sticker and you are whisked through the traffic at the gates and sent to a space close to where your dog is benched.

This year, if you are a toy dog fancier, and, like most of your kind, want to keep your dogs in carrying baskets which fit in the benches, you will find a special ring near a shady grove where you can drive right to the benches and not have to carry your baskets more than a few feet.

It seems each year as if everything possible had been done. That indeed, everything but the weather is under complete control, and predictable before hand. There are even those who think that Mrs. Dodge, or Halley, have made a deal with the elements. For in all the years the show has been in existence it has never rained. Twice it is true there was a mist, but not enough to drive the judging indoors. The rest of the time the sun has smiled. It wouldn't make much difference, anyway, except from the spectators' point of view, for there is ample tent space to go through with everything on schedule.

OF course, producing a show such as this is tremendously expensive. But money isn't thrown away. Halley does his best to get a dollar's value for each dollar spent, and yet doesn't stint when there is something to be done that will improve the picture.

No one but Mrs. Dodge will ever know how much this day costs her.

However, it's easy enough for even an outsider to figure that the total comes close to \$50,000, and this doesn't include Mrs. Dodge's party for the judges the night before the show; the luncheon to which all exhibitors are invited the day of the show, and other items which she attends to personally.

No thought is given to income from the event, except in the form of entries and admissions. No advertising is allowed, even in the catalog, caterers are given concessions free, with the proviso that the quality be of the highest and prices be kept low, and there are enough attendants to serve customers without delay.

Indeed, with an event of this kind expense must be incidental. As the first J. P. Morgan is supposed to have said when asked about the expense of maintaining a yacht: "If you have to think of expense, you'd better not try it."

Regardless of expense, there are few people who would go as far as Mrs. Dodge has without any thought of return, or indeed any recompense except the satisfaction of doing something as well as it can be done, and the appreciation and admiration of dog lovers everywhere.

It is, all in all, a magnificent sporting gesture and it goes far beyond being just a glorious day given by Mrs. Dodge to the dog show enthusiasts of America. The Morris and Essex is admired by those who run smaller shows, and those things tried successfully at the big show are copied all over the country, for the betterment of the dog game in general. In this lies much of the true greatness of the largest show in the world.

Tonight... Enjoy



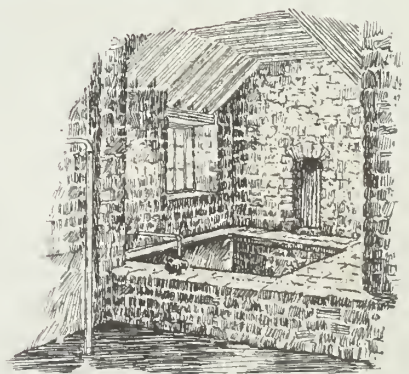
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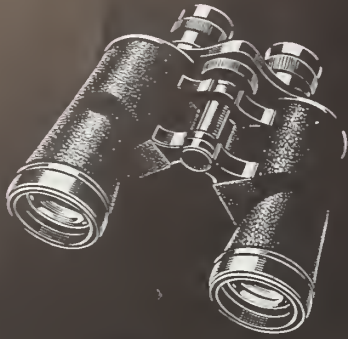


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ALSO BE A CREDIT TO YOUR
JUDGMENT.

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

(Continued from page 36)

these idyllic rites become a sacrament.

The observance of Flower Sunday, in which a bouquet is sought from every farm and garden in the parish for the beautification of the church, bespeaks a solidarity of interest that would be hard to express in any other way. The sins and virtues of every gardener are revealed before his Lord and his neighbors. But the poorest contributions, like the best, bring color and adornment to the whole. After the service the flowers are sent from the church to the sick and shut-in folks throughout the community. Such a service in a city church would be equally beautiful, but certainly not so significant.

A thanksgiving offering for the poor, in which big squashes, boxes of apples, baskets of potatoes, bags of onions, and jars of preserved fruits and vegetables are stacked high about the pulpit, has significance for the donors beyond that of giving to charity a similar value in money. It is a more personal and intimate gift. The atmosphere of the church is permeated with a feeling of God's abundance and a corresponding human thankfulness.

THE children's performances hold a large place in the community life. Usually they are awful!—feebly prepared and inadequately rehearsed. This is expected, but still everybody goes. The over-confident and the over-shy youngster both do their stuff, and then dash from the platform. They are received by their parents with the same joy with which Abraham rescued Isaac from the sacrificial altar of the Lord. The sophisticated declare it is a heathenish custom, and ought to be stopped. It will undoubtedly continue until the church devises a more satisfactory way of celebrating a community's joy in its children.

The country church does not lack for things to do. It has suffered and still does from the lack of man-power, and the social skill to do them. This has led to inter-community enterprises in which rural churches pool their resources in music and drama to prepare better programs, and incidentally provide better training for the participants. It has also furthered a wider use of any specialized leadership in the ministry or laymen of the communities.

I often feel sorry for people who come to a country church, and are not farmers. Historically and traditionally country churches belong to the farmers, and others get in only by the grace of God. Farmers cling rather tenaciously to their churches, and resist all efforts of parsons and others to "modernize" them. This conflict is more serious than most people realize.

The farmer holds his church by squatter's rights. The city person who becomes his neighbor by virtue of a country home, thinks of him as rutted and very old fashioned. It takes a master diplomat to come from the city into the country and become both an accepted and useful member of rural society. It can be

done without becoming a farmer, for there are conspicuous successes.

Any one who lives in the country and refuses to become a member of its society admits his social incompetence at the outset. He is deficient in the cosmopolitan spirit which he so proudly boasts as his excuse. He is insisting upon leading a maladjusted life.

One person who described to me his harassing experiences in catching on, thought there ought to be a school, in which city people could be taught how to live in the country. To this I heartily agreed. We both felt that there was no one brilliant enough to teach in it, so we dropped the idea the moment we thought of it.

People with large summer estates are apt to lead insular lives within the physical limits of the community. They build upon it an isolated society. They are seeking escape from the city rather than communion with the country. As such they are naturally patrons of rather than participants in, the church. Their financial support does not compensate for their self-chosen aloofness. To their homes the church renders no service. The only contribution that such estates make to community life is that they help pay the taxes and give a number of men work during the summer. Often the tenant farmer does more for community life than his landlord. However, when summer comes, his services are often so valuable to the estate that he cannot even get to church.

There is another group of summer dwellers who share vicariously in the work of the church. They are interested in the repair of the church building, in every kind of improvement, and in the support of a minister. The minister calls upon them and he finds them the most delightful people in his parish. They grant him every consideration and courtesy, but they will not share in any of the actual services or affairs of the church. Although they would feel at ease in any group in Boston, London, or Paris, I suspect that they do not feel capable of taking hold in rural society. The thought of adjustment is too much for them. The frequent local comment about this type of person is, "He's kinda queer till you get to know him." Closely akin to him is the man who is impatient of petty details that sometimes excite country folks to the point of fever heat. By a little patience and strategy he could do his share toward what he feels ought to be done, and then, for the rest, let the quibblers quibble.

The greatest problem of the country church is the family that lives in the country the year round, and yet refuses to take root. They come with an urban conceit that is as insufferable as it is impractical. They insist upon imposing their ways upon the natives, and showing them how things ought to be done. Their ignorance of simple agriculture and the time-tested traditions of country life make them appear ridiculous in the face of their assumed superiority. They deride all local organizations because of their simplicity. They agitate "reforms." They often are permitted to inaugurate them because country people

want help, and they are willing to learn. However, too often the "reformers" find that they are sorry that they ever mentioned it, because things do not work out as they expected.

Once an artist and his wife, a former actress, desired to help in the community. An amateur play was suggested, presumably to make money for the church. The artist stipulated how much money he needed for scenery materials. The budget was discussed. The total possible receipts for the performance were less than the materials for scenery. This left nothing for make-up, books or costuming. The professionals said a play could not possibly be financed for so little money, and they withdrew from the project. The natives went ahead. They improvised the scenery and the play was produced with a little surplus. Both scenery and performance might have been better if the professionals had had sufficient amateur spirit to take hold of the situation as it was.

Many times city folks are stranded in the country. They lose their city contacts and do not find their bearings in rural living. They are usually too proud to admit their failure, and to begin humbly. For the good of the community and themselves they move out. Unfortunately the church has no specialized technique for acclimatizing these people, nor is it very keenly aware of their problem. This state of affairs makes it difficult for the outsider to enter a community even though he comes humbly. It often takes years before he is sure he belongs. But when he does, his participation in the life of the country church is a source of great joy.

Attorney Jordon has a summer home in the country. Unobtrusively, he sings in our choir. He endures the torments of our faltering sopranos without a shudder. He has sung in better choirs, but not with more joy. He has heard better sermons, but not with more satisfaction. He is alternately amused and provoked by our small town bickerings, but when he is in the country he always goes to church. In its simplicity the church represents the things for which he stands, and he wants the whole countryside to know about it.

Miss Reed sought escape from the boredom of metropolitan society in winter and mountain resorts in summer. Her city friends long ago left her by the country roadside for half dead. She began attending church events sparingly, because she could not bear too many of them. Her allergy to rural events was strictly her own affair, so she told no one. When she was asked to do something in the community, she did it promptly and quietly. She caught on. Eventually she even learned to sit comfortably in a country kitchen. She is not merely accepted, she is appreciated enormously. Her astounding energy in planning new things and the careful use of her wealth have been a transforming power in the community. She remarked, "I'd rather be a big frog in a little puddle than a little frog in a big puddle." The little girl went to the country and made good.

Mrs. Cheyney decided to move

into the country with her family. She entered into country life with a pair of overalls and a will. She dug and planted in the daytime and let a maid maintain the refinements of home life, which she enjoyed in the evening. This more rugged existence appealed to her. She finally invited in her country neighbors for a luncheon. She spared neither energy nor money in her preparation for a hospitable party. She had adequate silver to serve the food properly, and she used it. That queered the party. She was suspected of "putting on the dog." Her party was widely discussed afterward, but not favorably. She might have accepted defeat, but she was determined to live in the country, and hung on. An understanding woman in the church took pity upon her and taught her to combine her democratic urges with greater simplicity. Now Mrs. Cheyney is getting along nicely. She reserves her fancy silver and cocktails for people who are used to them.

THE perpetual state of the country church is either semi-coma or feverish agitation. The dissensions that tear a church asunder are seldom about theological issues. Of course theological slogans may become the banners of various dissenting groups. The cause of friction is usually rooted in family rivalry, or social cleavage. Sometimes contentions arise between rich and poor, between farmers and mill workers, between residents and commuters, and between natives and summer people. These differences are further complicated by innate conservatism and the tradition of intellectual freedom, which bring conflicting emotions to every group. Theoretically, the church bridges the span between all groups and certainly it does it better than any other organization.

Under constructive leadership these rifts are minimized. The great enemy of the church at this point is the psychopathic misfit, who might well say, "When grange, club, and politicians forsake me, then does the Lord take me up." This maladjusted person seeks to gratify his sense of power by securing a following for some "holy cause." His peculiar technique is that of fomenting strife and furthering the rifts in class consciousness.

In times past, the country church began the nurture of many boys who became ministers and churchmen in our cities. As long as population trends are to the city this will probably continue to be true. Churchmen are becoming aware of the social significance of the country parish which, with its feeble resources, must provide religious culture, not only for itself, but for the city as well.

The cross roads meeting house is responsible for every unmet need of the community, whether it be recreation for young people, club activities for boys and girls, or sociability for adults. It tries to fill in the cultural gaps in art, music, drama, literature, travel, and nature lore. It even aids in providing for self-expression in some of these fields.

Any necessary service to the human spirit that remains undone becomes the task of the country church.



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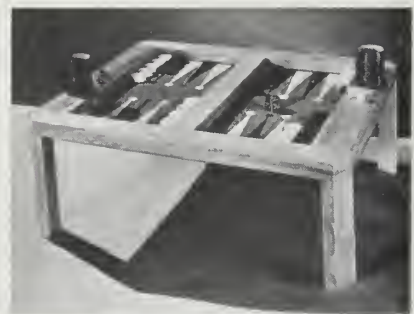


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This jewel box is lined with the same tarnish-resistant material that is used in the most expensive silver chests. It has been designed specially to hold the modern silver jewelry, now so much in vogue, which has a tendency to tarnish. With removable tray, having sections for rings and smaller pieces. Covered in gold-tooled leather. Howard Williams Co., 225 Fifth Avenue. \$2.50.

Beach Backgammon Table, something new for the coming season. Designed for use with the low lounging beach chairs and cushions. Stoutly built of pine with natural finish, it is extremely light in weight for easy carrying. Completely equipped. \$30. From Jane Smith, Inc., 134 East 56th Street, New York.



For country or occasional wear, you will find this tweed Sport Jacket extremely serviceable. It is individually tailored by Leslie-Hobbs, Ltd., 5 West 51st Street, New York, who, because of conditions abroad, are now making traditionally-British apparel from style-patterns originally cut in their London shop. This Sport Jacket is \$35. When ordering state chest measurement and length.

in the Shops

For a light meal. A brown pottery casserole, on alcohol stand complete, \$7. Individual brown pottery dishes, \$4 a dozen. Glass beer mugs, engraved with hops design, \$24 a dozen. Wooden salad fork and spoon, 50¢ a set. Wooden tray, with gold metal trim, \$7.50. From Alice Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, New York.



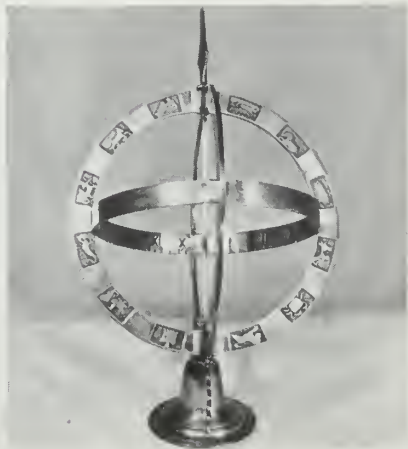
A modernized Colonial mantel clock, finished in brass, and mounted on an Alps-green marble base. An unusually distinctive-looking and accurate timepiece, that would grace any room in the country home. 6¼" long, by 5" high. With electrical movement, \$90. Regular movement, \$100. Edward F. Caldwell & Co., 214 E. 57th St.

These hand-painted and life-like modeled wooden ducks are the very newest receptacles to hold cigarettes. They are exact replicas in shapes and colors of the natural birds, and are obtainable in the following species: mallard, black duck, red head, blue wing teal, green wing teal, and widgeon. Approximately 12" long. \$7.50 each. From Scully & Scully, Inc., 506 Park Avenue, New York.



A streamlined wheelbarrow that performs many tasks around the garden and eliminates a lot of back-ache. Nicknamed the Lady's Barrow, because it is so light and so easy to handle. Strongly made and well finished. \$6. (A little more West of the Mississippi.) Max Schling, 618 Madison Avenue.

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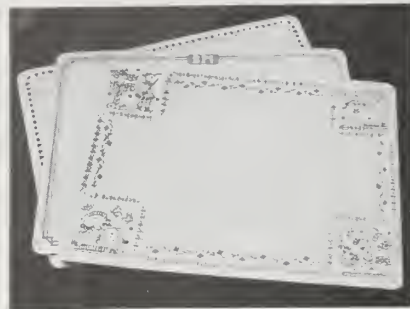


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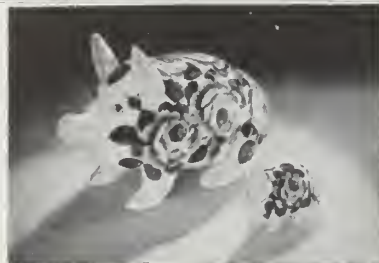
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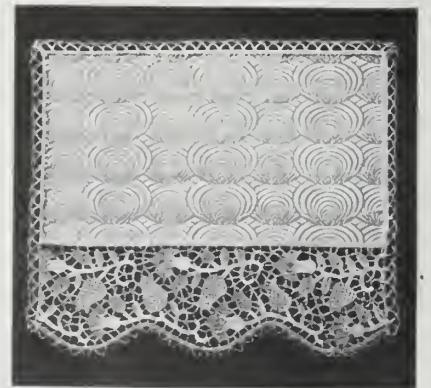
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This interesting reproduction of an English terrace chair-and-table would adorn any summer porch, terrace or garden. The table is 18" in diameter, and 30" high. The chair measures 27" across front, and is 16" high. In iron, painted any color. \$125. An umbrella is included, at slightly higher price, if desired. Nancy McLelland, Inc., 15 East 57th Street.



There is both artistry and craftsmanship in this combination sign and bell, which displays the name of your house. A white metal plate makes the name clear and readable from whichever side you approach. Complete with your choice of name. The sign measures over all, 24" high, 24" projection. The price is \$58. Bell and bracket only, \$36. From Todhunter, Metal Work Studio, 119 East 57th Street, New York.

In addition to its silk-like texture and appearance, the new wonder fabric, Fibre Glass, is practically indestructible, stainless, and proof against burns. Here, with the addition of Point de Venice lace, it is made into a doily that would add distinction to any table. Designed by the Bayard Stott Studio, 145 East 57th St., New York. The price is \$48 a dozen.



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A knitting stand for the porch, terrace or garden. Frame of rattan, 21" high, with the pocket, 12" square made of Indian print, lined in powder blue, wine, rust or green. \$7.50. If 12" high, \$6.95. The box, also handy for knitting or sewing, covered with printed linen, in many designs and colors, is \$1. At Alice Maynard's, 558 Madison Avenue, New York.

While at first glance this looks like a water-color print, actually it is a Gingham picture, the idea of a well-known artist. The flowers are cut out of gingham and organdy, in colors matching precisely the flowers, and mounted on card, with French mat, ready for framing. Size of mat, 14" x 16½". (Picture, 7" x 9".) \$18. (Smaller size, \$8.) No two pictures are exactly alike. From Lois Shaw, 460 Park Avenue, New York.



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THE borders shown in the two pictures on these pages are a happy combination of a colorful spring garden and a summer green garden. They also solve a problem that is an harassing one, a problem that many of us have struggled with and failed. Failed because we have tried to do the impossible which is to make a successful herbaceous border where there is too much shade.

"But there are lots of flowering plants that bloom in the partial shade," I can hear some one argue.

So there are, especially in the spring: aquilegia, heuchera, lupines, etc.; but it is difficult to name many that are attractive and do well in the summer.

"Funkia", you will say, "m—m—Funkia. Phlox doesn't do *badly*; Boltonia *will* bloom; and there are a few annuals—"

True, all true, but what *kind* of plants and flowers do you get? Poor, spindly things, growing up and up trying to find the light and sun, and making the whole garden look leggy and poverty stricken. Better face it, and give up struggling to have a summer garden in a hole cut out of the woods.

That is what the owner of this place did, and she claims her life is a far happier one! As these borders open right out from the living room of the house, it is essential to have them looking well throughout the season; so now the set-up is this. A lovely, very lovely, gay garden in the spring, then a cool green shimmering garden the rest of the time. I use the word "shimmering" on account of all the ilex that is used. A low hedge of *ilex nummularia* makes the front of the borders, and clumps of *ilex crenata* are planted all through the center. Both of these ilexes have a dainty shiny quality about them. Dainty because their leaves are small; and shimmering because the foliage is a dark, glossy green on the top side, with a lighter color beneath that gives a silvery sheen when the wind blows.

A handsome clipped hemlock hedge about seven feet high makes the background for the borders. The hedge is set off to perfection by the glorious dogwood and oak trees behind it. Between the hemlock at the back and the little ilex hedge in the front, are azaleas, tall and dwarf, *ilex crenata*, and a carpet, everywhere, of pachysandra.

Planted through the pachysandra, are tulips in groups of about twenty, and the color scheme is as follows: all the tall azaleas are a lovely soft pink, and the low ones are white (*indica alba*). Looking from the steps, the colors of the tulips range as follows: in two groups of each color: white (Vesta), pale pink (Flamingo), deeper pink (Clara Butt), lavender (Helen Wills), purple (Jubilee), and deep blood red (President Taft).



The owner of this place finally faced the fact that she could not have colorful summer flowers in a spot cut from the woods, and set out a green garden

The whole thing is extremely effective as everything blooms at once. The dogwoods cast their white boughs right over the garden, and the lovely colors of the azaleas and tulips stand out sharply against the dark, shiny evergreens. Of course it is a sad day when this spring glory departs, but it leaves in its wake a charming green garden that always looks cool, restful, and inviting.

IT is also a very happy example of the effectiveness of repetition. I have tried to stress this idea in some of my previous articles, and would like to call attention to it again.

Look carefully at the photograph and you will see that the outstanding impression of its charm is caused by repetition. Dogwood blossoms, a uniform hemlock hedge, a continuous motif of shimmering ilex, and the low flowering material confined to azaleas and tulips. So much more effective than if the dogwoods were mixed

with apples and peaches, the ilex with rhododendron, the azaleas with andromeda, the tulips with early iris or late narcissus, and the pachysandra with myrtle. All charming plants in themselves, which makes it so difficult to be strong minded and not try to squeeze them all in!

If space is limited (as in these borders), you will never make a mistake if you work out a planting plan with a very limited number of varieties of plants, and then repeat and repeat! It is a test of character, I know, but I promise you the result will be worth the struggle. I hope that my own repetition may be as successful!

To carry a little splash of color throughout the summer, potted plants can be used on and around the sides of the steps. With a bit of foresight you can plan to have groups of different kinds of flowers that follow the tulip season. For example, for the first lot have Canterbury bells, pink,

white, and lavender, with shallow pots of white alyssum to bank around the taller pots. For the next "shift" have regale lilies, flanked by dwarf *delphinium chinense*. Then salmon zinnias, surrounded by heliotrope and purple petunias. Next, white Coltness dahlias, set off by hunnemannia and ageratum; and lastly chrysanthemums, tall and dwarf. To have these gay, ever-changing groups of flowers will (or should) in some measure recompense you for not being able to have a real flower garden, which would not ever have been a real garden anyway—if you follow what I mean!

Now for a word about its care; for like all gardens, even the easiest, it needs a certain amount of intelligent management. To begin with, it has to be kept enriched, because there are many roots of trees greedily eating up moisture and nourishment. Start with the hemlock hedge. It likes good soil and a generous feeding of bone meal in the autumn. It dislikes lime, (as does everything else in this border), and prefers being sheared in early spring and again about August first.

Azaleas appreciate a yearly dose of humus, mixed with a dash of bone meal, but they dislike heartily to have their roots scratched or disturbed. Care must be taken to apply the feeding gently and discriminatingly. For best results cut off the blooms after fading.

Ilex will flourish on the same formula as azaleas; and pachysandra responds favorably to most any kind of attention! Over the entire borders a mulch of peat moss about an inch deep is advisable.

As in most gardens in woody surroundings, the mice and moles play havoc with the tulips. The only solution is wire baskets. This is a simple matter when tulips can be planted in groups. Buy a roll of strong, small-meshed wire. Cut it into the desired lengths, bend up the sides and ends, and wire them together with single strands of wire, making a basket eight inches deep and as large as necessary, planning to plant the bulbs five inches apart and about five inches deep. Bury the basket, leaving two inches of wire showing above the ground, which will be hidden by the pachysandra.

Plant the pachysandra before putting in the tulips, so there will be no danger of cutting into the bulbs. Tulips for a display of this kind, should not be left more than two years, as they deteriorate in size and height. Every two years, at least, pull them up, plant them in a less conspicuous spot, and treat yourself to handsome new ones again.

Do not let the ilex get out of hand. Trim the little hedge so it remains low and compact, and prune the taller bushes occasionally so they keep a good symmetrical shape.



A handsome, clipped hemlock hedge makes the background for the border; it is set off to perfection by the glorious dogwood and oak trees behind it

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THE FACE OF EARTH

(Continued from page 29)

the stick. From where we stood we could see thousands of acres of land corned and tobaccoed out, gone to the creeks and the sea, out of production, or nearly so. "Let's get out of here," said Bennett. "It turns my stomach."

I do not intend in these illustrations to point with undue scorn at the faculty of the University of Virginia, which Jefferson founded, or at southern colleges, agricultural or otherwise. Some of the most revolting stretches of eroded land in America are close to the campuses of colleges of agriculture, not only in states as old as the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, but in states as young as Oklahoma. That the thing could have happened, and that scientists, agricultural and general, could have remained so heedless seems inexplicable. But there are natural reasons and explanations.

Ours, in the first place, is a land of violent climate. Ours, in general, are lashing rains, unlike the misty, caressing rains of England and Western Europe.

That is one thing. Another is that we, as a people, are violent farmers. We have yet to develop a decent respect for binding cover, trees and grass. Clean-tilled tobacco, and later clean-tilled corn, on a hillside, were the crops which hurried that field of the Jeffersons into the Atlantic Ocean. To the South, it was mainly

cotton that did the harm. Tobacco, corn, cotton and to some extent, potatoes, are all, strange to say, crops that we white people took over from the Indians when we took over their continent. No one who travels extensively on the face of our country nowadays, and in the one-crop realms of cotton and corn, especially, can escape the feeling that these "gifts" from the red man, have taken upon us a curious and horrible revenge.

We do not farm as the Indians did. We farm, indeed, differently from any other people on earth. We are extremely vigorous farmers. We have the space, the power, the machinery; and, over large areas, we manhandle land. Until quite recently we seemed to have plenty of good land to manhandle and abandon. But young as we are, and as prodigal, we begin now to feel with a sickening abruptness a shortage of good soil.

We are beginning to change our ways of farming. Soil continues to wash and blow out fast, however; and human change is slow. Consider: The farmers of no other great country rip open as much of its soil, bare it, stir, push it around with implements as recklessly as we do here in the United States. *The farmers of Europe expose, proportionately, only about two-fifths as much of the face of the earth there, in cleanly inter-tilled row-crops, as we do here.*

That is a key fact. Couple this with a widespread and slovenly addiction to one-crop soil-skinning, without adequate cover crops, buffer strips, contour plantings, or rotations, and

the ruin we now behold seems not so strange. We formed bad farming habits almost at the very beginning of our agriculture at Jamestown; and such habits have spawned and sprawled. England wanted tobacco. We planted it and tilled it clean. Tobacco offers hardly more cover to land than quills without feathers would offer a hen; and much the same is true of cotton, the next great southern cash crop to march west. By 1670 certain Virginia gentlemen were writing it in their wills that certain land be not plowed for tobacco until a given year, so that there be some "fresh soil" left for their sons. There are repeated records of seventeenth century tidewater planters losing all their topsoil in from two to four years. George Washington saw what corn and tobacco were doing, and ordered both crops off his place. European farmers managed to feed good livestock, he indicated, without baring earth to destruction and "filling the land with Indian corn." Above the fall-line, Thomas Jefferson was having similar worries; and he developed from observation a foundation principle of soil defense:

"WE now plow horizontally," he wrote in 1813, in a personal letter, "following the curvatures of the hills and hollows on dead level, however crooked the lines may be. Every furrow thus acts as a reservoir to receive and retain the waters. . . . Scarcely an ounce of soil is now carried off. . . . In point of beauty nothing can exceed that of the

waving lines and rows winding along the face of the hills and valleys."

To "get away from square farming in a round country" is the first principle of modern soil defense, nowadays, on cultivated land. Jefferson and his neighboring farmers had the right idea. What went wrong? Why is there so much wasteland there now, and southward, and westward?

They did not know enough. Their contour-furrows, and later their earth-terraces were made in the main by guesswork, and with inadequate power. Terraces, reared for the soil's protection, broke at their weakest point, and from Virginia to Texas they redoubled ruin. Moreover, our western march of agricultural occupation, north and south, was in some part driven by economic compulsions which made a sensible and balanced agriculture implausible. In large part, a destructive, commercial and increasingly mechanized monoculture prevails.

At each new stage of the process the farmers were up against new soil, strange weather, strange growths; and they had to meet their debts as they extended their operations. One-crop, cash-crop: play it big, win or lose. It was pretty much the same story all across the country. The slaughter of the woodland, the overgrazing and the cattle wars and the sheep wars, that calamitous overplowing of the dryland plains for wheat, in the name of patriotism, during the first World War—it is saddening to review the vast blundering pageant of what we have chosen to



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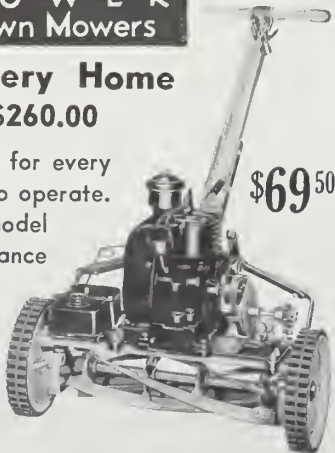
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Partly it was ignorance, and partly exuberant recklessness. We thought we had all the land in the world. The sooner you skipped there and got it, the richer you were; then ho! for the West again. Given one of the richest and most beautiful of lands on earth to tend, we have taken shamefully poor care of it. Not until the turn of the present century did any one discover that fields without gullies can be completely stripped of topsoil. This is done by "sheet erosion" which sneaks away soil particle by particle, while the field looks as smooth as ever, and crops fail. Not until twenty years ago did we know that the top of so-called "flat" lands of the prairie can run off almost as fast as topsoil visibly hilly. If the slight slopes are long enough, un-governed rainfall can rapidly wear them down. And not until ten years back, or less, did we come to realize that unless we develop upstream and upmountain defenses against soil runoff, you can rear dryland reservoir dams in the valleys as high as skyscrapers, yet soon that reservoir silts up. Then that part of the country will have no water. And without water there can be no life.

WHAT is the answer? There is no one answer. Only by an intricate combination of varying strategies can accelerated erosion of soil, and of man, and of our inter-dependent civilization be controlled. It can be controlled. The essential principles are simple. First, get away from "square farming in a round country"; let each furrow and harrow scratch serve as a little dam, an impediment to run-off; and let each blade of vegetation, growing in rows on the contours, do the same. Second, the right crop in the right place: Trees on the crests and sharper slopes; grass on the shoulders; cultivated crops in the bottoms; and fewer cultivated crops. *Cover* is the keynote. We must learn to feed stock, to feed and clothe ourselves, and to fill such orders as we have for bread and meat in foreign lands without "filling all the land with Indian corn"—or cotton, or tobacco and the other land-scalpers.

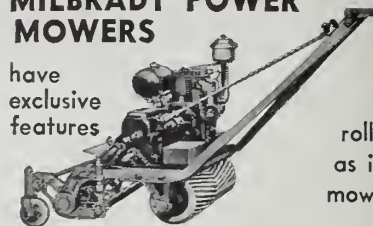
For a people who have made such wonderful dynamos, and skyscrapers, and airline-clippers, or such marvels of instant communication as the radio and television, the technical inventions and decisions necessary to a decent husbandry ought not be too difficult. But we must get down to earth and put our mind to it. For this much is certain: So long as we keep on blowing off, scrubbing off, killing off topsoil and befouling living water sources, business and social conditions in this country will not be fundamentally sound.

Beginning with the next issue, Russell Lord, author of the above article, will conduct a regular monthly department in COUNTRY LIFE devoted to problems of the land. We know of no author better fitted, from any point of view, to conduct such a department.

Raised in Maryland, Russell Lord studied agriculture at Cornell and

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was graduated at 25 (after serving with the American field artillery in France) with the war class of 1920. The next years he spent traveling around Ohio as agricultural extension editor of the State University; occasionally he lectured in the school of journalism there.

In this thirties he became an associate editor of "Farm and Fireside" and a free lance writer and editor in New York. In March of 1933, with a New Deal proclaimed for agriculture, he went to Washington to do a piece about it and ended by joining up as aide to Secretary Henry Wallace for a year. The following March he and his wife moved back to Maryland, buying a small farm in Harford County—"out of the Washington atmosphere." He has lived there ever since.

Russell Lord spent two years, off and on, traveling, reading and writing "To Hold This Soil" for the Soil Conservation Service—a book we recommend without reservation. He spent another year editing "Forest Outings," soon to be issued by the Forest Service. Now he is editing a book by 14 sociologists in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, a critical study of subsistence homesteads called "A Place on Earth" which he describes as "really not half as dull as you might think."

Other books he has written include "Captain Boyd's Battery, A. E. F.," "Men of Earth," "Behold Our Land," "The Agrarian Revival," "Thunder in Their Veins," a Mexican memoir, "Voices From the Fields," a book of farmer poems. He edited "Education of a Princess," written by the Grand Duchess Marie.

Russell Lord started writing at the age of 15 as a correspondent for country papers in his home country, and now he is a country correspondent again—this time with the whole country to cover.

ORIENTAL TREES

(Continued from page 45)

also received stock from China and Korea as well as Japan, and our American and European experimental growers have been hybridizing and naming the products of their labors! After a head-on collision with such a problem, the wise man may well lean heavily upon the advice of an experienced nurseryman or landscape architect. However, we give a limited list by way of suggestion; a severely limited list indeed, in view of the great number of wonderful trees from which selection must be made to meet your requirements.

PLUMS:

Prunus Passardi. A red leafed plum; its foliage is red to garnet in color, and the color is good throughout the season. The tree produces a great profusion of dainty pink blossoms. A tree of symmetrical growth.

Prunus Bliriana. A red leaf changing to bronze. A rapid-growing tree with a marked tendency to throw out branches all along the trunk. (If used in a close planting and left untrimmed, it makes a wonderful

thicket.) Flower a beautiful double pink. It is hard to excel *Bliriana*.

Prunus Triloba. Bushy in form. Its long, slender branches bear a great weight of large, bright pink buds that open in double rose-like blossoms.

CHERRIES, UPRIGHTS:

Yoshima Zakura. This is the tree which starts the cherry festival at Tokyo, and which borders the tidal basin in Washington. It is rapid growing, reaching to forty feet, with wide spreading branches. Pink and pink-flushed blossoms in cluster before leaves appear. Effective along drives, in groves, along streams.

Kwanzen Zakura (Kwanzan). Of upright growth, not inclined to have wide spread. Well adapted to plant along drives. Large, double, deep pink blossoms carried in the greatest of profusion. One of the best doubles. Later than *Yoshima*, blossoms after the leaves develop.

Amanogawa Zakura. Of tall slender growth, suggesting the Lombardy poplar on small scale. The name means "Heaven's River" or "Milky Way." The fragrant blossoms are semi-double in a beautiful pink shade and cover every branch and twig with a solid mass of color. Wonderful for high accent in shrub borders and in formal plantings.

Kofugen Zakura. The "Pink Saint" is a splendid tree that grows tall, excellent where a large tree is wanted. Buds of this double blossom are almost crimson, and the blossom a dark rosy pink.

Naden and *Rosea* are among the other good double pinks of similar growth to *Kofugen*.

Fujisan. This tree is named in honor of Mount Fuji and is perhaps the best double white. It is effective when used for contrast with the pinks.

Weeping. Consult your nurseryman because growers are using a number of different varieties. *Shidare Higan Zakura*, an early single pink, is a great favorite.

CRABS:

Malus Astrosanguinea (sometimes listed as *M. Ming Shing* or as *Floribunda Astrosanguinea*). Early flowering, the single flowers crimson red, fading to pink. The flowers are borne in such numbers that they hide the branches. When left to grow as it wishes it spreads out and becomes almost as wide as it is high. Planted close together, this tree makes an excellent high hedge, permitting rather close shearing.

Malus Eleyi. A well shaped tree of long branches; a rapid grower. Foliage when young is as red as the best Japanese maples, turns bronze in the later season. The blossoms come in thick clusters and are a beautiful wine red. The fruits are small red apples that stay on until freezing weather.

Malus Floribunda. A tree of spreading habit. Blossoms early in the season bearing a profusion of single pink blossoms. Yellow fruit.

Malus Scheideckeri (Wah Mee). "The Modest Maiden." It is an upright, shapely tree bearing heavy loads of semi-double pink blossoms.

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THE racing situation has begun to resolve itself.

In New York, after a bitter struggle, much of it under the surface, the pari-mutuel bill was passed by both houses of the State Legislature and made into law by the Governor's signature. Its principal provisions are familiar to all followers of racing:

(1) The law is primarily intended to provide revenue and 10% will be taken from every bet made in the machines, half going to the state and half to the tracks, which is more to the state than anywhere else in the Union and less to the tracks than in any state other than Washington; (2) book-making is henceforth illegal, barred, with the track managements responsible for its disbarment; (3) the state is divided into two zones for racing purposes, the one comprising Metropolitan New York and its neighboring counties, the other the up-state counties; (4) the Metropolitan zone is to be permitted six tracks and the up-state zone three, each thus being permitted an increase of two tracks; (5) free passes to the tracks are not to be permitted, admission charges ranging from \$1.50 for the public grandstand to \$4 for the clubhouse, tax included.

The state's principal interest in racing is obviously not any part of the sport involved but the revenue of \$10,000,000 a year hopefully expected. The principal interest of a number who were active while the law was being enacted is likewise, obviously, not the sport but the new tracks which may be built, presumably to yield their promoters quick and enormous profits.

The danger to the future of racing in New York, where the best sport in America has invariably existed, is therefore by no means past but might, quite to the contrary, be said to be reaching a crisis. The increasing number of punks apparently planning to race this year in what they consider easy-money New York, rather than on the leaky-roof circuits where they belong, would be disquieting enough if there weren't other signs of possible distress.

It must be said that the Legislature at the last moment resisted a vigorous attempt to change the New York State Racing Commission from an unsalaried non-partisan group of three to a politically-selected group of four, half to be Democrats and half Republicans. (In New Jersey the new commission is thus divided—as though political allegiance had anything to do with racing.)

RACING with pari-mutuel betting came to New York—or, rather, returned to New York, for the state had pari-mutuel betting back in 1874—on Monday, April 15, at the

hastily reconstructed Jamaica track. A total of 22,474 paying patrons appeared on the opening day, more than had ever fought their way in before. I was one of them, to see how things were going to work.

Obviously, they did the best they could to have the track ready for a big crowd; new stands had been built, new runways constructed, new stairways installed. There were long lines of windows and I don't know how many new employees, some of whom were pretty strange to what they were supposed to be doing.

Actually, it was clearly indicated that Jamaica is not equipped to handle such a crowd satisfactorily. (And I'm not referring to such minor incidents as the fact that in some places the programs and the hot dogs ran out and that in others it was worth your life, or at least your overcoat, to reach a window and get away intact.) But inasmuch as everyone knows the facilities there are not the best and that steps are to be taken to remedy them, there is no sense in detailed criticism.

Curiously, it did not seem strange to be betting at the windows rather than with book-makers; New Yorkers who go to the tracks are long familiar with the process. There was little misunderstanding and a total of \$821,946 passed through the machines without great difficulty. The odds were better: \$2 bet on every winner last year would have produced \$47.70 and this year \$63; last year there were odds-on favorites in four of the seven races, the worst being the lamented El Chico, beaten at 1 to 7; this year there were odds-on favorites in only two races, the worst being C. V. Whitney's Carrier Pigeon at \$55 to 1.

It was exhilarating to see good horses in action again regardless of the betting: William Woodward's Fighting Fox won, the feature as he pleased and the same owner's Fenelon scored in a brilliantly run race from Carrier Pigeon by a head.

It was awful cold for the middle of April.

IMAGINATION plays no part in the flat statement above that there are already "signs of distress." What more could be needed than the proposal made in the New York City legislative assembly to tax every track within the city's limits \$1,000 per race per day? This means that Jamaica and Aqueduct would (if the proposal were made into law) be forced to pay an additional tax of \$7,000 a day (*a la Pimlico*) into the city treasury, in addition to what is going to be lopped off for the state.

Very definitely, racing has ceased to be looked upon as a sport by most of the people who are interesting



Edited by PETER VISCHER

themselves in it at the present time. Under the circumstances there is a question whether it can long survive.

IN New Jersey the racing situation is moving at a slow pace; again, an undercover struggle for possession of franchises is the crux of the matter.

New Jersey's racing law was written on the books after a monumental battle between the politicians, in which the state's active and prominent sportsmen, after being permitted a few brief hours in the spotlight, played practically no part at all. The law calls for a four-man commission as above described, also unsalaried, for three tracks in various parts of the state, for a 10% take to be divided between the state and the lucky promoters, with only 4% to the former and 6% to the latter.

The new commission consists of one man who knows about horses and plenty about promoting and three others well known in political circles but not at all among horsemen: William H. Cane, prominent trotting horseman and successful promoter of the Hambletonian in New York State; Louis A. Reilly, State Banking Commissioner, now chairman of the racing commission; Joseph A. Brophy, former Mayor of Elizabeth; John R. Rogers, former Internal Revenue Collector for North Jersey.

If there are any good signs in New Jersey they must be these: (1) the new commission is taking its time, moving with care and precision against the tremendous pressure of a horde of scrambling job-hunters and would-be promoters, including some who have already proved they can make trouble for racing; (2) the commission has announced that it is so anxious to avoid mistakes that there'll be no racing in New Jersey in 1940; (3) an earnest effort will be made to cooperate with New York.

IN California, racing has once more been brought a measure of disrepute by a bitter quarrel between various elements, which the newspapers continue to headline "Racing Scandal." It is a quarrel difficult to explain in simple terms.

A committee of the California Senate is investigating racing, ostensibly to see if the governor's office is exerting undue influence on any of the tracks. The governor, naturally resenting this, has charged that the hearings have been started to prevent the state from getting its share of Santa Anita profits. (Some \$5,500,000 to stockholders to date.) A movement was then started for the recall of the governor.

So far, dictographs, wire-tapping, attempts at forgery and bribery, a

touch of doping, heavy campaign contributions, charges and counter-charges, cries of "liar"—denied and reiterated—have figured in the investigation. None of it has done racing any noticeable good.

IN Maryland a serious problem has been well handled.

When the veteran Jervis Spencer, Jr., died, a vacancy was created on the Racing Commission which, filled carelessly or incorrectly, might have done racing in the Free State and therefore racing over the country enormous damage. An ambitious politician stepping into the empty shoes of this fine old horseman—five-time winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup to say nothing of many other sporting accomplishments—would have been little short of disastrous.

Fortunately, nothing of the kind happened. The Maryland governor appointed Clarence F. Hockley to the vacant post and it would be difficult to imagine a better choice. A Pennsylvanian by birth, he has been a resident of Maryland since the war and has been active in hunting and the horse sports ever since. Since 1927 he has lived in the Long Green Valley, where he has built up a rundown property into as fine a farm as Maryland can boast, with especial emphasis on the quality of its grass and hay.

Mr. Hockley has the stallion Glastonbury, a son of Sir Gallahad 3rd, on his farm and is a member of the group that imported Aethelstan 2nd from France in 1936. He breeds a few horses; a feature of his broodmare stalls is the ultra-violet ray lamp hanging from the roof, which brings concentrated sunshine to his horses on the dull days of winter. He has raced a modest stable at the big tracks (occasionally over jumps) for a decade.

Mr. Hockley made two significant remarks:

(1) "Good racing as Maryland has known it for many years is national in scope; no one state can have successful racing with their own horses or maintain it by a policy of isolation from other states and regions where the sport flourishes."

(2) "I firmly believe there should not be any conflict of interest between the public, the horsemen and the racing associations. In Maryland all the improvements of recent years have been primarily for the benefit of the general public."

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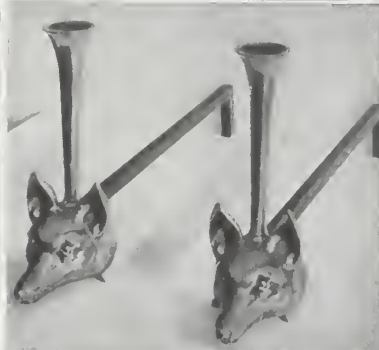
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ferings of the period will reach approximately \$140,000 with the Preakness Stakes, the Dixie Handicap, the Pimlico Nursery and the Carroll Handicap comprising the offering of the Maryland Jockey Club.

Assuming a justified priority on the 1940 racing scene is the Golden Jubilee Preakness, Maryland's greatest sporting event. Although first run in 1873, 67 years ago, the Preakness was not run for 17 years and thus the 1940 renewal marks its fiftieth.

The Dixie Handicap, which inaugurates the "four golden days" on May 8 is older than the Preakness. Known originally as the Dinner Party Stakes, the Dixie opened the first Maryland Jockey Club meeting on the present site in 1870. And the inaugural running was won by Preakness, a great Thoroughbred.

The Pimlico Nursery and the Carroll Handicap, secondary only to the Preakness and Dixie, round out the "four golden days" of racing. Each is important to the division and class of Thoroughbreds which it attracts.

Famed as the richest juvenile stakes event of the Spring, the Nursery has its roots in the racing history at the turn of the century. On May 10, a field of the fleetest two-year-olds in the country will parade postward at Pimlico. Quite appropriately Milady will have her day when the Carroll Handicap is run on May 9. This is an established fixture at the old Pimlico course exclusively for fillies and mares. Furthermore, it is the Maryland Jockey Club's answer to the demand from breeders, owners and trainers for more and richer races for the distaff members of the Thoroughbred family.

will celebrate its golden jubilee running on May 11 and in honor of the occasion a record 139 three-year-olds have been named.

Entries for the 1940 Preakness first closed in July, 1938, and the conditions provide for supplementary entries on April 15 of this year at a premium of \$1,500. In 1938 two horses were named via the supplementary route and last year six Thoroughbreds were made eligible a month before the race. This year there were six: C. V. Whitney's Carrier Pigeon, C. S. Howard's Mioland and Tower Stable's Royal Man, J. W. Y. Martin's Abrasion and Mrs. E. G. Lewis's Jacomar.

Although the Preakness was first run in 1873, 67 years ago, there was a lapse of several years when there was no racing at the old Pimlico Race Course, and thus the 1940 renewal marks the golden jubilee of the great Maryland event.

The Belmont Stakes, premier Thoroughbred test of the American turf and perhaps the most coveted jewel in the Triple Crown, has a current list of 109 candidates. Heading the list is Bimelech. Millsdale Stable's Andy K., C. V. Whitney's Carrier Pigeon and Mrs. George D. Widener's Your Chance are in the van of the aspirants anxious to depose the Bradley color-bearer.

The Belmont Stakes, known as the American counterpart of the Epsom Derby, is a gruelling test of stamina decided over a distance of one and a half miles. Since 1867 it has been the highlight of the New York racing season with this year's renewal expected to be decided in early June.

STEEPLECHASING

THE steeplechasing world is definitely looking up.

The spring hunt meetings—particularly Southern Pines and the ever-popular Carolina Cup event at Camden—were first-class. Plenty of horses, better horses than we have seen lately at the hunt meetings, new owners, new interest, have given the grand game a deserved new lease on life.

Apparently steeplechasing at the big tracks will show similar benefits. One evidence of what may be expected is to be found in the new so-called Spring Maiden Subscription Steeplechases, in which 59 subscriptions were received from 37 different owners (nine of them new to the sport), who entered horses in races to be run at three different tracks, Pimlico, Belmont and Delaware Park. Another bit of good news is the increase in added money for steeplechasers at Belmont's Spring meeting, from \$10,000 to \$14,500. Brush racing should indeed have a good year.

Steeplechasing and hurdle racing will, of course, miss Aqueduct; the rebuilding of that track to make room for the pari-mutuel machines and for the huge crowds expected there this year made necessary the revamping of the infield. However, it is expected that the rebuilding will be finished by next year and that Aqueduct will have brand new steeplechasing and hurdle courses equipped even with a sprinkler system. (Sara-

FOR twenty years the Maryland Jockey Club at Pimlico has advocated and practiced a policy of generous purse distributions to horsemen. Limited only to the number of days permitted for racing, twenty-five in each year, the historic racing association has in the last two decades distributed to owners of Thoroughbreds \$8,407,660!

That staggering sum has represented over the twenty year period an annual average of \$420,383, and a daily average of over \$17,500. For eleven of the twenty years Pimlico led every race course in the country in the daily average purse distribution, was second three times, third on two occasions, fourth once and fifth for three years.

Included in that remarkable record is the all-time high for a daily average sustained over the legal allotment of racing days. That was in 1928 when the Maryland Jockey Club turned over to horsemen in the form of purses an average of \$22,763 each day.

TRIPLE CROWN

A NUMBER of great races will be run this month. The first is, of course, the Kentucky Derby, of which we have spoken at length in another part of this issue. The third is the historic Belmont Stakes.

The Preakness, center jewel in America's Triple Crown of the turf,

toga and Belmont please note.)

The future for timber racing seems rosier too, and headed in a more sensible direction. Instead of permitting races over timber at top speed for racing Thoroughbreds, for the benefit too often of a handful of cup-seeking owners (sometimes not even present) and their ambitious trainers, those who have the future of timber racing at heart have been holding old-fashioned point-to-points for true hunting horses, generally trained and ridden by their owners themselves. Reports of several such point-to-points appear in this issue; they sound like real fun.

POLO

WHAT the year holds for polo is hard to tell at this early date. One good sign is that the Argentines are hopeful that a young North American team will travel to Buenos Aires before the year is out to try its mettle against young players of the South. We sincerely hope the United States Polo Association can succeed in arranging such a trip; it would do polo a great deal of good.

INDOOR POLO

THE national indoor polo championships were played in five divisions between the dates of March 16 and April 6 at the Squadron A Armory in Manhattan and at the Squadron C Armory in Brooklyn, both in New York. The Open (for teams of 10 to 16 goals), the Junior (for teams of 6 to 12 goals), the Sherman Memorial (0 to 5 goals), the Intercollegiate and the Interscholastic were the classes to play.

The West was able to send only one team—the 124th Field Artillery of Chicago—to the nationals and this team played in both the Open and Junior Championships, winning the latter event by playing some of the best polo seen in New York all season.

The Rovers, West Point Officers, Ridgewood, Secor Farms, Squadron A and the 124th Field Artillery were the teams in the Junior, with Ridgewood and the 124th Field Artillery reaching the final round without very much trouble. In the final game, the 124th Field Artillery team of Mike Healy, Bobby Nichoalds and Bill Fergus completely dominated the game from start to finish and won handily over Billy Zimmermann, Tom Walsh and Dr. Earl Hopper. The score was 14 to 6. The Chicago team was very well mounted and the fine play of Bobby Nichoalds in this tournament was probably the best individual performance given at Squadron A.

In the Open tournament, which was played after the Junior and in place of the Senior, there was an entry of six teams—The Rovers, Winmont Farms, Squadron A, Pegasus, the 124th Field Artillery and Ridgewood, although this team was forced to default to Pegasus in the semi-final due to the illness of Dr. Earl Hopper.

With Pegasus into the final came

Winmont Farms, who upset the highly favored 124th Field Artillery in their semi-final by the score of 19 to 12. This game was won by Winmont Farms, aided by a five-goal handicap which they did not need, by a 19 to 6 margin. Walter Hayden, Johnny Pflug and Bobby Eisner made up a good team for the winners with Pflug giving a great exhibition in the No. 2 spot. Pegasus played with Buddy Combs, Jack Fink and Capt. J. L. Hines.

The Sherman Memorial Championship was again won by the brilliant Blue Hills Farms team of Philadelphia, who won the event for the third successive time. This team won a sensational semi-final match from Squadron A by the score of 11 to 10. They went into the last period trailing 10 to 4, put on a fine rally which saw them tie the game just before the bell, and they scored after a minute of overtime to win. Walter Jeffords, Walter Hayden and Herb Swann played with the winning team. Jeffords took the place of Peter Hayden, now a Princeton freshman, on this team this year but both Walter Hayden and Herb Swann have played on all three championship teams. Essex Troop reached the final round by defeating Squadron C in the other semi-final game, before bowing 13 to 10 to Blue Hills.

The Interscholastic Tournament proved to be the best this event has seen in years when three evenly matched teams entered. Lawrenceville drew the bye into the final with Avon Old Farms of Connecticut and McDonough School of Maryland meeting in the semi. Avon Old Farms won this game by 11 goals to 8 but were defeated by Lawrenceville in the final by 12 to 11. It was a well played and evenly matched schoolboy final with Lawrenceville's victory making it seven straight years it has won this event.

The Intercollegiate Championship had six schools entered and wound up the indoor season. Princeton, Norwich and Yale were in the top half of the draw, with Yale drawing the bye, while Harvard, Pennsylvania Military College, and West Point, the defending champion who received the bye, in the lower.

On paper it seemed that Yale and Harvard would reach the final round but Pennsylvania Military College upset Harvard on the opening night and subsequently went on to defeat Army and go into the final. Princeton, on the other hand, defeated Norwich handily in their opening match and met Yale in a semi-final. This game, which turned out to be the best in this branch of the tournament, was won by Princeton after the hardest sort of a match by 14 goals to 10. In the final round they defeated Pennsylvania Military College, 14 to 7.

The well-mounted Princeton team included Paul Miller, Edward C. Rose, Jr., and Jules Romfh. while the losers lined up with Charles Maloney, Jim Spurrier and Emery Hickman.

The description of Princeton as "well mounted" sheds an interesting sidelight on the tournament. It is well deserved, thanks to the gen-

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erosity of a Princeton alumnus—J. E. Madden, Jr., '17, the owner of historic Hamburg Place in Lexington, Ky.—who gave the Princeton team 17 ponies for its use, eight last year and nine this.

So unusual is it to find a college team so well mounted, and by a single man, that we present here a list of the registered Thoroughbreds in the string that Mr. Madden gave to Princeton:

COSTS LESS, ch. m., 9, by *Gauntley out of Honeykins, by Thunderstorm.

DARLING DOLLIE, ch. m., 7, by Thunderstorm out of Cousin Doll, by *Baigneur.

EXCELLA, b. m., 9, by Macaw out of Patsy Lee, by Delhi.

FAIR MISSIE, ch. m., 12, by For Fair out of Old Miss, by Hapsburg.

HELEN HATTER, br. m., 7, by Mad Hatter out of Spun Gold, by *Golden Broom.

KAPUTT, ch. m., 8, by Captain Alcock out of Splash, by *Spanish Prince 2nd.

LOST LENORA, br. m., 10, by Harry Shaw out of April Girl, by Greenway's Best.

MINNIE BELLE, b. m., 9, by *Pot au Feu out of Sweep Maid, by Sweep.

SILVER BLAZE, ch. m., by Rickety out of Silver Stockings.

SPRIG O' MINT, b. m., 11, by *Grayling out of Sue Bent, by Drastic.

SPLASH, ch. m., 14, by *Spanish Prince 2nd out of Waterfeather, by *Star Shoot.

On the whole it was a successful tournament with the largest crowd in three years turning out at Squadron A on April 6th for the Open and Intercollegiate finals and the wind-up of the 1939-1940 season.

CASWELL ADAMS

POLO FOR FUN

(Continued from page 35)

cat was already out of the bag, if indeed it ever contained anything but a kitten.

Then followed the Open Championship matches. Decidedly, from the viewpoint of public interest, these were in the nature of an anti-climax. And so it seems to me, the staging was wrong or undramatic at least. Unavoidable perhaps, but none the less disappointing. Moreover, the competing teams—with one or at most, two, exceptions—were thrown together in such a way as to rob these matches of all sectional pride and enthusiasm. Perhaps this too was unavoidable, but if it is desirable to create a wider public interest, with greater public support, then some thought must be given to these points.

Personally, I believe more enthusiasm and excitement were generated by the East-West matches than by International matches of recent years. If so, sectional pride and enthusiasm turned the trick.

Several years ago, I took charge of a small polo club that depended for existence on public support, only to find local interest about as alive and active as the late Tut-Ankh-Amen. For each match, it had been the cus-

tom to throw teams together on the spur of the moment and to label them *Red* and *White*. No player—much less a spectator—knew on which side, with whom or against whom, he was to play, until after he arrived at the field. Neither he nor the spectators could work up any great excitement over these abstract colors.

Something had to be done.

It so happened in this particular club that a natural and permanent assignment of players to sides could be made. The players as to numbers and ability, were about equally divided between local plantations and the town. So we had a Town team competing against a Country team. Public interest and support were immediately revived and now, several years later, is continuing to support its champions.

To many, the sad accidents that marred the 1939 season, were responsible to some extent for the discouraging symptoms observed. But I do not think so. These accidents should be looked upon, not as causes in themselves, but as a result of causes. Regrettable as they are, they do not deter youth from participating in the game of their choice.

Of course, the rules are supposed to cover any given situation. But rules written at a committee table must be interpreted by players and by an umpire on the field and, unfortunately, they can't be read by the ponies. Nor can they ever take the place of a generous and sporting attitude towards the game and one's fellow competitors. Such an attitude must be inculcated in the minds of younger players if it is to be displayed in the game.

Personally, I believe it neither desirable nor possible to take all hazard out of the game. That is part of its fascination. "Safety first," "Never take a chance;" "Play it safe;" "Peace at any price;" and others equally fatuous, are not slogans to captivate the imagination of adventurous youth. An old and enthusiastic player and friend of mine, once said, "There isn't a game that is worth a damn, for a healthy man to play, into which no accidents or mischances can possibly find their way."

Personally, I agree with him, but polo is a game in which we play with and against friends, comrades and sportsmen; a sport in which the inherent hazard provides sufficient excitement without the spice of a win or die spirit.

If the game is seriously ailing, the causes will be found to lie much deeper than the rule book. Perhaps the tempo of the times is a contributing cause; perhaps the game has been keyed to a pitch too high in financial demands for younger players, and too high in physical requirements for older players. Perhaps too, the competition between the different fields of sport for adherents makes it necessary or important for polo enthusiasts to check over their endeavors in the field of publicity.

Dogberry said, "comparisons are odorous." But here in the West, polo—or what we choose to call polo—continues on its unheralded way. It has no press; expects none, and

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would get none even if it were expected. Here, polo is played for fun, and we get a rough sort of fun out of it; seasoned too often with a bit of dust.

But even so, polo with us remains a sport and is not a battle. Frequently we have matches in which all available players are needed on the field to make a quorum, and none are left to officiate. Consequently, we play without an umpire; each player trying to respect the rights of others.

This, of course, is not polo, but it is a lot of fun. When it is all over, we wash off the dust at a spigot and take care of the throat condition by sipping a highball, or tossing off a few cocktails.

No doubt, this is old stuff that the east has long since outgrown, but we enjoy it simply because we don't know any better.

THE KENTUCKY DERBY

(Continued from page 31)

been useful horses. It takes a horse with a mighty strong constitution to survive a drilling for a mile and a quarter race such as the Derby, early in the spring, even under expert, skillful handling. The robust endure but the less rugged succumb, and they seldom regain their best form.

As a result the handicaps, especially those graded for useful horses, suffer from lack of entries. A perusal of the condition books for the New York tracks show few, if any handicaps for Grade B horses. Eligibles for them are confined to their stalls, ill, injured or off form, the outcome of preparation for the Derby and other early spring stakes.

Discerning owners such as the Whitneys, Woodwards, Wideners, Phippses, Vanderbilts and Sloanes do not order their colts and fillies prepared for any particular race, with the result their trainers never unduly or deliberately rush or overwork their charges. Their horses are prepared for the races, and when they are in fit condition for competition they are raced. If such features as the Wood Memorial, Kentucky Derby, Preakness or Belmont stakes are down for decision when they are in racing trim, they start in them.

The Derby is not always a true test of a horse's quality. It is run too early in the year, the distance of it is too short and the track on which it is decided is too small. A race on a one mile oval in which a big field faces the starter rarely furnishes a true contest. Because of the sharp turns and short stretches the element of luck plays a preponderant role. With a dozen or more horses competing there is almost certain to be crowding and bumping among the contestants, while racing around the turns, and the competitors which start from outside positions and run straight and true are often compelled to race many yards farther than their rivals which break from inside positions.

In a large field on a small track the chances of a horse being cut down are numerous, too. Dozens of first-class colts have been seriously injured that way in the Derby. Of course, the same

is true of other stakes on other tracks, but the risks of such injury are less on a racing strip that measures a mile and an eighth or more.

It seems too bad Col. Winn hasn't a larger course for his famous race. We know he would enlarge the racing strip and we feel confident that if he had the space of a Belmont Park he would increase the distance of his Derby to the real Derby distance of a mile and a half.

The quality of the eligibles for this sixty-sixth renewal of the Derby is ordinary. With the exception of a few they are only a notch or two above the class of a selling plater. Some are even more common.

Col. Edward R. Bradley's Bimelech who swept everything before him last year outclasses all of the other colts and fillies named for the event. He ran like a good colt as a juvenile, and if he remains sound and trains well I believe he is capable of suffering bad racing luck and still defeat his opponents. He is a well bred colt, being by Black Toney and La Troienne, and has all the appearances of a good race horse. He has demonstrated that he has speed, courage and class, and indicated in several of his races that he possesses endurance and a strong constitution.

Because of the severe winter Bimelech was a bit backward in his training last month and it is possible Col. Bradley will not start him in the Derby. The Colonel announced recently that his colt would not go to the post in the Louisville classic if he had any excuse to offer, and advised all of his friends not to bet on Bimelech in the winter or future Derby books.

The Millsdale Stable's Andy K., William Woodward's Fenelon, Cornelius V. Whitney's Carrier Pigeon and Flight Command, Mrs. Henry C. Phipps's Merry Knight, H. O. H. Frelinghuysen's Ekwanok, Arnold Hanger's Dit and Roman Flag, Mrs. Parker Corning's Straight Lead, Mrs. E. Graham Lewis's Jacomar, and too few others, showed promise of developing into Derby horses in their races last year. Few of the eligibles showed form good enough to warrant the belief that they are of Derby calibre.

It is possible, of course, that a great colt could come out of the rough and develop from a nonentity into the horse of the year and, as horsemen say, cop the whole pot. It also is possible for a maiden, a non-starter, to become a wonder horse and make a clean sweep of the Derby, Preakness and Belmont.

But I'll stick to Bimelech to win the Derby with Fenelon to finish second and Andy K. to run third in the \$75,000 stake.

STEEPLECHASES BEGIN

(Continued from page 51)

switch from flat to brush to timber on successive weeks.

With these two out of the way, Faction Fighter took and held the lead, winning from Postman Home by five lengths—exactly as he had in 1939 and by the same margin. With Sidney Watters, Jr., again on

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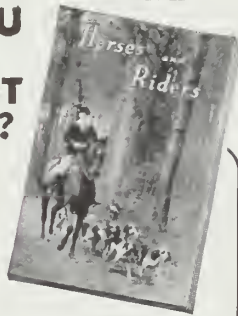
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Faction Fighter and Johnny Harrison on Postman Home the result must be a fair measure of the horses' ability. Gil Blas finished an unimpressive third, some distance ahead of William Street's Catraz. This was Paul Mellon's third time to have his name on the challenge cup, the first being in 1935 when Drinmore Lad won the race.

Two races were provided for maidens. The Wateree, at a mile and a half over hurdles, had six starters. Frozen North, well rated, took the lead going to the fifth fence and held it safely from Steve Brody, three lengths in front of Montpelier's Hop, the early leader. The Camden Maiden Plate, two miles over brush, had but four starters and though two of them fell in less than a mile, the resultant duel was a much better contest than the match race. Enterprise held the lead for the first mile, when Bellhouse forced the pace with Lancastrian and drew away in the stretch to win by 15 lengths.

The Springdale, two and a quarter miles over brush, was another victory for F. Ambrose Clark, whose La Touche took an early lead, held it throughout and won in a driving finish from Crooked Wood with the other Clark entry, Horner Wood, twelve lengths behind. Seven horses started.

Nine went to the post in the Baron DeKalb, one and a half miles over hurdles. Masked Knight, rated for a mile, went to the front at the last fence and finished strong. Battle Ground 2d after making the pace could not hold it but finished a length ahead of Hills of Eireann, which had raced consistently.

The flat race, the Camden Plate at a mile, was all Massa's. He led at the start, was never headed and won by two lengths. Second, third and fourth finished under a blanket and were Virginia Healey's Hatteras Light, W. G. Jones' Pretty Night and W. B. Ruthrauff's Clovisse. The ten starters came down the chute closely bunched, strung out as they hit the first turn and the time of 1:44 3/5 tells why they did so.

HORSE SHOW NOTES

THE North Shore horse show, one of Long Island's prominent shows, proposes a division for young hunters in its program this year. Entries are to be limited to horses four years of age or younger, and there will be the same general classes for these young horses as in the regular hunter division. It is planned to award a young hunter championship, with worthwhile prizes for each class.

A noticeable trend in the show world last year was the encouragement given to amateur riders. Many shows broke precedent by including classes restricted to amateur riders only. Among these, mention should be made of the Newark, N. J., Horse Show, which this year is again giving prominence to such classes. This is Newark's twentieth annual exhibition and will be held, as formerly, at the Essex Troop Armory, on May 8, 9, 10 and 11. Military

classes will again be featured. Captain Charles E. Brady is now secretary with Herbert E. Ingram as assistant secretary.

Fourteen new hackney horse and fifteen new "in-hand" classes have been added to the formidable program of the Devon Horse Show, which starts its six-day event on May 27, at Devon, Pa.

Five new challenge trophies are now included in Devon's famous array of sterling silver prizes, now numbering 23 in all. These cups must be won three times by the same owner to be held for permanent possession. They are given by donors residing as far away as Winnipeg and Toronto, in Canada; Illinois, Kentucky and Massachusetts, so widespread is the interest in the show.

IT is always a cause for regret to announce the discontinuance of an established and popular event, no matter how valid the reasons for its demise. Everyone associated with horse show affairs will consequently regret to learn that Troy's annual show will be omitted this year, marking its first interruption in twenty years.

The reasons advanced were that the numerous preparatory details had become more and more a burden upon the officers of the Troy Horse Show Association, principally because of lagging local interest among exhibitors.

Decided changes have been made in the Washington Horse Show this year. While it is again sponsored by the Junior League of the national capital, instead of a four-day show, as formerly, it will adhere to a three-day schedule. The dates, May 17, 18 and 19, are later than usual, in order to link it up with Wilmington and Devon on the spring circuit.

Washington will be managed by a committee, with Miss Deborah G. Rood, of Wilmington fame, acting in an advisory capacity.

Other changes embrace an increase to \$5,000 in prizes and trophies, an increase of two classes in the junior division and an increase of eight in the hunter division. Improvement in the courses and new, modern equipment complete the transformation of Washington.

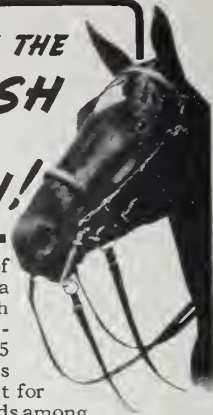
Wilmington falls a little later this year, to wit, May 23, 24 and 25. Inaugurated primarily for working hunter and jumper contests, it embraces 45 events in these classes, with \$6,000 awarded in trophies and cash. Wilmington is unique in the type of country its contestants are called upon to negotiate. Miss Rood, of course, is the guiding factor.

MAGNUSON FARM

(Continued from page 55)

grown an American modification of English shooting. There are rather precipitate wooded hills on two sides of the valley, and the birds are released on the top of the hills for the drive shoots. Their natural inclination is to fly to the low land with its high cover and water. The guns stand below the timber and, as the birds come over the tops of the trees, flying

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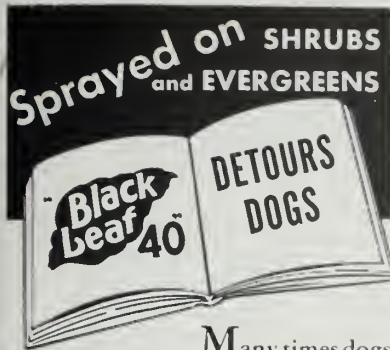
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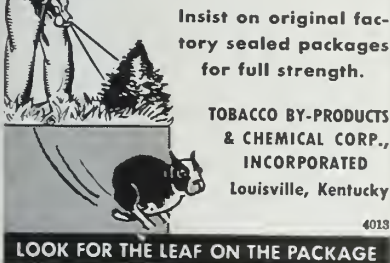


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In order to vary the shooting, a permit to raise mallard ducks was secured from the United States Biological Survey. They are not hard to raise, but it is difficult to hold them and still make them give sporty shooting. If they are fed too much, they become puddle ducks; if not fed enough, they become discontented and leave home. Flyways must be established. This has been done here by gradually moving their feed farther and farther away from the ponds so that the birds eventually fly to the hills for their food.

On the day before a drive shoot, the ducks are trapped. The next morning, they are released, a few at a time, and having established the habit, they fly directly back to their ponds. The guns are stationed back of blinds, about halfway between the release and the pond. The shooting resembles that of pass shooting for canvas-backs and redheads. On a windy day, fully 50% of the ducks reach the ponds, even with good guns in the blinds.

THERE are about 3,000 acres leased for the preserve. Raising 7,000 pheasants and 4,000 ducks a year is no small undertaking. To prevent disease from wrecking this crop of game birds, raised on comparatively small acreage, means the employment of one man to each thousand birds.

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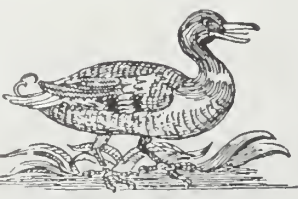
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WITH the first real days of spring comes much news from the draft-horse breeders. Sales and shows are under way, or in the offing. Field days and other activities are being planned. All in all, it looks as if a busy and prosperous summer season was almost upon us.

To begin with, the Percheron Association is still hard at work on its highly praiseworthy study of type. The aim behind this is to decide on the proportions of the perfect type stallion and mare as models for breeders. They have put a lot of earnest effort into this work and in the course of the last few years have made much progress. It looks as if they would go even further this year.

In line with this type study is the conference of Percheron judges and breeders which is to be held in Kansas City on June 21-22. The American Royal Live Stock Show, and the Percheron breeders near Kansas City, are cooperating on this. They are going to have a field day and a judging contest.

At the first of these conferences, held at Indianapolis and at Lynnwood Farm near Carmel, Indiana, definite steps were taken toward establishing a standard, closer-coupled and shorter-legged than many of the individuals of the breed seen to-day. It is hoped that this year's gathering, which will be attended by the approved and associate judges of the 1940 shows, will further this work.

Anyone interested in attending the conference should write to the Percheron Horse Association of America, Union Stockyards, Chicago, Ill., for information.

The approved and associate judges are a group, or rather two groups, selected by the Association's Committee on Classification and Judges. These particular judges were chosen because the committee feels that they are in accord with the now accepted standards of the breed.

The approved judges are men who

have had wide experience in judging major shows in recent years. The list so far is as follows: W. L. Blizzard, A. B. Caine, Jack Carter, R. B. Cooley, George A. Dix, J. L. Edmonds, David Haxton, J. C. Holbert, R. S. Hudson, D. J. Kays, W. J. Kennedy, C. W. McCampbell, George Potts, Harry Stamp, Peter Templeton, E. A. Trowbridge, and Charles Wentz.

The committee is asking the managers of all the larger fairs to use one of these men to judge their Percheron shows this year. If this is done it will assure the placing of the approved type of the breed, and breeders knowing that the "ideal" is going to be recognized at shows will direct their breeding operations along those lines.

THE other part of the group consists of the so-called associate judges. These are men who know Percherons but who have had less experience in judging at big time shows than the former group. The idea is to have one of these men work in the ring with one of the more experienced, so that they, too, can in time qualify as completely experienced. This will afford a constant source of reinforcements to the approved list.

The associate judges chosen so far are: P. T. Brown, N. K. Carnes, Kenneth Clark, F. R. Edwards, J. G. Fuller, H. L. Garrigus, A. L. Harvey, Donald G. Kilton, Harry Lynn, L. P. McCann, Harry Moxley, William B. Murray, E. C. Parker, W. H. Peters, Otho Pollock, Joseph M. Vail, Robert Watt, Arthur White.

The plan hasn't been completely worked out yet but it will be before the season gets under way. Undoubtedly, however, the placings of these associates will be kept separate from the final awards. The association hopes that the managers of shows will permit members of this group to work with the senior judges, and asks breeders and exhibitors to co-



THAYER

BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

operate in persuading them to agree.

The Percheron Association is also conducting a contest to select the 10 best stallions and mares. The 17 official judges are making the selection, and the outcome will soon be made public. In connection with this a poll is being conducted among breeders and anyone else interested. The person making a selection closest to those of the judges will receive a prize and the story of his Percheron achievements will be published in the "Percheron News," the Society's official organ.

The association also is completing plans to hold its 1940 National Show at the Minnesota State Fair, at St. Paul. The dates will be August 24 to September 2. No further details are available at this writing except that the management of the Minnesota fixture is offering \$5,500 in prize money, plus an additional amount to be used for publicizing the show.

The Belgian breeders have been busy, too. Especially in Indiana, at the spring stallion shows which very recently came to an end in that state. These shows are staged each year by the Animal Husbandry Extension Division of Purdue University, in cooperation with the various district stallion show organizations.

At these shows a great deal of emphasis is placed on older stallions, and at all the shows the veteran classes for stallions 11 years old and older are important features. This year there was exceptional class among the old timers.

One of the winners, a Belgian owned by Grant Hinchman of Connersville, Indiana, was 23 years old! In spite of his age this stallion was perfectly sound and a splendid specimen. Good enough to beat other stallions years younger.

At the Indianapolis show a new grand champion made his first appearance. This was the five year old imported Neron du Bruille, owned by Russell Frost of Greenfield, Ind. The other grand champions were Kenfluer's Rowdy Lee, a five year old son of Rowdy D'Or, winner at the Ft. Wayne Show; Avenge, owned by Earl and William Christman, of Dunkirk, was the big winner at Portland; Silver Tip, owned by Frank Toney, of Liberty, Ind., at Connersville; and at Lafayette the senior and grand champion was the three year old Leon Farceur, owned by J. William Douglas and Son, of Bringham, Indiana.

There was a total of more than 130 stallions exhibited at these five shows. The judges were Roy Shaw, Hector Kirk, and George Dix.

In common with the other draft breeds, Belgian sales prices haven't been very high so far this spring. Belgians have held their own with the others, and some of the low averages are due to numbers of very young or very old stock in the consignments. However, it is to be hoped that the demand will be back where it should

be as the season progresses. There are already signs of increased activity, so it probably will.

Though the present price range may be discouraging to the men who have horses to sell, from the buyers point of view there is a wonderful opportunity to pick up really good purebreds at most reasonable prices. It would certainly seem that now is the time to buy.

H. J. Brant, the able secretary of the Belgian Horse Corporation of America, takes a cheerful and sensible attitude toward this state of affairs. In a recent letter to this department he points out that the present price levels go a long way toward refuting the statements of some tractor advertisers to the effect that their new light tractors cost no more than a good pair of horses. At present prices a farmer can buy four good horses for the price of one of these tractors. All of which should help to promote the use of more horses for farm work.

BRANT also points out that hasty conclusions shouldn't be drawn from any sales report. It is necessary to get the facts behind the sale first, because the offering may vary so widely in age, quality and soundness.

This, of course, is particularly true of consignment sales. The average at a consignment doesn't mean a thing unless the sale has been carefully conducted, with a carefully selected group of horses and no by-bidding permitted.

A report which has just come in from the Central States sale of draft horses, which was held at Zurich, Illinois, states that there was a lot of activity and a big demand for Belgians.

A group of new buyers arrived on the scene and bid actively on the 27 head consigned. The average for the lot was \$210.

However, it was the long-established firm of breeders, Althaus Brothers of Sublette, Ill., that paid the top price at the sale. This was for the coming three year old mare, Imogene Farceur, a daughter of Waterloo Farceur, and consigned by Salfey Brothers of Bedford, Iowa. The price was \$535.

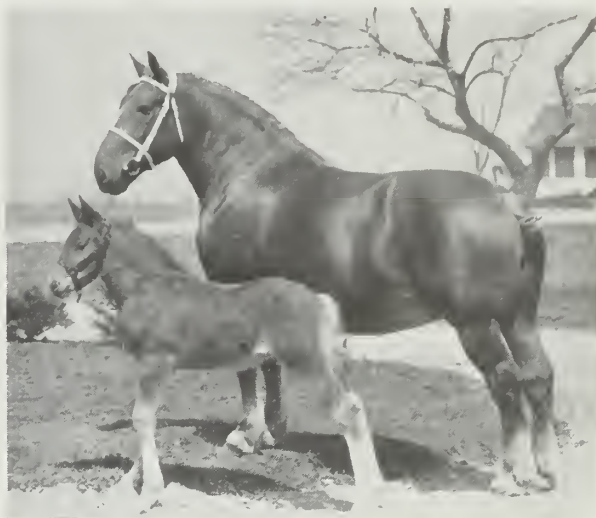
The second highest priced mare was a three year old sorrel from the consignment of Patterson Land Company, Bismarck, N. D. This mare went to D. W. Norris, Mukwongo, Wis., for \$425.

A fine three year old stallion, Silver King Farceur, also by Waterloo Farceur, and consigned by Salfey Brothers sold for \$525, also to D. W. Norris.

A pair of coming two year old fillies sold for \$410 for the pair. Two half sisters, coming three year olds by Supreme Event, consigned by William Fenton and Son, Maquoketa, Iowa, sold for \$515 to E. F. Deike, of Lombard, Ill., who is establishing a new herd.

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THE seal of greatness is, of course, the ambition of every owner for his or her dog. It is not easy to achieve; indeed, it is not always easy to tell when a dog has achieved greatness.

Thousands of dog enthusiasts will be crowded around the center ring of the Morris and Essex show this month to see which of the many dogs entered in that wonderful show will finally be chosen best in show. They will be spellbound as thousands have been before them, at other Morris and Essex shows and at many other excellent shows.

They will be ready and willing to acclaim the chosen dog as great. Actually, those who know dogs will perhaps be more reserved in their judgment; they will be willing to concede that the winning dog was truly outstanding on that day and in that goodly company. For the seal of greatness they will prefer to wait; they will prefer to see if he goes on to reproduce himself, or even improve himself, for the truly great dog is the one who is not only a real champion but has the capacity and the opportunity to improve his breed.

It is usually not until a dog has ended his ring career and entered the stud that he finally has the chance to prove whether he has the elements of greatness or not.

For example, let us hark back for a moment to 1937, when the beautiful English setter, Ch. Sturdy Max, was judged best in show at Morris and Essex. The applause was no greater when he received the award than it was as he moved back and forth under the critical eye of Dr. Milbank. Little did that crowd know that Max's greatness was truly to be proved when he sired Daro of Maridor, who won best-in-show at Westminster in 1938, and Daro's litter brother, Ch. Maro of Maridor, unquestionably the outstanding English setter at present, with some twelve important best-in-shows to his credit. So, to serious minded breeders, old Max is a greater dog today than he

was that beautiful May evening three years ago.

In 1935, at Westminster, among the six contestants for best-in-show was a beautiful white standard poodle, Ch. Duc de la Terrace of Blakeen, handled by his owner, Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt. As he was named the winner the crowd that packed the Garden that night made the rafters ring with thunderous applause. This win was probably more responsible for the present popularity of the poodle than any one thing. But, today we think of the Duc, not only for this great win, but for the fact that he sired Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, who won the AKC award for best American bred in 1938 and with 18 best in show records to her credit. Her litter brother Ch. Blakeen Eiger won 12 best in show in 1939 when Jung Frau's show career was interrupted by maternal duties.

CH. NORNAY SADDLER, the famous smooth fox terrier, who has broken all AKC records with 52 best in shows has already put wonderful type and substance into the puppies he has sired. Here is a case where a young dog whose show career is not yet ended has sired a number of puppies who have made important wins, beating most of the other smooths in the country, only to be beaten for best fox terrier by their sire. It seems probable, that when Saddler is retired it will be one of his puppies that will take his place.

Back some ten years or so ago Ch. Higgin's Red Pat, an Irish setter, broke all bench show records with 75 best of breeds and 20 best in shows. Four years later a full brother, Ch. Higgin's Red Coat, from a different litter, made his appearance and won seven or eight best in shows. Red Pat was a great producer, but Red Coat was even greater and his greatest son was Ch. Milson O'Boy, who won 21 best in shows, including Morris and Essex. O'Boy sired Ch. Milson Top Notcher, who has recently been retired with 120 best of breed and 15



Left to right: Ch. Milson Top Notcher, Ch. Milson O'Boy and Ch. Higgin's Red Coat, three generations of great Irish Setters

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BY VINTON P. BREESE

best in shows. Another of O'Boy's sons, O'Boy II, sired the best of breed winner at Westminster, this year, Rosecroft Premier, who is just starting his show career. So Red Coat was a great sire, but here is the full story.

Way back in 1923, Harry Hartnett acquired Ch. Milson Peggy, Milson Colleen and Ch. Patsy VI. The first two were used to produce O'Boy and all three to produce Top Notcher. Peggy, a champion, was bred to a champion and produced Milson Goldie. Colleen, bred to a champion, produced Ch. Terrance of the Cloisters. Goldie, mated to Ch. Terrance, produced Milson Miss Sonny. Then she was mated to Ch. Higgin's Red Coat and Ch. Milson O'Boy was the result.

Now Ch. Peggy, the great grandmother of O'Boy, beat Red Pat years ago and so did Patsy VI. So Patsy VI was bred to Red Pat and a daughter of this mating to Ch. Londonderry Legion II, and a daughter of the mating to Ch. Flornell Squire of Milson and produced Milson Squire Janice.

Janice, a great granddaughter of Patsy VI, was mated to O'Boy and produced Ch. Milson Top Notcher, whose record is unsurpassed in Irish Setter circles.

Lack of space prevents our discoursing on many breeds that have had great producers and there are many young dogs coming along that are doing a lot of winning and time alone will prove their greatness.

MAY ushers in the outdoor shows of the Metropolitan district. Among the most important is the Orange Kennel Club's on May 11 on the beautiful lawns of the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N. J.

Carl L. Schweinler is chairman of the bench show committee for 1940 and an excellent judging panel should insure a large entry. The Cocker Spaniel Club of New Jersey and the English Cocker Spaniel Breeders As-

sociation will consider the classes at this show, their specialty show for 1940.

The Ladies' Kennel Association has moved its show this year from the historic fair grounds at Mineola, L. I., to those of the Garden City Hotel on May 18. This should make a welcome change for the club giving the oldest active outdoor show. E. E. Ferguson of Hollywood, Cal., will head an excellent list of judges.

The following day, May 19, the thirty-ninth annual show of the Long Island Kennel Club will be held on the grounds of the Rockaway Hunting Club, at Cedarhurst, L. I. Besides being one of the oldest show clubs, the Rockaway club is one of the oldest country clubs in America; the show is staged on their beautiful polo field. A feature will be the obedience trial specialty of the Long Island Training Class, judged by Bert D. Turnquist, who trained the winning team at Westminster this year.

The Montclair Golf Club at Montclair, N. J., will be the scene of the American Fox Terrier Club's sixty-third specialty show on Friday, May 24, limiting their classes to American-bred fox terriers only. Percy Roberts, one of the best known terrier men in the United States, will judge both coats and best fox terrier in show. This show is not limited to club members.

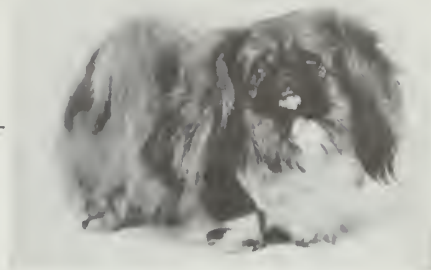
All roads will lead to Madison, N. J., on May 25 for the world's largest dog show, the Morris and Essex held at Giralda Farms, the beautiful estate of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge. (See page 28.)

On Friday, May 31, the Poodle Club of America will hold its ninth annual specialty show on the polo field at the Westchester Country Club at Rye, N. Y. Leon Iriberry will judge both miniatures and standards and best poodle.

During the first ten days in June the circuit in the East continues with the Greenwich Kennel Club's fixture on June 1; the Middlesex Kennel Club of New Jersey, at The Pines,



Left to right: Ch. Patsy VI, Ch. Milson Peggy, Milson Goldie and Ch. Milson Tess; Patsy and Tess were litter sisters



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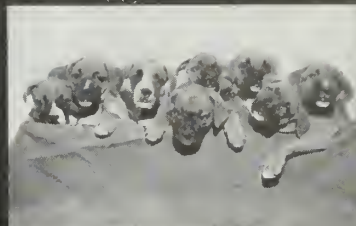
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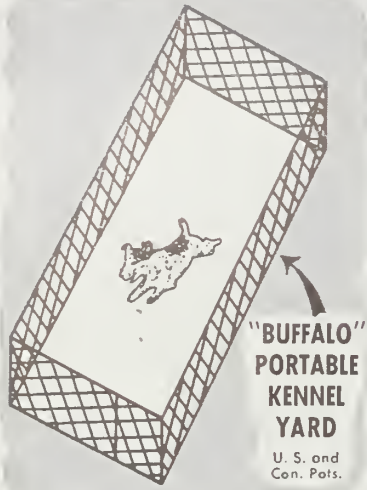
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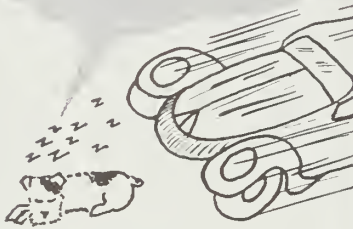
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Metuchen, N. J. on June 2; the North Westchester Kennel Club at Katonah, N. Y. on June 8. called this year the Frank F. Dole Memorial Show; the Longshore Kennel Club at Westport, Conn., on June 9.

RETRIEVER TRIALS

(Continued from page 56)

amateur, and unlimited open all-age—and I am sure no one has ever seen finer retriever work than was witnessed in these three events. Cover was high and dense, so that dogs had to depend more on natural ability than on handling. Indeed, they could not see their handlers most of the time to get instructions had they needed them.

Six series were necessary to establish the winner of the open all age! At the end of the fourth series, performances had been so close and so nearly perfect that each of the three judges picked a different dog as the top performer. So, two more series had to be run before a final and unanimous decision could be given, and out of the 26 dogs in the stake nine could not be faulted until the bitter end.

The ultimate winner was found in Ledgelands Dora, owned by Jay F. Carlisle, Jr. and handled by the writer. Dora edged out her kennel mate, Meadow Farm Night, by a very narrow margin. Dora is six years old and has been knocking at the door for a long time. This victory, being her second, gave her the privilege of the prefix "F. T. Ch." before her name, and the further distinction of being the second Labrador bitch to gain this honor in this country.

As a general rule, age has to step down for youth in field trials. However, in this stake it was the other way around. All four of the top dogs were veterans. Second place winner, Meadow Farm Night, owned by Charles L. Lawrence, and handled by the writer, was born in '36 and was also trying hard to finish his championship. He would have done it that day had he won. He may still do it some time in the future, for he can still give a championship performance.

F. T. Ch. Ming, winner of third place will soon be seven years old, and his record shows that he improves with age, like a good vintage. I personally considered Ming the top dog until the last water test, when he slipped a little. However, he certainly deserved his position at the finish. He is a yellow Labrador owned by F. T. Bedford and handled by James Cowie.

The judges could not settle on fourth place, each judge having again chosen a different dog for this position, until the remaining five dogs had been brought out for another test. However, in the end F. T. Ch. Rip.

Paul Bakewell's great Golden from the west, took fourth honors.

The judges in the open all age were John Lazear, E. Monroe Osborne, and J. Gould Remick.

The amateur stake should have been called the lady's stake, for 12 out of the 13 dogs entered were handled by ladies. I can only say that if we fellows want to hold our jobs we had better be nice to the ladies, for they gave a splendid exhibition of how dogs should be handled. Not one of them showed the least sign of nervousness; they took each task in their strides and were not found wanting.

Their work was done in the same punishing cover, and under the same conditions as the open all-age. Marvadel Topsy, owned and handled by Mrs. S. McWilliams took top honors after a run off with several others. This was Mrs. McWilliams' first attempt in an open trial, but no one watching her handle her dog would have known it, and Topsy is not an easy dog to handle, either. I am sure we will hear more of Mrs. McWilliams in the near future.

Mab of Blake, owned and handled by Franklin P. Lord, placed second, and Echo of Arden, owned and handled by Mrs. Morgan Belmont, third. Flood Tide Pete, owned by C. Arthur Smith, and handled by Mrs. Smith, was fourth.

Another lady, in the line for the first time, was Mrs. Allan P. Carlisle. She had two very difficult dogs to handle on her first assignment, and although she didn't place either of them, she deserves great credit for bringing them through to the final series.

The judges for this stake were the same as for the all age.

There were nine dogs in the derby and the winners were Buccaneer of Shagwong, and Guess of Shagwong, Chesapeake litter brothers, both handled by E. Monroe Osborne. These two were one year old last January, and have already proved that they can stick with first class competition. Their performances so far indicate a very promising future. A Golden retriever, daughter of F. T. Ch. Rip, Susie Q. of Deer Creek, handled by her owner Paul Bakewell, III, was third and another Golden was fourth. John K. Wallace's Buffsnipe of Yelme, Buccaneer, by virtue of a second in the non-winners stake at the Chesapeake Trial the previous week now has 9 credits toward the COUNTRY LIFE Retriever Trophy for 1940. The judges in this stake were John Lazear, J. Gould Remick, and John Munro.

A dinner was given at the Cortland House Hotel, Bayshore, Long Island, on the night of April 5. Allan Carlisle welcomed everyone, and after dinner was completed J. Gould Remick auctioned off the pool for the dogs that were to run in the open all-age next day.

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 Chihuahua Club of America
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 West Highland White Terrier Club of America

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 Papillon Club of America
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The Young Sportsman

THE "Young Sportsman's" page this month proves that a wealth of talent exists among young people, and that in no other magazine has this ever been more conclusively shown. To the artists and author whose work appears, our congratulations. The soap sculpture, created and then photographed by Madeline Moot wins the five dollar prize, and Deborah Choate's fine drawing of a horse deserves special mention.

The drawings of Julia Fox, who is only eleven, and Jeffie Pearl Landers, fifteen, also show marked ability and to them as to all of you whose work is here published, COUNTRY LIFE sends a silver dollar.

Subjects for the May issue are "A School Track Meet," "How I Made the Baseball Team," "Preparing for the Horse Show Season," and "Hacking in the Spring."



Sculptured and photographed by Madeline Moot, Tulsa, Okla.; aged 16



Drawn by Deborah Choate, Winona, Minn.; aged 12

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RIDING IN HORSEMANSHIP CLASSES?

1. What type of saddle should be used?
2. What is the proper length for irons in riding classes?
3. What is the proper length for irons in jumping classes?
4. What is the proper position of the foot in the irons for riding classes?
5. What is the proper position of the foot in the irons for jumping classes?
6. To which side of the ring should you ride on entering?
7. When your leathers and irons have been removed from your saddle and put on that of a strange horse which the judge has asked you to mount, what would be wise for you to do before starting?
8. If you do not win should your mother enter the ring and protest to the judge?
9. If you do not understand the judges' directions, what should you do?
10. If you have had two refusals at the same fence, always to the left, and you are preparing to try and force your horse over on the third and last attempt, what tactics would likely give you your best chance?

Answers will be found on page 26

Contributors have to be under 18, and all contributions must bear your name, address, age, and the signature of parent, guardian or teacher that it is your own original work.

THE GOAT RIDE

BILLY and Nancy are two goats. Billy is quite young, about two years old, but goodness only knows how old poor Nancy is. She has been foster Mother to Billy and if either are separated the baa-ing and baa-ing is more than you can stand.

One day while playing near where Billy was grazing, I got the bright idea that it would be fun to ride him and looking carefully around I unhooked his chain and straddled his back, talk about a bucking broncho. I grasped his horns and was having the time of my life—Poor Nancy was frantic, she was afraid I was hurting Billy even though he had grown larger than she, guess like all mothers he was still her baby.

First thing I knew I received an awful jolt and off I flew from Billy's back. Nancy had slipped her collar and coming the full length of the field had given her all for Billy. Right

then my troubles began, goats to the right and goats to the left, seemed wherever I turned there was a goat and were they mad? Oh! Boy! did I wish I had gone about my business and left them peacefully grazing.

I tried yelling but no one paid any attention to me, but our horse Tex—he seemed to be enjoying himself looking on just as if it were a show, which I guess it was.

I had pictures in my mind of my mother coming and finding me dead—just about butted to little pieces. I finally reached an old apple tree and I bet Tarzan couldn't have climbed any faster. Out of reach of my former pals I again shouted, but as before no one showed up or answered, not even my brother, who is always trailing me, when he isn't wanted, and in times of need, sadly missing.

Even Tex had given up and was standing at the other end of the corral.

Three times I tried to get down without my former pals seeing me, but no go, old eagle eye Nancy had me in her power.

Finally when I was about to give up and risk my neck or I should say the seat of my pants, along came the

hired man to take Tex up to the stables. To add to my embarrassment all he did was laugh at me, and sure makes me see red.

Billy and Nancy having no one to find with Burk went peacefully little lambs back to where he chained Billy and again col Nancy.

Mustering up as much dignity as I could I stalked across the field then deciding to get my bicycle hunt up some of the boys.

Mother was cutting flowers in the garden and as I passed by I heard her sniff, but that didn't bother me until I heard my name called so so back I turned and again Mother's nose wrinkled and a couple of disdainful sniffs, finally the w came.

"You smell just like a goat, you man, and I advise an immediate change of clothing, and please put those trousers on the line and turn the hose on them, nothing so fragrant as they, are going into the clothes hamper of mine."

Well a fellow knows he has to clean up for dinner and company but in the middle of a perfectly good morning to waste time to take a bath just on account of trying to ride a Billy goat. Guess there are more than one way to show a fellow that at times he should be considerate to animals.

PAUL WILLIAMSON, AGED 13,
SOUTH HANOVER, MASS.



Drawn by Jeffie Pearl Landers, Jacksonville, Ala.; aged 15



Drawn by Barbara A. Blair, Germantown, Pa.; aged 11



Drawn by Julia C. Fox, Cazenovia, N. Y.; aged 11



Drawn by Virginia Stewart, Galeta, Calif.; aged 14

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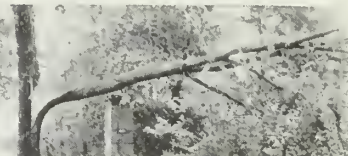
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THE CALENDAR

RACING

June-Aug. 3 HOLLYWOOD PARK, Inglewood, Cal.
 June 1-17 WHITTIER PARK, Winnipeg, Man.
 To June 3 THORNCLEIFFE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 To June 8 BELMONT PARK, L. I.
 June 5-12 LONG BRANCH, Toronto, Ont.
 June 10-29 AQUEDUCT, L. I.
 June 15-July 1 MOUNT ROYAL, Montreal, Que.
 June 15-22 DUFFERIN PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 June 19-July 4 POLO PARK, Winnipeg, Man.
 To June 22 NORTH RANDALL, Ohio.
 i. June 22 WHEELING DOWNS, Wheeling, W. Va.
 To June 22 LINCOLN FIELDS, Crete, Ill.
 June 24-July 27 ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Ill.
 June 24-July 1 HAMILTON, Ont.
 June 29-July 6 LANSDOWNE PARK, Vancouver, B. C.
 July 1-27 EMPIRE CITY, Yonkers, N. Y.
 July 4-19 NIAGARA, Fort Erie, Ont.
 To July 4 DELAWARE PARK, Stanton, Del.
 To July 6 AK-SAR-BEN, Omaha, Neb.
 To July 27 SUFFOLK DOWNS, Boston, Mass.
 July 29-Aug. 24 ROCKINGHAM PARK, Salem, N. H.
 July 29-Aug. 31 SARATOGA, N. Y.
 July 29-Sept. 2 WASHINGTON PARK, Homewood, Ill.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

June 15 UNITED HUNTS, Roslyn, Long Island.

GRAND CIRCUIT TROTTING

July 8-13 TOLEDO, Ohio.
 July 15-19 GOSHEN, N. Y.
 July 20-Aug. 3 NARRAGANSETT, R. I.

RODEOS

June 27-29 MILES CITY, Montana.
 July 2-4 GODY, Wyoming.
 July 2-4 LIVINGSTON ROUND-UP, Livingston, Montana.
 July 3-5 RED LODGE, Montana.
 July 3-5 BLACK HILLS ROUND-UP, Fourche, South Dakota.
 July 4-6 GLENDIVE, Montana.
 July 4-6 KALISPELL, Montana.
 July 4-7 KLAMATH FALLS, Oregon.
 July 8-13 STAMPEDE AND EXHIBITION, Calgary, Alberta.
 July 11-13 WOLF POINT STAMPEDE, Wolf Point, Montana.
 July 16-18 SHERIDAN, Wyoming.
 July 18-21 CALIFORNIA RODEO, Salinas, Cal.
 July 19-24 COVERED WAGON DAYS, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 July 21-27 OGDEN PIONEER DAYS, Ogden, Utah.
 July 23-27 CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

HORSE SHOWS

To June 1 DEVON SHOW AND COUNTRY FAIR, Devon, Pa.
 To June 1 BASSETT, Va.
 June 1 GLEN HEAD, Long Island, N. Y.
 June 1 SECOR FARMS, White Plains, N. Y.
 June 1 FRANKLIN, Tenn.
 June 1-2 DEEP RUN, Richmond, Va.
 June 1-2 ST. LOUIS PARK, Minn.
 June 1-2 MUNCIE, Ind.
 June 2 CASPER, Wyoming.
 To June 4 CAVALRY SCHOOL, Fort Riley, Kans.
 June 5-6 WEST POINT, N. Y.
 June 6-8 ALLEGHENY COUNTRY CLUB, Sewickley, Pa.
 June 7-8 TUXEDO, N. Y.
 June 7-8 WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.
 June 7-8 NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
 June 7-8 READING, Pa.
 June 8-9 SPRINGFIELD, Ill.
 June 8-9 RICHMOND, Ind.
 June 8-9 TIDEWATER, Norfolk, Va.
 June 8-9 NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
 June 9 SANDS POINT, L. I.
 June 12-16 DETROIT, Bloomfields Hills, Mich.
 June 13 HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa.
 June 13-14 GREENVILLE, S. C.
 June 13-15 WESTCHESTER COUNTY, Portchester, N. Y.
 June 14-15 UPPERVILLE COLT AND HORSE, Va.
 June 14-22 OAKLAND, Calif.
 June 15 YORK, Pa.
 June 15-16 HINSDALE, Ill.
 June 15-16 THREE OAKS RIDING CLUB, Allentown, Pa.
 June 16 BRONXVILLE RIDING CLUB, Bronxville, N. Y.
 June 19-22 LAKE FOREST, Ill.
 June 20-22 HUNTINGTON, W. Va.
 June 21-22 OX RIDGE, Darien, Conn.
 June 21-22 TOLEDO, Perrysburg, Ohio.
 June 22 WARRENTON PONY, Warrenton, Va.
 June 22 EDGEHILL, Aylett, Va.
 June 22 WILBRAHAM, Mass.
 June 22-23 EASTON, Pa.
 June 22-23 FRANKLIN, Ind.
 June 23 PEGASUS, Rockleigh, N. J.
 June 26 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
 June 27-29 FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT, Westport, Conn.
 June 27-29 WESTPORT, Conn.
 June 28-30 ROCK CREEK, Louisville, Ky.
 June 29-30 ERIE, Pa.
 June 29-30 RESERVE LEAGUE, South Bend, Ind.

FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVERS)

June 1-2 NORTHERN RETRIEVER FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Gordon, Wis.

FIELD TRIALS (POINTERS and SETTERS)

June 9 GREAT BARRINGTON FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION, Great Barrington, Mass.

(Continued on page 10)



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- July 14 SAN MATEO KENNEL CLUB, San Mateo, Cal.
- July 20 WESTERN MICHIGAN KENNEL CLUB, Spring Lake, Mich.
- July 21 GRAND RAPIDS KENNEL CLUB, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- July 21 SANTA BARBARA KENNEL CLUB, Santa Barbara, Cal.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

- June 1 ANDERSON KENNEL CLUB, Anderson, Ind.
- June 2 HOOSIER KENNEL CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.
- June 8 NORTH WESTCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Katonah, N. Y.
- June 22 LAKE SHORE KENNEL CLUB, Hammond, Ind.
- June 22 MONMOUTH COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Rumson, N. J.
- June 23 SKOKIE VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Stickney, Ill.
- June 30 WISCONSIN VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Wausau, Wis.

SKREET TOURNAMENTS

- June 1-2 ANGELUS MESA SKREET CLUB, Culver City, Cal.
- June 1-2 NORTHWEST GUN CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
- June 2 III-GUN SKREET CLUB, Detroit, Mich.
- June 2 SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
- June 3 ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.
- June 8 NASSAU TRAPSHOOTING CLUB, Mineola, N. Y.
- June 8-9 PROVINCIAL SKREET CHAMPIONSHIPS, Seignior Club, P. Q.
- June 8-9 LUDLOW FISH AND GAME CLUB, Ludlow, Mass.
- June 8-9 MIAMI VALLEY SKREET CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.
- June 9 CAPITOL CITY GUN CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.
- June 9 GABBERT SHOOTING PARK, Salina, Kans.
- June 9 JACKSON SKREET CLUB, Jackson, Mich.
- June 15-16 CHAIN O'LAKES GUN CLUB, South Bend, Ind.
- June 15-16 MEXICO GUN CLUB, Mexico, Mo.
- June 16 GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB, West Alameda, Cal.
- June 16 ISAAK WALTON GUN CLUB, Topeka, Kans.
- June 16 CRISTOBAL GUN CLUB, Canal Zone.
- June 16 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
- June 21-23 REMINGTON GUN CLUB, Lordship, Conn. (Great Eastern and National Telegraphic).
- June 22-23 INTER-CITY SHOOTING ASSN., Hannibal, Mo.
- June 23 LINCOLN PARK TRAPS, Chicago, Ill.
- June 23 SAGINAW GUN CLUB, Saginaw, Mich.
- June 29-30 LOS ANGELES-SANTA MONICA SKREET CLUB, Santa Monica, Cal. (Western Open).
- June 29-30 WESTHAVEN GUN CLUB, Evansville, Ind.
- June 30 TRAVERSE CITY SKREET AND RIFLE CLUB, Traverse City, Mich.
- July 1 ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.
- July 6-7 TRAVERSE CITY SKREET CLUB, Traverse City, Mich.
- July 7 SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
- July 13 PORTLAND SKREET CLUB, Portland, Me.
- July 13 NASSAU TRAPSHOOTING CLUB, Mineola, L. I.
- July 13-14 CARTHAGE SKREET CLUB, Carthage, Mo.
- July 13-14 FIRESTONE SKREET CLUB, Akron, Ohio (Midwest Championships).
- July 14 PALOS HEIGHTS GUN CLUB, Worth, Ill.
- July 14 PORTLAND SKREET CLUB, Portland, Me.
- July 20-21 ANGELUS MESA SKREET CLUB, Culver City, Cal. (Grand Pacific Championships).
- July 21 GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB, Alameda, Cal.
- July 21 E. FT. HARRISON GUN CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.
- July 21 ARNOLD TRAIL SPORTSMAN'S ASS'N., Waterville, Me.
- July 21 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
- July 26-27 VA. HOT SPRINGS GOLF AND TENNIS CLUB, Hot Springs, Va.
- July 27-28 CAPITOL CITY GUN CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.
- July 27-28 ST. LOUIS SKREET AND TRAP CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.

FLOWER SHOWS

- June-Sept. 29 NATIONAL GARDEN SHOW, Golden Gate International Exposition, Cal.
- June 6 EXHIBITION OF GERMAN IRIS, Worcester County Horticultural Society, Worcester, Mass.
- June 6-7 PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Phila., Pa.
- June 13 EXHIBITION OF PEONIES, Worcester County Horticultural Society, Worcester, Mass.
- June 15-16 LANCASTER GARDEN CLUB, Lancaster, N. Y.
- June 19 MONTHLY MEETING AND EXHIBITION, Horticultural Society of New York, N. Y.
- June 20 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, EXHIBITION OF ROSES, Worcester, Mass.
- June 20-21 GARDEN CLUB OF VIRGINIA, 4th ANNUAL LILY SHOW, Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Va.
- June 22-23 AMERICAN PEONY SOCIETY AND ROCHESTER FLOWER CLUB, Rochester, Minn.
- June 22-23 NIAGARA FRONTIER ROSE SOCIETY, 9th ANNUAL SHOW, Buffalo, N. Y.
- June 27 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Exhibition of Strawberries and Delphiniums, Worcester, Mass.

LIVESTOCK SALES AND SHOWS

Ayrshires

- June 1 POTTER-McKEAN-TIOGA (PENNSYLVANIA) AYRSHIRE CLUB FIELD DAY, Coudersport, Pa.
- June 4 ST. LAWRENCE AYRSHIRE CLUB SALE, Gouverneur, New York.
- June 6 IOWA AYRSHIRE CLUB PICNIC AND PARISH SHOW, Hardy, Iowa.
- June 7 MINNESOTA BREEDERS PICNIC AND SHOW, Fairgrounds, Farmington, Minn.
- June 15 HERKIMER-ONEIDA CLUB PICNIC AND FIELD DAY, Craighurst Farm, Rome, N. Y.
- June 26 INDIANA BREEDERS FIELD DAY, AMERICAN DAIRY SCIENCE ASSN. MEETING, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

(Continued on page 13)



A CONVENIENT LOCATION . . . UNUSUALLY SPACIOUS ROOMS . . . LUXURIOUS APPOINTMENTS . . . THOUGHTFUL SERVICE AND THAT PARTICULAR KIND OF COMFORT WHICH IS FOUND ONLY IN A MODERN HOTEL WITH OLD-FASHIONED TRADITIONS OF HOSPITALITY.

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Guernseys

June 4 ANNUAL CONSIGNMENT SALE, Van Wert, Ohio.
 June 5 OKLAHOMA STATE SALE, Okla. City.

Jerseys

June 1 NEW YORK JERSEY CATTLE CLUB SALE, Geneva, N. Y.
 June 1 CLIFFORD FARMER SALE, Willard, Mo.
 June 3 JERSEY COUNTY CONSIGNMENT, Jerseyville, Illinois.
 June 6 NATIONAL SALE, Lexington, Ky.
 June 7 KENTUCKY JERSEY CATTLE CLUB, Lexington.

Shorthorns

June 3 EDELYN FARMS SALE, Wilson, Ill.
 June 4 MAXWALTON FARM SALE, Mansfield, Ohio.
 June 5 CONNER PRAIRIE FARM-WHITECROFT FARM SALE, Noblesville, Ind.
 June 6 WM. A. ALLISON'S SONS, Washington, Ind.

Polled Shorthorns

June 7 ILLINOIS POLLED SHORTHORN SALE, Springfield, Ill.

Herefords

June 1 BONES STOCK FARM, Parker, South Dakota.

Aberdeen Angus

June 3 JAS. B. HOLLINGER, Chapman, Kans.
 June 4 S. C. FULLERTON, Miami, Okla.
 June 7 SOUTHWEST WISCONSIN BREEDERS SALE, Lancaster, Wis.
 June 7 SOUTH DAKOTA BREEDERS SALE, Worthing, S. D.
 June 8 DR. GEORGE M. LAUGHLIN SALE, Kirksville, Mo.
 June 10 OHIO ASS'N. SALE, Columbus, Ohio.
 June 10 CENTRAL ILLINOIS BREEDERS ASS'N. SALE, Congerville, Ill.
 June 10 O. V. BATTLES, Rosemere Farm, Maquoketa, Iowa.
 June 11 GLYN MAWR FARM SALE, Olin, Iowa.
 June 12 SOUTHWESTERN WISCONSIN BREEDERS' SALE, Lancaster, Wis.
 June 12 GARRETT TOLAN, Pleasant Plains, Ill.
 June 13 ILLINOIS ANGUS BREEDERS ASS'N., Springfield, Ill.

BELGIANS

June MICHIGAN SPRING STALLION SHOW AND JACKSON COUNTY FIELD DAY, Jackson, Mich.
 June 20 HAMILTON COUNTY COLT TOUR AND FIELD DAY, Noblesville, Ind.
 June 29 SUGAR GROVE FARM FIELD DAY, Aurora, Ill.

ART EXHIBITIONS

June-Sept. 12 "MAGIC IN NEW YORK," XIX Century New York Gothic, Museum of The City of New York.
 June-Sept. 15 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Metropolitan Museum, New York.
 June EXHIBITS BY WEST VIRGINIA ARTISTS, Fine Arts Center, Parkersburg, West Va.
 June 3RD ANNUAL HOUSTON CAMERA CLUB EXHIBIT, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Tex.
 June-Sept. 27 CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
 June-Sept. 15 ESTAMPES GALANTES, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 June FRENCH DRAWINGS OF THE 18TH CENTURY, Golden Gate International Exposition, Cal.
 June-Oct. WORKS BY CHILDE HASSAM & EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York.
 June "THE ARTISTS DREAM," Contemporary Arts Gallery, New York.
 June-Sept. TWENTY CENTURIES OF MEXICAN ART, Museum of Modern Art, New York.
 June-Aug. "THE PRESS IN AMERICA" & "THE DOLLS AND TOYS OF YESTERDAY," New York Historical Society, N. Y.
 June BARBIZON SCHOOL AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH PAINTINGS, John Levy Gallery, New York (indefinitely)
 June 1-Sept. 29 "AS OTHERS SEE US," Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 June 1-Sept. 29 "ANIMALS UNDER TEN INCHES," Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 To June 2 ONE PICTURE EXHIBITION "MADONNA AND CHILD" BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO, Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, Mass.
 To June 2 EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS OF, BY, AND COLLECTED BY MRS. ROBERT C. McCORMICK, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
 To June 2 FACSIMILES OF PAINTINGS BY NOTED BRITISH ARTISTS, Seattle Art Museum, Wash.
 To June 2 OILS, PASTELS, AND WATER COLORS BY FAY MORGAN TAYLOR, San Francisco Museum of Art, Cal.
 To June 2 RECENT ACCESSIONS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 To June 2 JOHN WESLEY JARVIS—"KNICKERBOCKER PAINTER," New York Historical Society, N. Y.
 To June 2 WALT DISNEY DRAWINGS, Montclair Art Museum, N. J.
 To June 2 COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY, Newark Museum, N. J.
 June 2-22 MODERN PRINTED TEXTILES, Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, Del.
 June 2-30 CALIFORNIA WATER COLORS, OHIO WATER COLORS, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City, Mo.
 June 2-Sept. 22 CONEY ISLAND 1909 (PHOTOGRAPHS), Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 To June 3 ONE MAN SHOW BY RENE LOPEY, Vendome Gallery, New York.
 June 3-8 PRIVATE COLLECTION OF OLD SILVER, Peter Guille, New York.
 June 3-22 PAINTINGS BY KAY SAGE, Pierre Matisse Gallery, N. Y.
 June 6-July 7 ANNUAL EXHIBITION BY STUDENTS OF THE INSTITUTE SCHOOL, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
 To June 8 EXHIBITION BY BISHOP ALMA WHITE, Morton Gallery, New York.
 To June 8 UNIVERSITY OF IOWA GRADUATE STUDENTS EXHIBITION, Iowa University.
 To June 8 NO JURY EXHIBITION, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Texas.
 To June 8 SELECTED ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS OF TWO CENTURIES, Columbia University, N. Y.
 To June 9 "THIS WORK PAYS YOUR COMMUNITY," Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 To June 10 ROMANTICISM IN AMERICA, Baltimore Museum of Art, Md.
 To June 10 BIG TEN COLLECTION, State University of Iowa, Iowa.
 To June 10 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF STUDENT WORK, Mills College Gallery, Cal.
 To June 14 THREE DIMENSIONAL WALL DECORATIONS BY FOUR INTERIOR ARCHITECTS, International Studio Art Corp., New York.
 To June 14 PAINTINGS AND METAL CONSTRUCTIONS BY GROUP OF AMERICAN ARTISTS, Museum for Non-Objective Painting, N. Y.
 June 14-Oct. 6 SHAWLS, CAPS, AND LAPETS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 To June 15 MUSEUM OF COSTUME ART, New York.
 To June 15 ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS BY LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
 To June 15 WORK BY MEMBERS OF THE ST. LOUIS BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN ARTISTS CONGRESS, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
 To June 15 ITALIAN AND DUTCH MASTERS, Schaeffer Galleries, N. Y.
 To June 15 SCULPTURE ON THE WALL, Clay Club Gallery, N. Y.
 June 15 NEW ACQUISITIONS, Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore, Md.
 To June 16 PAINTINGS BY IVES TANGUY, JACK WILKINSON, AND UNA McCANN, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
 To June 16 PACIFIC COAST STATES WATER COLORS, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
 To June 19 GRAPHIC ARTS BY KAETHE KOLLWITZ, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
 June 24-July 12 XII-XIX CENTURY STAINED GLASS, International Studio Art Corp., New York.
 To June 25 ARTISTS OF LOS ANGELES AND VICINITY, Los Angeles County Museum, Cal.



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIWE ELISVOR AND MARTIN HARRIS COURTESY LIFE MAGAZINE AND FREE LANCE

THEATRE

in the Country

by ARTHUR HANNA

AT intervals during the peaceful summer evenings, the doors of churches, barns, schools, fish-shacks, old mills, all over the country from Virginia to Maine, burst open and out pour, rather startlingly, just such gay and cosmopolitan audiences as the ones you see on the facing page.

The annual exodus of the theatre to the country in the hot months has come, in the last ten or fifteen years, to provide one of the most delightful and satisfying features of American country life in summer.

Though there is never any lack of activity for those who live in the country because they like it, it is good to know that from time to time it is possible to vary the pattern by seeing a good play, well done, without breaking the pleasant flow of days with a trip to town.

There is a natural variety in the forms the summer theatre takes in different localities, both architecturally and from the point of view of management. The early cartoons of ousted cows peering wistfully around barn doors into their erstwhile homes, their former stalls filled with theatre fans on camp chairs, were funnier—up to a point—than accurate.

Actually, of the leading summer theatres, few are really made-over barns. What happened, of course, was that producers looking for auditoriums wanted first, plenty of room, and second, buildings with charm and atmosphere. The result is that the summer theatre is housed in a variety of structures indigenous to the countryside, which were subsequently provided with amazingly complete technical equipment. Nor, may I say with my heart in my voice, is this casual effect, coupled with efficiency, either easy or inexpensive to achieve.

For summer theatres—I mean of course the many excellent ones, not the shoe-string fly-by-nights—have no apologies to make, few indulgences to beg. Lighting and seating equipment is uniformly good. The scenery, though in most cases built in a week because of a weekly change of bill, is designed by successful Broadway scenic artists who don't know enough to rest when they can and wouldn't like it if they did, and built and painted by trained crews. Some managers have

added fly galleries to their original structures, so that scenery can be "flown" to speed up changes.

The plays are for the most part excellent, because most authors are pleased to see their already successful plays re-done by reputable summer theatres, and like to get a look at their new plays on the "straw-hat" circuit. (This latter plan is less expensive than taking a play on the road, and if the cast, direction and set approximate as nearly as possible the New York ideal, it provides the manager with a real test of the show's entertainment value and the summer audience with a thoroughly professional first-view of a new play.)

CASTS are good because many actors and directors—some of the biggest names in the theatre today—like to work in the summer. They love the stage as much as they love the country, and like members of the audience who drive from one to one hundred miles to see them, find the combination irresistible.

At least a hundred people must have asked me, with disarming candor, when we were looking for a theatre what on earth made us choose Locust Valley's Red Barn. (So named by Mrs. Don Marquis, though it never saw an animal. It used to house a cabinet-maker's precious woods, and is in consequence well-built and dry.) It's small, they said, and besides it backs up on the tracks of the very noisiest branch of the Long Island Railroad system.

It's true that on jubilant occasions we regretted its smallness on the audience side of the footlights (though it's much better to wish that a theatre were bigger than to pray that the walls of a big empty hall would contract) but the stage is big—as big as many New York stages, well built and solid. The railroad is in many ways a positive advantage and sometimes a lot of fun.

The Locust Valley station is a stone's throw away, and two conveniently timed trains both deliver that part of the audience which comes out from New York, as a great many people do, and take it home again in good season. This has the tremendous advantage of making a week at the Red Barn a stiff tryout before New York managers

and critics who can and do come regularly, as well as before the critical audience of those enjoying the summer on Long Island.

The third train of the evening, and the hootiest, usually goes through during the intermission, but when this can't be fixed actors display great ingenuity in getting around it. Burgess Meredith, Selena Royle and Kent Smith, when they were playing in a tryout of one of Gladys Hurlburt's comedies, used to make a book every night on whose line the whistle would drown out, and they were all as nimble as acrobats in avoiding it. Jim Stewart, on the other hand, playing opposite Greta Maren, had to hold one of the longest kisses in stage history while the train went through because if he had said anything no one could have heard it—which may have been the start of his long and romantic Hollywood career.

Actors enjoy staying at Locust Valley. Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale elected to stay in rooms over a pub near the beach in a state of high good humor, in spite of the fact that Mr. Merivale was not only co-star but author of the play—"White Christmas" it was—and that there was a player piano in the bar under their rooms. Speaking of scenic designers, Stewart ("Life With Father") Chaney is going to run The Red Barn this summer, and that audience is in for some amusing productions.

One of the most engaging and simplest ideas I have ever heard of was put into action when Bob Porterfield started the Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Va., in the summer of 1932. Cash was scarce—remember?—and the young people of the theatre were broker than most. There was an abandoned girls' school near the Porterfield's farm, a surrounding countryside full of produce and people who needed entertainment.

These factors added up in Bob Porterfield's mind to the establishment of the Barter Theatre, where young people acted in the abandoned school and the neighbors paid for their seats in farm produce. The method is simple, eminently satisfactory to all concerned, and by now famous. Bob Porterfield says, "The actors eat the box office—and if you know what (*Continued on page 53*)



PELICAN FARM

Two Southerners build a Long Island country home



Approached along a gravelled lane running through a young orchard, the house already appears to belong to its surroundings

ROBERT W. TEBBS AND FREUDY PHOTOS

TO build a house is easy. Any one with sufficient money can do it. The other necessities are few—land, an architect, an interior decorator, a builder. The combination of these will result in a fine, solid structure, calculated to keep out the weather for years to come and to provide storage space for the owner's belongings.

To build a house that, in mass and detail, expresses the background, tastes and interests of its occupants is another matter. It calls for years of planning, the determination to fulfill wishes, and the imagination to carry them through to full fruition.

All of which is by way of introduction to the still incompleting Long Island home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cornelius Rathborne.

The Rathbornes knew what they wanted, and went methodically about the job of getting it. Together, they spent more than a year going over plans. They wanted a house that would be large enough, comfortable, adapted to its site, and of an architecture familiar to them. Both are Southerners, Mrs. Rathborne from Maryland, Cornelius Rathborne from Louisiana. From Maryland spring the modified southern Georgian lines of the house, while Louisiana supplies its name.

To have a house of the desired proportions on the site selected, and yet have it appear intimate and unpretentious, was a problem which W. Lawrence Bottomley, the Rathbornes' architect, solved in ingenious fashion. Beautifully mellowed hand-made Virginia brick, one-quarter oversize, was used in the construction. The doors and windows are also oversize, and this enlargement of detail has the seemingly contradictory effect of reducing the appearance of size. A large cobblestone court, surrounded by a brick wall, in which stand a number of fine trees, further contributes to the illusion on the approach side of the house.

In the rear the house forms a deep, three-sided court with a semi-circular patio, flag-stoned, and fenced in lacy white-painted wrought iron. Below and in full view are a paddock, exercise field and track. As this is



Mr. and Mrs. J. Cornelius Rathborne watch the running of the Maryland Hunt Cup

written a stable is being built. A polo player of note, Rathborne has followed the galloping game in this country, in the Argentine and in India and England; both he and Mrs. Rathborne are enthusiastic riders to hounds.

A swamp was drained to make a swimming pool above the pond which is shown in the photograph at the beginning of this article, and into which the pool drains. The sporting equipment of Pelican Farm is completed by a regulation squash court in the cellar of the house.

Again, in the interior, is seen the intense

interest of the Rathbornes in the construction of a dwelling that was to be a reflection of themselves. Mrs. Rathborne worked hand-in-hand with the McMillan Studios in the work of decoration, and her taste is everywhere evident in the delicate pastel colors and the originality of the decorative detail.

Nor did the interest of Cornelius Rathborne confine itself to the grounds and to the exterior. Perhaps the most striking room in the house is the dining room, and its decoration was his conception.

During the course of a sporting visit to India he came across a copy of a book, "British Sports of the East," by Capt. Thomas Williams, published in 1807, containing 40 magnificent colored engravings by Samuel Howett, depicting tiger shooting, pig sticking and other active diversions of the day and place.

Being an enthusiastic big-game shot, as well as a horseman and fisherman, Rathborne was greatly interested in the book and its illustrations and, when the time came, commissioned the mural painter, D. C. Sindona, to decorate the walls of the dining room with ceiling-high reproductions of the spirited and brilliantly colored engravings. Details of the striking results are shown in an accompanying photograph.

Another room which displays great originality as well as adherence to the dominating scheme—the Rathbornes' own tastes and interests—is the library. This charming and intimate room is paneled in Louisiana pecky cypress. Whitewashed and rubbed down with wax, this ancient wood takes on a luminous, modern look. The rug is a wonder. It was hand-woven, according to a design supplied them, by Nova Scotia fisherwomen, during long winter months. It has a greyish-green background on which are sizeable, oyster-white medallions in which are worked the likenesses of game birds and graceful representations of leaves, grasses and rushes.

Between the living and dining rooms, and opening on to the turf and flag-stone terrace, is a generous space, half hall and half recep-



Light, lots of it, distinguishes the whole house; the high-ceilinged living room is particularly bright Panelled in pecky cypress the library is intimate and comfortable



Looking from the living room to dining room; lion, tiger and panther skins in middle-ground

tion room, the floor of which is at present covered with splendid lion skins and with those of other big game animals which have fallen to the marksmanship of the Rathbornes. It is Mrs. Rathborne's intention to convert this into a likeness of the Irish paddock room in the painting by James Reynolds, and she has already started to collect the necessary furniture and trappings.

Another room on the first floor which is still in the process of furnishing is a Victorian

bed room. Just now it contains only a magnificent canopied, mahogany four-poster bed, the gift of Mrs. Rathborne, Senior. When completed it should present a startling yet charming contrast to the bright simplicity of the rest of the house.

The second floor is given over largely to the quarters of the two Rathborne children. Three large, sunny bed rooms, the one in the center occupied by the nurse, and a long vaulted play room, running the full depth of the house, permit of all varieties of indoor juvenile activity and obviate any necessity for admonitions to quiet.

The approach to the house is delightful. Turning off the surfaced road, the visitor enters a gravelled lane which runs through a thrifty young orchard. A right angle turn then brings him face to face with the entrance court. It is at this point that, knowing the ample proportions of the house, the near-genius of its design is first apparent. The charming home hugs the ground, and seems to flow with the gentle contours of the land. Despite its newness—the Rathbornes moved in only three years ago—it has already an air of belonging to its surroundings and with its owners' evident goal of permanence and stability, it should, in a few more years, take on that mellowness usually associated with far greater age.

The country surrounding Pelican Farm is one to delight the eye and warm the heart of any one of rural tastes. Although only 25 miles from New York, the winding Long Island roads retain the picturesque quiet of



The master bedroom is done in white, with pale yellow notes in the rug and spread

their bucolic origin. It is primarily a horseman's country, this around Old Westbury, and one may drive for a long time without seeing any wire. Paddocks and pastures fenced with post and rail, open fields and woods succeed one another in a way which it would be surprising to find near any large city, but which is as astonishing as it is refreshing to come upon, less than an hour's distance from the greatest metropolis in the world.



Arresting indeed are the spirited murals in the dining room; they depict British sports in India in the early 1800's and are rendered from old engravings

AMERICA'S CLASSICS

What will happen now that Gallahadion has won the Derby and Bimelech the Preakness?

by PETER VISCHER

IF, as now seems more than likely, the United States is to be the future home of Thoroughbreds—the Practical Standard Dictionary gives as one of the definitions of home “a place of rest and peace”—it is a pity that our classics have not been more carefully developed with that possibility clearly in mind.

American racing is today an exhilarating and popular amusement. It is a sport for the masses: they find in it a thrill for the moment, prompt action, tempo, speed, a bomb-shell victory, a crashing defeat. For the increasing thousands that go to our tracks, racing is a quick minute or two of intense excitement, driving at top speed to a climax of quite egotistic satisfaction or that low feeling of having been unexpectedly and unfairly let down by a close personal friend.

Racing is, of course, nothing of the kind. Strange as it may seem, it is actually supposed to be a test “for the improvement of the breed of horses.” I use the word supposed not because I belong to that cynical group of scoffers who poke cheap fun at the time-honored phrase but because we have, by the pressure and accidents of time, and by our own short-sightedness, permitted our racing plan to be captured by the Communists of the sport. We who believe in racing as the test of an aristocratic animal have allowed it to become the plaything, the tool, of a Fifth Column consisting mostly of two-dollar bettors.

I am offering nothing new when I say that we have by and large allowed the American Thoroughbred—a complex natural mechanism, easily thrown out of gear under the best of conditions—to degenerate into an unnecessarily excitable, nervous, rather delicate sprinter. So experienced a trainer as James E. Fitzsimmons will tell you that he is concerned whenever one of his horses leaves a stall, even for a breeze, and is relieved of heart when he comes back safe and sound.

That this is quite unnecessary is evidenced by the great horses of our past—and by the great horses of today too, by the Seabiscuits, the Sun Beaus, the Gallant Foxes, the Exterminators, the Discoverys of our present.

We have at the same time allowed much of the control and direction of our racing to be taken over by those who have in their souls no real feeling for the sport whatsoever: men interested in making profits for themselves (financial, political or social) or taxes for the state.

This is quite unnecessary, too, for there are highly successful leaders of the business side of the sport who do have a sympathy and an understanding (and an active part, too) in its proper sporting development.

These are not vague jeremiads. It is really



Views of Churchill Downs and historic Pimlico, on the days when they offered the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness to thousands of avid race-goers

all quite simple: (1) if we allow the Thoroughbred to degenerate into a brittle and useless sprinter we shall have, in time, no sport whatsoever; (2) if the politicians and the profiteers drive out the breeders, under the familiar workings of Gresham's law,¹ we shall have no racing either.

¹ Sir T. Gresham, died 1579, was an English financier who enunciated the already known economic theory that when two forms of currency are in circulation at the same time, the inferior will circulate more freely and in time drive out the superior. Applied to racing, this means that when politicians and frank profit-seekers and profit-takers run the sport, breeders will begin to drop out and in time disappear. Reduced to simplest terms: no breeders, no horses.

I repeat, then, it is unfortunate that our classics were permitted to grow up of themselves, rather than according to some sound carefully thought out plan.

In the England of happier days, the cherished Triple Crown for three-year-olds consisted of the 2,000 Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. The first named race was run during the early spring at Newmarket at a mile. The Derby, staged at Epsom several weeks later, was at a mile and a half and in it the Guineas victor often fell by the wayside, unable to get the extra half-mile. The St. Leger was not run until well in September, about four months later, and



The crowd was stunned when Gallahadian defeated Bimelech in the Kentucky Derby



Bimelech avenged himself in the Preakness, where Gallahadian was only third



Gallahadian wearing the blanket of roses which goes to the winner of the Derby



Bimelech was smothered with daisies, which are Maryland's symbol of supremacy



Sir Gallahad 3rd, famous imported stallion, is the proud sire of Gallahadian



The late Black Taney was the sire of Bimelech, his last and greatest son



The dam of Gallahadian is a splendid mare named Countess Time, by Reigh Caunt



WIDE WORLD, SUTCLIFFE, INTERNATIONAL AND ACME PHOTOS
The dam of Bimelech is La Traienne, also dam of the celebrated Black Helen

was at a mile and three-quarters; in it Derby winners in their turn were often left behind, unable to get the extra quarter-mile; the St. Leger was intended as the final test of three-year-old staying capacity and its winner is today often rated as a better colt than the Derby conqueror himself.²

In modelling American racing on the English pattern, our early leaders decided that we too should have a Triple Crown for our three-year-olds. Only it wasn't very definite.

²When war was declared on September 3, this year's St. Leger, supposed to have been run a few days later, was cancelled and Lord Rosebery's brilliant chestnut colt Blue Peter, who had won the Guineas and the Derby, had to be sent to the stud deprived of his chance to win a Triple Crown.

Our Triple Crown was to consist of the Kentucky Derby, either the Preakness or the Belmont, and the Lawrence Realization.

Nor were the distances definite: the Kentucky Derby, at a mile and a half from 1875 to 1895, was reduced in 1896 to a mile and a quarter. The Preakness was originally at a mile and a half, in 1889 a mile and a quarter, in 1909 and 1910 a mile, from 1911 to 1924 a mile and an eighth, is now at a mile and three-sixteenths. The Belmont was a mile and five-eighths prior to 1874; in 1874 it was reduced to a mile and a half, in 1890 further reduced to a mile and a quarter, in 1893 changed to a mile and an eighth, in 1895 increased to a mile and a quarter, in

1896 increased to a mile and three-eighths, in 1904 and 1905 run at a mile and a quarter, in 1926 increased to the mile and a half which it now is.

Nor was the order of the races set. Sometimes the Derby came first, sometimes the Preakness; it meant this year that a horse had to run a stiff race at a mile and a quarter (much too early in the spring) before he was asked to run one a sixteenth shorter! Originally the Realization came in June; now it is run in the fall.

Nor was that all. Thanks to the tendency of American track managers to change the value of fixed events, the Realization was forced out of the picture; worth \$34,100 to Salvator in its original running in 1889 it dropped at one time as low as \$2,475. The Kentucky Derby rose from \$2,850 for Aristedes in 1875 to \$60,150 for Gallahadian in 1940. The Preakness rose from a sum as low as \$4,800 for Col. E. R. Bradley's first winner, Kalitan, as recently as 1917, to \$53,230 for his third, Bimelech, in 1940. The Belmont, worth \$1,850 in its first running back in 1867, took more than thirty years to pass the \$10,000 mark, reached its high of \$66,040 when Gallant Fox won in 1930, and has since dropped back considerably.

Thus came about our modern Triple Crown—Derby, Preakness and Belmont. A great test of a horse, true, but rather an unfair and undiscerning test as well: too early, too short, too mixed, too trying on flesh and blood and nerves while still unprepared.

IT is not surprising, under the circumstances, that we seldom have a Triple Crown winner in America. (Perhaps it is more surprising that we have had four: Sir Barton, Omaha, Gallant Fox and War Admiral.)

Nor is it surprising that in a year such as this, when the winter was very severe and the spring greatly retarded, it was difficult to prepare colts for this exacting trio of races. Horses getting ready for the Derby either had too much racing (at least for the sake of their records) in Florida or California, too little in the East, or too much in too short a time in Kentucky.

That the season of 1939 closed with Bimelech the outstanding two-year-old and a red-hot favorite for the Derby is familiar to all followers of the sport. He had won the Futurity and six other races, only once had another horse lapped on him, had earned \$135,090. More than that, he was a strikingly handsome colt of obvious class, the last son of a great sire, son of an outstanding mare, scion of a trusted family. Surely he would be Col. Bradley's fifth Derby winner.

All the preliminaries seemed to point clearly to that conclusion. True, Bimelech had little time and opportunity to get into condition because of the severe winter and spring in Kentucky; yet he won the Blue Grass stakes at Keeneland with the greatest of ease (at 1 to 10, so great a favorite was he) and followed this with a victory in the Derby Trial Stakes. A few keen-eyed Kentucky hard-boots thought he labored noticeably in the latter race, but they were generally looked upon as captious critics: hadn't he galloped in front all the way to beat his nearest rival, Mrs. Ethel V. Mars' (Continued on page 57)

THE stream that wound through the farm shouted "trout" every inch of the way—the sort of quick, deep water that makes a fly fisherman's heart beat faster. But—

"No," the farmer who was trying to sell the place was honest enough to admit, "there's no trout in there. Just dace, and a few suckers. Used to be, though," he added as an after-thought. "They used to come from all over to fish this brook. Famous for trout in the old days."

His after-thought clinched the sale for him. The prospective buyer had liked the old house and the barn and the view. And his fisherman's eye had scanned the mile or so of stream approvingly.

His face fell when the farmer said there were no fish there, but it lighted up again when he heard it had once been a famous stream. "If they lived there once, they could live there again," he said. "It still looks like trout water. It must have been over-fishing that drove out the trout."

He was right. The next spring he began a stocking program which has been continued successfully for fifteen years. Successfully, at least, to the extent that he and his friends have enjoyed reasonably good fishing there every spring. True, the reasonably good fishing has always been at the expense of an annual stocking. Since none of the small feeder streams runs through his land, and since the owners of the upper reaches of the brook are not interested in trout, he has had no natural reproduction to help him. A few of the fish liberated one year have stayed in his mile of stream through the summer, fall, and winter and been there for the next year's fishing. But they were never enough; a complete re-stocking has been necessary each year.

True, too, the fishing has not been what you might expect if you were fishing in Nova Scotia instead of Connecticut. But it is consistently good fishing, good enough to give you that "there'll-be-one-in-the-next-pool" feeling which makes trout fishing the sport that it is. Good enough to make a half dozen decent-sized trout the average reward for an afternoon's fishing, and who wants more?



Order from a good hatchery and put them in

The cost of the annual re-stocking has not been exorbitant. The owner has experimented with different sizes and quantities of trout, and the prices quoted by the hatcheries vary from year to year. But in no year has he

BACK PASTURE TROUT STREAM

by H. WILLIAM MAIER



H. G. HEALY

A little thought, plus a small sum of money, and hundreds of miles of such water would again know trout

paid more than \$225 for the fish—usually much less—and the cost of the fish has been practically the only expense involved.

Throughout the trout-inhabited parts of the country, clubs and individuals are in the same way restoring trout waters which have been stripped of fish, waters which afforded good fishing until the advent of the automobile made all good streams available to everyone. Some of them have better luck than the owner of the Connecticut farm, with natural propagation and with carrying over from year to year. Very few such stockings have resulted in complete failure. But hundreds of miles of potentially good trout water are still neglected and unpopulated, largely because their owners do not realize how simple and economically they can be stocked.

How can the owner of a stretch of stream know whether trout will live in its pools?

Principally, by finding out if they ever have lived there. Local tradition may expand one-pound trout into three-pounders, or catches of twenty fish into catches of fifty, but the chances are that it will not go so far as to put trout into waters where they never have been.

If all the long-memored old-timers have died or moved away, he can rely on a few simple observations. The most common cause of failure is too warm water. Trout will not thrive in water that reaches 70 degrees. Ideal temperature for the health of the trout is 45-55 degrees, although the best fly-fishing is at about 60 degrees, when nymphs are moving and mayflies hatching. Shallow water is also bad, as is a clean, unobstructed streambed. Trout like deep pools, and rocks and logs to hide behind, and undercut banks, and trees and bushes (*Continued on page 60*)

COUNTRY LIFE IN EUROPE





JULIEN BRYAN

Shoot on Your Own Place

by GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

SHOOTING in your own back yard is an old American institution. It had its beginning in the days when the head of the house would sneak out to the pumpkin patch early in the morning, armed with nothing more lethal than a flintlock musket, and be back before breakfast time with a deer or a brace of Iroquois.

A few generations later, when shooting had become sport and not sheer necessity, great-grandfather could take his old mule ear 10-gauge down off its pegs, load himself a couple of dozen brass shells with black powder and a handful of shot, and take a turn through the woodlot, along the brook, and back through the orchard. By the time he got back to the barn he would have a brace or so of "pa'tridge," or a half dozen quail, and a couple of rabbits and a few squirrels. He could do this whenever the spirit moved him and took it as a matter of course.

Then came the day of the automobile, city gunner, and modern "clean" farming. Grandfather's farm was either sub-divided and has since sprouted rows of summer cottages, or its present incumbent has cleaned out the hedge rows and woodlot and put up wire fences, so that there is now no shelter for a game bird.

However, Americans still like to shoot, and they will go to great expense and trouble to

get good shooting. Gradually, things are being done to restore the depleted game supply and the time will come when our bird shooting will once more be something to boast of.

You can have good shooting now if you have enough land, stock it and protect it. Or you can join a club, take a trip or two to good shooting grounds each season, and if you are lucky you may do pretty well.

STILL, the shooting season only lasts for a few brief months, and the bag limits these days are small. Unless you are a lot luckier than most you will make use only of a few days of each season, and you won't burn much powder—not enough really to keep your hand in, much less correct any shooting faults you may have.

When the season is over, you either put your gun away for the rest of the year, or you shoot clay pigeons. You have probably tried straight "pull-bang" trap shooting, and while you have had a lot of fun and managed to make some pretty creditable runs of broken targets it hasn't really helped your shooting very much.

The targets fly at known angles and you are ready for the shot. Though you even broke 50 straight that day when fortune smiled, when the open season came around the first unexpected grouse that roared out

of the cover found you as unmanned and as off balance as ever.

Then you tried Skeet and found it to be even more fun and much better practise for bird shooting, besides being a grand competitive game. However, since your principal interest is not in competition but in becoming a good all-around shot, you found that beyond a certain point Skeet wouldn't help you either. The angles, though difficult, are always the same and easily anticipated once you get the hang of it.

So once more you lovingly greased your gun and put it away, and you didn't give it another thought until autumn.

If you did you were missing a good bet, for happily there is a solution for those who wish they could get more live bird shooting. It can be worked out right in the back lot, too, where grandfather burned most of his powder. The fact of the matter is, clay pigeons and the well known mechanical and hand traps have greater possibilities than most people imagine.

If you live in the country and have a fair sized piece of land—enough so that half-spent shot won't sting your neighbors' wife while she is working in the garden, or the banging of shotguns precipitate a lynching or an injunction, you can produce some shooting that will amaze you.

It all depends on what you want. If you are a beginner, one or two clay pigeon traps either of the mechanical kind, or hand traps, should fill your needs temporarily. With these plus the counsel of someone who can stand behind you and point out mistakes as you shoot, you can learn the fundamentals of shotgun handling.

The same thing applies if you want to teach your wife or young son how to shoot. A hand trap, if wielded skilfully, a Western Practise or Remington Expert standard mechanical trap, or the Duvrock device (more of this later) will do an excellent job.

However, if you have done some shooting, or after you and your family have learned, you will want something a little more elaborate. For instance, you can have your own Skeet field (you can do it for \$200 or thereabouts if you don't care about frills), and a private Skeet layout will give you and some friends your money's worth of fun and practise. Still, if you want to be an all-around shot you will want to go further than that, and you can.

If you are willing to invest in a few traps which cost about \$9.00 apiece, and if you have some knowledge of the flight habits of your favorite species of game birds you can, with a little experimenting and a small expenditure for labor, simulate the shooting you enjoy most. Furthermore, you can enjoy it all the year around. Also, you will do your shooting with the guns you use in the field and not a special trap or Skeet gun.

The outstanding example in this country



Two people can shoot a walk-up at the same time; one shoots to the right, the other to the left

of what can be done to take the place of game birds is the Abercrombie & Fitch shooting ground at Bayside, Long Island. It is the only institution of its kind in this country, which is unfortunate, for there is a real need for this sort of thing, and it resembles the shooting schools which were quite common in England.¹

The Abercrombie layout consists of a Skeet field; a sixty-foot tower from the top of which targets are thrown to represent driven birds, or pass shooting; a grouse butt to simulate Scotch grouse shooting; a 16-yard rise straight trap (trap 16 yards from where you stand), and, best of all, a "quail walk."

TO shoot the walk you go down the path with two shells in your gun and someone right behind you to keep you supplied with shells and direct operations. Traps, 42 of them, are laid out on each side of the path, each one connected with a foot "trip" or "kick" which is sprung by a trap boy right be-

¹Your average English shot went to a shooting school to experiment with a "try gun" (gun with an adjustable stock) before he bought a new gun. He also went to one for a few sessions before every shooting season, just to get his hand in; to learn how to shoot, or to have faults corrected.

Clay pigeons were used to represent whatever type of shooting he planned to enjoy, and this, by the way, was one of the few forms of clay pigeon shooting common in England.

The Abercrombie & Fitch layout is used for the same purposes. You go there to use a try gun, for lessons, to brush up, or just for fun. Indeed, it is so well planned and so complete that it behooves you to visit it if you possibly can.

Whether you want to get ideas for a private shoot, or merely find out what is wrong with your shooting, an hour or so under the expert tutelage of John Schaefer will teach you more than volumes on the subject.



P. T. JONES PHOTOS

On Paul Pryibil's walk-up the person who springs the trap also keeps score



Right: design of a well-planned walk, it offers nearly every possible shot; the numbers indicate trap releases, squares, the traps, and arrows show the flight-direction of the targets



The trap boys putting in the targets for a "cavey" rise

hind you. You never know what shot you are going to get until the target is in the air.

They can, and will, give you a single, wait until you have your gun down and are starting to reload then send another one. The next shot may be a double; a high and low bird, or sharp left and right angles. Whatever your weakness, it will come to light before you have gone many paces! As a matter of fact, in all the times this walk has been shot, and nearly 100,000 shells are fired there each year, no one has ever made a perfect score, or, for that matter, come close to it. That includes some of the best shots in the country, too.

These "walk-ups" are the most popular form of game bird shoots in the country. There are a number of them, especially on South Carolina quail shooting plantations. It is against the law to shoot birds on Sunday in that state, so owners and guests keep their hands in on quail walks instead. E. F. Hutton, F. L. Hutton and W. R. Coe all have famous walk-ups in South Carolina.

Probably the outstanding private shoot of this kind in existence is the one laid out by Paul Pryibil on his Glen Cove, Long Island, estate. Robertson, of the Boss Shooting school in England, and Schaefer of Abercrombie & Fitch, were called into conference on this and it is just about as complete as it could possibly be. (Continued on page 48)



L. B. WESCOTT PHOTOS

Mulhocaway youngsters; this is the picture from which COUNTRY LIFE's April cover was made

by JOSEPHINE NELSON

NOT for any other man's existence in any other age, past, present, or imagined future, would Lloyd Bruce Wescott exchange his life as owner-manager of Mulhocaway Farm, near Clinton, N. J. The statement sounds exaggerated. But you know it isn't when Lloyd Wescott makes it, with exquisite diction, looking over rolling fields and pastureland across Mulhocaway Creek to the jagged dark line of the Musconetcong Range along the northwest horizon. To be instrumental in the creation of beautiful animals, to nurture their growth toward a never quite achieved perfection; ah, there's no other creative effort to compare with it, not even the making of pictures or books or music . . .

His emphatic, unsmiling earnestness belies the theatricality of his words—and of his appearance. For the blond chin whiskers that round out a youthful face seem something like a stage property. In spite of them, he remains as incredible a farmer as his wife, slender dark Barbara Harrison Wescott, collector of modern French paintings, who *was* the firm, Harrison of Paris, printer of de luxe editions, for four years before they were married.

But make no mistake. Wescott, it is true, is president of The American Suffolk Horse Association. But Mrs. Wescott is final arbiter in questions pertaining to their fifty head of horses that, in four intensely busy years, have put the Wescotts in the front ranks among American breeders of the English draft horses. Wescott is the cow expert, for Mulhocaway boasts, also, 150 purebred Guernseys.

If the Wescotts are an incredible pair of farmers, Mulhocaway is an equally incredible farm—even to the Wescotts. They can look back to the spring of 1935 when, just married and with no thought of actually farming, they stopped in a five-and-ten in New York and bought a little book called "Farm Animals." (It still occupies an honored place in a wall full of books in their home.)

In it was a picture of a Suffolk horse. "We must have them," said Mrs. Wescott. "I used to see them in England, when I lived there. They are wonderful." Suffolk sheep were chosen because they seemed to belong with

the horses. Leafing on, Wisconsin-born Wescott thought he would feel at home with Guernsey cows.

And there you have the stock on thousand-acre Mulhocaway today.

The devious route that led them into the ten-cent-store really goes back three generations. Pioneering great grandfather Wescott scorned the deep, fertile loam of the flat Wisconsin prairies and chose instead—because it had trees and a brook, like his native New York State—a piece of land that was none

at the Foxcroft School, in Virginia, where riding was practically a required course.

New York, however, was in their blood, also. They felt they must be within 75 miles of the metropolis. In December of 1935 they went to the New York Public Library and launched a serious study of soil maps. They learned of the wonderfully fertile Hagerstown loam about Lancaster, Pa. But it had long since been cut up into very small holdings through the Amish inheritance practices. Large acreage was simply not to be had

Life Worth

AT MULHOCAWAY FARM THE LLOYD



With a gross milk check of \$26,000 the Mulhacoway Guernseys are a success story in themselves

too productive. While succeeding generations remained on the original farm, life there was something of an economic struggle. Thus it was that when young Lloyd had finished three and a half years at Ripon College, the impulse to get away from it all led him to New York. There he eventually got a job in the business office of Harper & Brothers, the publishers.

BUT having three generations of Wisconsin farmers for ancestors does something inescapable to you. All the eight years he worked for Harper's, the yearning to return to the land was growing. Soon after Lloyd Wescott and Barbara Harrison were married, they decided it was time to change their mode of life entirely. Mrs. Wescott wanted to devote her means to launching the sort of country existence they had both dreamed of. True, she had been born in New York City, and had spent most of her life traveling. But as a girl she had developed a love of livestock

thereabouts, and the Wescotts thought they needed at least 300 acres.

The Kittatiny limestone, east of the Delaware River, the maps indicated as next most desirable. And finally 600 acres of it, Mulhocaway's beginnings, came on the market.

The land was in seemingly hopeless condition. Part of a 1500-acre tract that for ten years had been operated by an organization for the training of game-keepers, the fields were buried in sumac and small trees.

"The only thing they ever planted was chicken wire," said Wescott, "and they had a veritable passion for that."

Buildings, too, were spectacularly bad. Six of the eight farmhouses on the place displayed sky through the roofs.

Home in Wisconsin for Christmas, Wescott had asked his father to come and join him in an agricultural adventure in the East. No, indeed, he'd had enough of farming, the elder man had said. But they wanted his judgment on the Kittatiny limestone, for besides being



a life-time farmer, he had spent several years as an appraiser for the Federal Land Bank. His verdict on their find was so enthusiastic that not only did he urge them to buy, but one month later came east with his wife. They now live in one of the farmhouses, and the elder Wescott has charge of a barn of brood mares, and serves as critic and adviser. The 600 acres were bought in April, 1936, at \$70 per acre. But immediately, with tractors, a team of mules, and a crew of workers, something like another \$25 an acre was spent

standby like the Guernsey for their cows, they felt justified in undertaking something unusual in horses. Suffolks are the oldest draft breed—were, indeed, as well established 400 years ago as they are today. By the middle of the eighteenth century the farmers of Suffolk and Norfolk in England, had commenced keeping detailed geneological records. And Camden's Cyclopaedia, published in 1580, mentions them as "the old sorrel breed." The question was, where to find any? The

cotts came back from the Chicago International this past winter with four purple championship ribbons, two blues, four reds, two whites, and one pink. It was a fairly typical outcome. They make a circuit of the state fairs conscientiously. As leaders in the Suffolk Association they feel responsible for adequate representation of a breed that is as yet enormously outnumbered by others in America. But it is an exhausting and expensive procedure. Prizes won at the nearby state fairs just about cover transportation charges for the horses. Veterinaries' bills, shoeing, wages for caretakers, and the Wescotts' own traveling expenses must all be charged off to general promotion. However, there is occasional evidence that such expenses will eventually be paid back with interest. For instance, there was January jubilation at Mulhocaway over the sale of a stallion colt and two fillies, coming a year old, to F. A. Claude of the Hacienda la Peña at Calera, Chile. It was the Wescotts' first sale outside the United States. With the wealthy South American ranchers prevented

the Living

WESCOTTS ARE DOING WHAT THEY ALWAYS WANTED TO



A new generation of Suffolks is coming along



The form oim is to grow all its own feed



Two hundred and forty acres are in hay crops

putting the land back into "reasonable shape". (The reconditioning is still going on.) The following year 200 acres were added. More recently, adjoining holdings totaling some 600 acres were begging for a buyer. Wescott somewhat reluctantly purchased this tract but has since disposed of two thirds. He wants to keep Mulhocaway at its present thousand-acre size. That is plenty of land, with their stocking plan, to prevent the necessity of contour plowing and other phases of soil conservation necessary when an area must be more intensively cropped. Hillside can simply be planted to permanent pasture, and areas where erosion is not a problem are cultivated. Meantime, the Wescotts' sudden decision to raise Suffolks had ripened into enormous enthusiasm for the breed, as they learned more about it. They liked its varying shades of chestnut. They liked its pleasant rotundity. And they learned that Suffolk mares of 37 years have produced foals. With an old

few breeders in the United States did not seem to wish to part with their horses. Finally, in June of 1936, they discovered three mares in Illinois they could buy. After that, till the war prevented, they made winter buying trips to the source country in England, and the present stock, aside from the colts, is about three-fourths imported. From now on, however, they expect to raise their own replacements. **T**TRIMLEY Ruby they consider their best mare, but the favorite at Mulhocaway is undoubtedly 27-year-old Finally, better known as Grandma, living proof of the longevity and productivity of the breed. Mother of prize winners, she had a fine colt two years ago, and they hope for a foal again. Beau Boy, an imported English champion, is Mulhocaway's principal sire. Now 13 years old, he has been supplanted in the shows by 3-year-old Commander of Laurel. The Wes-

from buying in England by the war, the Wescotts see a whole new market looming. With a gross milk check of more than \$26,000 and over \$2,000 worth of surplus heifers sold in 1939, Mulhocaway cows are something of a success story in themselves. There is also considerable culling all the time, and the bull calves—except those from four or five of the best cows—are sold for veal. Soon after the farm was bought the Wescotts brought 50 head of purebred Guernsey heifers from Wisconsin, pastured them through the summer, fed them in the barns through the winter, and bred them for fall calving. To this initial purchase some 30 more cows and heifers were added from various sales that second autumn. And from time to time a few additions of special blood lines have been made, eight of them this past year. Wescott is content for the most part to raise his own replacements, since that first Wisconsin purchase proved "lucky." Out of it he has had two (Continued on page 44)

He Rides to Hunt

**Pecks Nichols of Detroit has
been in on the founding of
three Hunts**

by DIRK VAN INGEN

*"When good men ride in front of you,
And women most of all;
Ride with a little courtesy,
And give them room to fall.
To jump upon a sportsman
Displays a want of taste,
And killing large subscribers,
Is simply wanton waste."*

THE master of a private pack, to whom "large subscribers" mean nothing, is spared many worries. The master of a subscription pack, organized in the enthusiasm of the late '20s, with actual hunting started in 1930, is his antithesis.

When maximum fields were 30 to 35 in 1930, and last year the usual Saturday turn-outs were from 90 to 100, your subscription master has a touch of genius. Such a growth demands sympathetic understanding of people, a wide knowledge of hunting, and a keen appreciation of the value of showing such sport that the large subscriber's interest is held.

Such is the record of Elliott S. Nichols, intimately connected with all the hunting activities of Detroit from their inception in 1911. Nearly 30 years' close association with hounds and fox hunting has changed Pecks Nichols from a hunts-to-ride man into one who rides to hunt.

In 1911, Burns Henry gathered together a group of Detroit men who were interested in riding and formed the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club, in what was then an outlying suburb. Henry was made Master; Pecks Nichols the Huntsman; William Hendrie and Deane Rucker the Whips. The fact that none had much hunting experience and that they knew still less about hounds did not seem to dampen enthusiasm or preclude sport. Such athletes as Harry M. Jewett, and John Owen, the first man to run 100 yards in less than 10 seconds, which he did in 1890, were among the early members.

The Grosse Pointe country is flat and monotonous and the growth of the city rapidly decreased its availability, even for drag. Just south of Pontiac, and about 20 miles north of Detroit, the country around Bloomfield Hills was rolling, with good galloping fields and plenty of cover. From a fox hunter's point



Known to hundreds as Pecks, this is Elliott S. Nichols



He hunts, shows and races the same good horses

of view it possessed most of the desirable features so lacking at Grosse Pointe.

Soon a stable was built there, to which horses and hounds were hacked from the Club stables—a distance of 25 miles. There, each autumn, the Grosse Pointe Hunt carried on, with its activities increasingly devoted to fox hunting.

With the advent of the war in 1917 all hunting was curtailed, and virtually ceased. Nearly all able-bodied members went to training camp and were commissioned. In August, Pecks became a captain, married Anne Truaxe and, on reporting to Camp Custer, was made Adjutant of the 310 Ammunition Train, with Frederick M. Alger in command. Just before sailing for France, he was promoted to Major and placed in command of the horse drawn battalion, and transferred, after the armistice, to the Remount Service.

HUNTING was resumed with the return of more normal conditions. Grosse Pointe continued its drags for a number of years, and the Bloomfield Open Hunt organized for fox hunting. The first move was to obtain a professional huntsman, then the development of a pack. Nichols, as Master, was solely interested in hunting ability, and the pack was of all sorts: English, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee hounds. Because of the large coverts, cry was an essential, and small size desirable to avoid getting hung-up in wire. But, regardless of origin, they were definitely a pack and accounted for foxes with regularity.

Improvements in motor cars soon brought Bloomfield Hills closer to Detroit, and many members built homes and stables near the

kennels. Some used them only during the hunting season while others, like the Master, used them the year 'round. The Hunt stables were enlarged, a modern and commodious indoor ring was constructed, and the future of the Bloomfield Open Hunt, as a fox hunting center, seemed assured.

The stakes of the sub-divider produced a rude awakening. Not but what there would be room for drag for many more years, or, that the excellent facilities for hacking were endangered, but the day of freely cutting cross-country to follow any line that Charlie might choose was decidedly limited.

At a meeting in January, 1928, a group—more than half of whom were original Grosse Pointe members—met to organize the Metamora Hunt. Col. Alger was elected Chairman and Elliott Nichols, President. Most of those present had already purchased farms in the new country which it was proposed to hunt and the enrollment of others progressed steadily.

There were two weeks of hunting at Metamora in 1928, and a month in '29. The next year most of the hounds of the Bloomfield pack were purchased, and the Metamora Hunt was formally established under the Mastership of its moving spirit, Elliott S. Nichols.

Born at Trenton, Michigan, Pecks rode his first race at 13 on a horse belonging to John S. Sweeney, then President of the Detroit Riding Club and later one of the organizers of the Metamora Hunt.

The nickname Pecks had been given him even before he rode that first race. Asked for his name, following a reprimand, he instantly replied, "Peck's Bad Boy." The name has stuck, though few of the hundreds who use it know its origin. Incidentally, a granddaughter of Sweeney won a blue at the Northville Hunter Show in 1939, mounted on a Nichols hunter.

Between school and college, Nichols spent two years in Arizona. The western life did much to set him in his love for horses and to develop an appreciation of them, whether in the rough or in show condition. Coursing with greyhounds for the elusive coyote built up a desire for the chase and established a habit of riding hard and straight which has never left him.

The study of law at the University of Michigan, where Pecks graduated in 1908, contributed greatly to his analytical approach to any problem confronting him. Most Masters appreciate that businessmen, with a definite hour at which they must be at their desks in the city, are apt to get fidgety, and perhaps demand a drag, if they do not promptly find action on early morning fox hunts. At Metamora foxes are plentiful, so the huntsman, instead of drawing each covert meticulously so that no half hidden fox is overlooked, moves hounds promptly through each covert and, if a fox is not found, goes on to the next one. There is scarcely ever a blank day and no demand for a drag.

The argument regarding hunters being shown is nearly as old as that about hunters being raced. For years it has been the Nichols' boast that no hunter was kept that did not have sufficient conformation and performance over fences to win in the ring; a disposition sufficiently temperate to permit hunting by the Master's wife, and sufficient foot to win races. There is a long list of those which "doubled in brass." (Continued on page 57)

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

April 27, 1940

Saturday,

This morning a bus drew up to The Leash Club in New York. Most of the members embarked on it, complete with backgammon boards and other forms of entertainment, for the David Wagstaff's in Tuxedo Park, N. Y., the scene of their annual dog show. This show may not be so important as far as wins go, but as an outing it is so much fun that none of them misses it if he can possibly help it. One man came all the way from Massachusetts with some dogs! Wives and daughters of members come along on this occasion; this year they also had women judges. After a delicious luncheon the show was held, and James M. Austin won with the smooth fox terrier, Warren Plunger. There were 83 dogs and about 30 breeds.

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This is a view of the judging of the sporting dogs; all the breeds of one group were judged together



The hostess, Mrs. David Wagstaff and Mrs. Paul Moore



Mrs. James M. Austin's Pee Wee won the "Trick and Pet" class



The judges, Mrs. Morgan Belmont and Mrs. Walton F. Ferguson, Jr.



The winner! John Bates presents the trophy to James M. Austin



Choosing the best American-bred; the winner was F. Gordon Brown's golden retriever, Willowbank Gunner

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

April 27, 1940

Saturday,

Not so long ago there was wailing and moaning at the supposedly low estate to which timber racing--that grand old typically American sport--had apparently fallen. Some thought it too dangerous for man or horse, said it ought to be given up in favor of brush racing; others, unworried by its danger, thought that \$5,000 purses would revive it. A few, fine sportsmen of the old school, refused to be stampeded, continued their earnest work on behalf of this truly amateur sport, conducted purely for honor, stemming from the best traditions of American sport. What a wonderful tribute this year's Maryland Hunt Cup was to their courage, their foresight, their planning!



The first warm day of spring brought an immense throng into Maryland's Worthington Valley to see the cup horses run



Blockade, twice winner of the race, went at once to the front, followed by nine competitors



Horse after horse drove at Blockade, here Or Else, Sid Watters up, is head and head with him



But there was no denying Blockade his unique triumph: three straight Maryland Hunt Cups! (He's never won another race)



Mrs. E. Read Beard, with the cup, J. F. Colwill, Miss Marian Beard

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

May 11, 1940

Saturday,

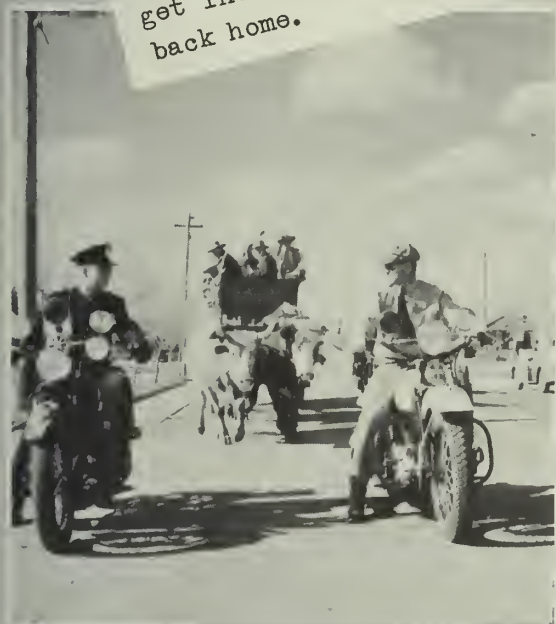
Last Sunday 350 big business men from various parts of the country arrived by plane at Ray Skofield's ranch at Santa Barbara, California, put on ten-gallon hats and went off for a carefree week ahorseback. It was the 11th annual trek of Los Rancheros Visitadores, the cavalcade headed toward Jack Mitchell's Rancho Juan & Lolita in the Santa Ynez Valley. This gathering is an outgrowth of an old California custom. However, the modern Rancheros Visitadores have a lot more fun than the old Spaniards did. If you don't believe it look at these pictures! When the fun is all over they get into their chartered plane and fly back home.

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Part of the group getting aboard the chartered plane at the Chicago airport



They were met at Cheyenne by an ox cart and motorcycle escort



El Presidente, Jack Mitchell getting a shave



Campfire scene at Jack Mitchell's Rancho Juan Y Lolita



Ready to go the morning after the second night's camp; Paul Dalzell's Ranch



The crowd trailing the beer wagon as they go through the Santa Ynez Valley

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

May 8, 1940

Wednesday,

One of the most active of all the field trial groups is the Women's Field Trial Club. It has 35 members, eastern sports women, who run their own retrievers, and retriever field trials. Some of them are becoming such expert handlers that they can compete on an equal footing with the men. The ladies run a big trial in the autumn, but their enthusiasm is such that for the last two years they have also had "training trials" in the spring. These are held near Monroe, N. Y., and though just sanctioned events- no championship points- the competition is of the keenest. Yesterday, at this year's event, Mrs. J. Gould Remick won the open all age, Mrs. J. H. Williams the training stake for novice dogs.



A general view of a few members of the gallery relaxing and talking over the dogs' work



A scene during the running of the Training Stake; E. Roland Harriman shooting, Mrs. Williams waiting to run her dog



Dr. Milbank, Mrs. J. H. Williams, Mrs. David Wagstaff, Mrs. Chapuisat



Mrs. Remick and her Labrador, Duce, the winner of the all-age



Time out for lunch; it was a pleasant day so there was an outdoor buffet luncheon

DUDE WRANGLING

by JAMES W. BROWN

IN the cold grey dawn of a June morning, about the turn of the century, a young man dressed in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, swung down from a Northern Pacific sleeper. After the reek of the fetid Pullman, the cool, fresh air of early dawn at a high altitude washed over him with an icy tang, dissolving completely the dregs of last night's alcohol and tobacco smoke. It takes something to maintain the prestige of Yale, "aughty-aught," at high stake poker across the plains.

As the train slipped away from the water tower a coyote barked out on the prairie, and a hearty voice at his elbow exclaimed, "Mornin' there, young feller! You must be headed for the ranch. Step this way. The buckboard is just around the corner."

In some such manner the original dude is supposed to have made his way to Howard Eaton's horse ranch near Medora, North Dakota.

Since then, in ever increasing numbers, the sons of the wealthy and near-wealthy, not to mention their wives and daughters, have come out West each year for a few weeks of fun and healthy outdoor living. The dude business has grown from an interesting and profitable side line into, in some cases, a resort business of formidable proportions. Today, the busy executive or jaded debutante can call up the nearest travel agency and get a bundle of literature depicting life on a ranch anywhere from Skoocumchuck, British Columbia, to the Mexican border, that would choke a horse. Every type of accommodation, from a mountain camp with open air plumbing and bough beds, to luxurious haciendas with tile baths and liveried servants, may be had.

Nevertheless, in conception, the dude ranch is nothing more than the Vermont farm of the last century that took a few boarders during the summer months, with a western setting. The typical ranch of today is primarily a cattle outfit lying somewhere along

the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, the owner of which probably got into the dude business more through accident than intent.

Somewhere in the 'twenties there was a bad year with the price of cattle low and nothing much in sight with which to pay the mortgage interest. So his wife and daughters threw open the spare room and took a paying guest for the summer. The dudes, as easterners sojourning in the West had long been called, turned out to be queer birds who seemed, strangely, to enjoy doing the very things that the rancher himself would rather delegate to one of his hired hands.

Still, it was a cash crop. And so the next year he threw together a couple of cabins down by the creek, and before he knew what it was all about there were thirty or forty giddy boys and girls in outlandish costumes,

wearing down his saddle string by day and enthusiastically trucking to square dances down at the cross-roads by night.

During the last few years the number of ranches that take dudes has multiplied tremendously. This is due largely to the exigencies of the depression. There has been a scramble for business, and all sorts of advertising and silly ballyhoo has gone out to attract the unwary vacationist. Some of the most unrestrained claims have come from places that are not really ranches at all, but merely resorts that feature horseback riding, and one or two so-called cowboys in bright shirts. It is this sort of place that has given the dude business some rather unfortunate publicity, and has given rise also to the allusions and wise cracks with regard to the synthetic character of the dude wrangler that are frequently seen in the moving pictures and smart charts.

THERE is such a large number of ranches that currently cater to dudes in one form or another, in such a vast expanse of variegated country, that any attempt at classification is difficult. It might almost be said that there are only two kinds; good and bad. However, to indicate the extent of the field, one might group them roughly into three very general classes.

First, the true stock ranch, situated in more or less open country, (*Continued on page 59*)



FRITZ HENLE PHOTOS

The typical dude ranch of today is primarily a cattle outfit lying along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains; here one meets real stockmen and cowboys



With the coming of the dudes the cowboy has been given additional duties, but his regular work remains

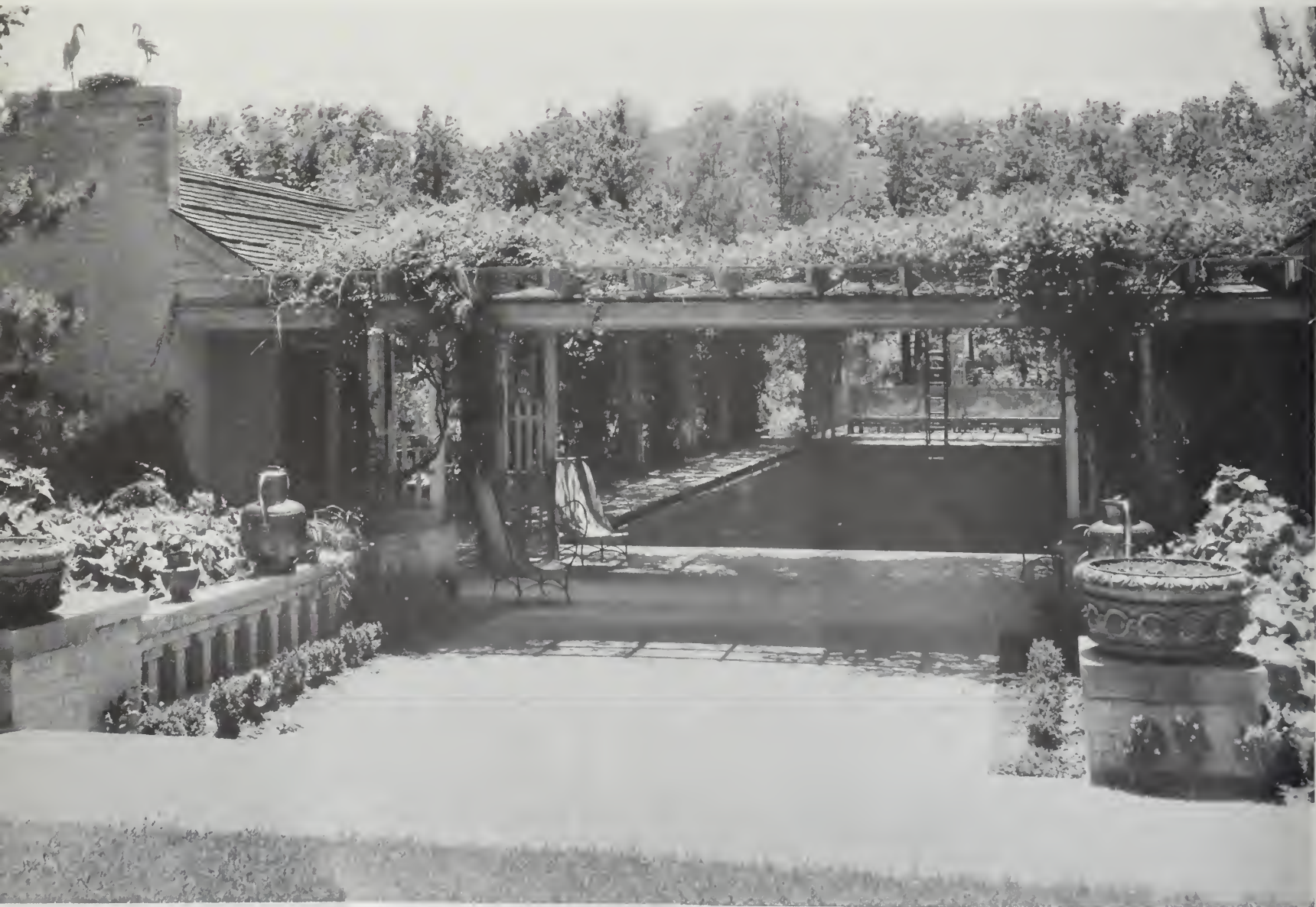


A formal pool on an estate at Glen Head, L. I.



A charming approach

The new swimmin' hole



If summer comes, can heat be far behind—and where would you rather be than within diving distance of this orbored West Virginia pool?

H. G. HEALY AND R. W. TEBBS PHOTOS



...distinguishes this pool of Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts

Salt water or fresh, indoors or out, formal or woodsy, the home swimming pool provides one more variation in the daily calendar of country living; it offers seclusion for the early morning plunge and serves as the most charming of spots for friendly gatherings on hot afternoons; the old swimmin' hole of hallowed memory never offered anything better than these



At the foot of the falls above this Georgia pool is another smaller one for the children

A natural pool, cleaned, landscaped and cemented, adds much to a Tennessee estate



Enclosed by rising ground and high trees and equipped with dressing rooms and terrace

THE HORSE SHOWS

by TOM REILLY

CONSIDERING the great expense involved and the fact that few exhibitors have any chance of getting their money back, it is remarkable that the horse show sport, as conducted in this nation, varies so little each year. There are constant changes, to be sure. Many stables drop out of competition after a few years' experience. But there are always competent replacements to be found. Shows, owners and horses may change but the scene is essentially the same.

There is no lack of shows this season. The one big change in the East is a sad one. This season we all miss the great Atlantic City exhibition. Here was a beautiful show, smartly set-up in the flower be-decked Municipal Auditorium down by the sad sea waves. The great auditorium was an ideal place for a show. The seaside was a perfect place for the horses. But, unfortunately, Atlantic City in May just hasn't got a population large enough to support an affair of this kind.

There is some talk of staging a show in Atlantic City at the height of the tourist season—in August. No doubt such an affair would draw fine crowds but we rather doubt that it would be able to attract the large stables which made the resort city a regular stop on their swing through the eastern circuit.

Oddly enough, although Atlantic City had one of the most spectacular shows in the East, its omission this year in no way left a gap in the regular schedule. Always in the past there were two or three show secretaries attending the annual meetings of the American Horse Show Association who were more than willing to fight for dates conflicting with the seaside exhibition. So this year instead of shipping their horses from Newark direct to Atlantic City most of the large stables bought tickets for Washington.

There can be no doubt that Atlantic City's loss was Washington's gain. Furthermore, we think that the national capitol, as such, should have a truly representative show each spring. Miss Deborah Rood is running the Washington show now and no more competent person ever scanned an entry list. We would not be at all surprised if at some future date Miss Rood had a resident of the White House attending her show, fully prepared to throw out the first bale of hay. After the Washington show, of course, the hunters and jumpers moved on to Wilmington for another Rood extravaganza and then, naturally, every big time stable in the nation converged on historic Devon.

For many people the season did not really get started until the Squadron A affair on Park Avenue, in New York, during April. There were some smaller exhibits before this one, to be sure, but many folk felt that New York's armory really launched the season. In many ways we feel that such sentiments were sound because this year's Squadron A exhibition was the best since that institution re-

turned to horse shows several years ago.

As you know, the Squadron show was limited to hunters, jumpers and the military. In all three phases it was excellent. Our only complaint was an old one that comes up at every show staged by military organizations. The military classes were given the best position on the program. They required so much time to complete, however, that they quite often emptied the building by the time the hunters appeared. Now there can be little doubt that the great names of our civilian stables which have supported horse shows for many years, such as Whitney, Rood, Gimbel, etc., are the principal attraction to the public which attends a horse show in the city. The public knows from long experience that these famous stables are likely to have the best horses and it is to see these particular performers that the public pays its money.

FURTHERMORE, these are the people who really support the shows. Therefore I think they should be given preference over the military in all exhibitions with the exception of the National Horse Show, wherein the International teams quite naturally deserve first rank. I realize that shows staged by such organizations as Squadron A and Essex Troop naturally must emphasize, and have, many military classes. But the unvarnished truth is that the performers in these classes are not nearly as talented as those you see in the International competition in Madison Square Garden, and in many cases do not



The imported Hackney stallion Shenandaah, grand champion at English shows, recently purchased and shawn by John F. Cunea, of Chicago

measure up to the talents of the civilians. The result is rather distressing.

I think the Essex Troop Horse Show in Newark is aware of this and is making plans for a change of schedule next year. I was told in Newark that next year Essex Troop would confine most of its military classes, which of course are quite necessary in a military exhibition, to Saturday morning and afternoon. The idea is to advertise Saturday morning and afternoon as "Military Day" and thus insure that no one will be deceived as to what they will be shown. This might sound a bit harsh, but it is no less true that few members of the civilian public are interested in which horse is selected at any show as the best officer's charger and a majority of the people come to see hunters, jumpers, saddle and harness horses.

No horse show year ever sees a very large invasion of new champions in the show ring. It is the custom of horse show champions to fade gradually and, consequently, each season allows room for only a few newcomers capable of wearing the rosette. The hunter champion at Squadron A was a complete newcomer to show ring titles. He was Bourbon Lad, a good-looking five-year-old chestnut by High Strung out of Mary Jane. He is owned by J. D. Silberman, of Scarsdale, and was shown throughout the show by Miss Marion Loucks, a talented young rider often seen out with the Golden's Bridge Hounds.

Bourbon Lad was foaled on Robert L. Gerry's famous Aknusti Farm, at Delhi, N. Y. Bred for racing, he never revealed enough speed. At three he was sold by Mrs. Gerry to Jimmy Bingham, a fifteen-year-old high school boy, of Stamford, Conn. Young Jimmy is one of the most amazing horse enthusiasts in this land. He has taken such a keen interest in the breeding and raising of horses that Mrs. Gerry is helping him get together a smart establishment. In fact Jimmy is doing so well with his horse dealing that he hopes the money earned thereby will pay his way through Yale. Young James is the son of Sidney Bingham, an executive of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company which operates the subways in New York. His mother is an executive of Schrafft's restaurant and candy stores. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were married when Bingham was with the American Expeditionary Forces in France and she was at the front as a nurse.

Jimmy's horses all are stabled on his father's Rainy Day Farm, near Stamford. On acquiring Bourbon Lad, Jim taught him to jump. The horse was never exhibited until sold to Mr. Silberman several months ago. Squadron A was Bourbon Lad's first big show, and he won the championship in easy fashion. In view of the fact that there were some excellent hunters in this show Bourbon Lad might well be tagged as a horse worthy of watching this summer.

Among the good ones which Bourbon Lad defeated were Mrs. (Continued on page 40)

Eight Bells and All 'I Well

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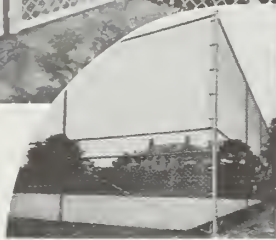
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SOIL & MAN

WHETHER it is a farm, a state or a nation, a body of land is a living unit. If any one part is skinned of cover and bared to the beat of the weather, not only the winds spread the trouble, dramatically, but the land's living water-courses, choked with silt, bear ill. A man who cuts down a woods or plows down grass at a crest may be helping to kill off good fishing in waters far away. Some remarkably perceptive writing stressing this fact has been coming forth lately, and not only in scientific journals but in the columns of the press.

Hear, for example, Gerald W. Johnson, of The Baltimore Sunpapers, addressing The Governor of Maryland in a signed editorial. Governor O'Connor has inherited, from the past, two state conservation commissions. One is supposed to watch over conservation ashore. The other is supposed to guard the waterborne crops of Chesapeake Bay and its calm, inbranching tidal rivers. It is a very old idea, in our southern tidewater, that shore and hills, and shoremen and hillmen, are of worlds and breeds apart; and thus far the Governor has been too busy or something to pay much heed to a push by Maryland conservationists to unify the commissions, make them one. The Sunpapers have been backing this push. Note how neatly Gerald Johnson advances a natural principle into the troubled fields of state politics:

"For a long time the essential unity of conservation escaped general knowledge. When a farmer in upland Maryland abuses his land he may be helping smother oyster bars of the Bay with slime. Many fine oyster beds have been destroyed and the process continues. . . . Land, water and minerals, trees, fish and animals, are all a part of the property of Maryland, and it is astonishing how often the protection of one depends upon the protection of some, or all, of the others."

Whenever away from home, as now, I try to have my county papers follow me. This is not unusual; many Americans do so; but most of them, for some strange reason, seem rather shamefaced about their attachment to homegrown journalism, and this I am unable to understand. I have a deep liking for county weeklies, especially if they are good ones, covering their home country in their own style, plainly and honestly—as, for instance, "The Aegis" and "The Times," of Bel Air, Harford County, Maryland, the two published nearest my home.

Judge John Robinson owns and edits "The Times." The Judge has a deep and abiding interest in soil conservation; he loves good land; and what he sees and says as he goes around the county has often

more tang and thrust than the cautious, scientific output of Washington and the state agricultural colleges. As the weather opened up this spring the Judge got around the county quite a little. He observed cowpaths. He noticed that cows naturally follow contours on steep hillsides. Many of us have noticed this; but few have noticed, as he did, that hillside cowpaths, even in grassland, grow through the years with the creep of soil-grains, into something like little terraces—barriers which check and soak back into the soil at the spot enlivening raindrops and top-soil particles.

Cows, then—the Judge remarks in his personal column in "The Times"—know more about the essential principles of soil defense than do most Americans. They observe contours. They do not treat round country as if it were flat country. Cows know best.

In practically all the initial planning, both of settlements and of farm layouts in this country, our pioneer forebears ignored the natural lay of the land, the contours and natural water-courses. They imposed on slanted, rounded and sharply sloped terrain alike a stiff, rigid, ugly and often a damaging layout, cut foursquare.

Boston, we read in the school-books, was laid out along cowpaths. And it may well be argued that Boston, for all its occasional cluttered ugliness in detail, is a city more beautifully and sensibly designed than Baltimore, where surveyors ran the streets straight over mounting hills; or, later, Columbus, O., where the heave and sway of the landscape was again ignored by surveyors, shooting straight. We may note in passing, also, that newer suburbs of both Baltimore and Columbus (Roland Park and Upper Arlington, for instance) are arranged along curving roads and lanes which conform to the lay of the land.

This was done by landscape architects seeking an artificial "natural" effect. It is too bad there could have been no intuitive progenitor of this new profession on the government planning and surveying agencies which first laid out our land for a practical purpose, farming. For farmland laid out and worked on the square not only breaks to the eye the natural form and flow of a landscape; it invites accelerated erosion.

This note is written on a trip afield, in upland South Carolina. Spring came here late this year. April was cold with chill, hard, biting rains. On abandoned farms or farms ill-tended, red soil ran off at the old disastrous rate; and the streams looked as if there were blood in them. But most farms here in the watershed of the South Tyger River,

BY RUSSELL LORD

out from Spartanburg, held their soil this spring. Most farmland in this watershed is strip-cropped and stripped-farmed on the contour now. The fields are not square, but are rather like protecting arms embracing, protecting the hills. They still grow cotton here, and live by it; but now they grow grass and stock-feed also, and rotate their cotton, grain and grass from winding strip to strip.

By this mode of cultivation every furrow, every harrow-scratch, and every intervening grass-strip or buffer-crop provides against the runoff of soil and water a myriad of little dams. The earth and the growths of the earth are turned as impediments to erosion. The new design is practical, and it is beautiful.

It was, as now, mid-May when I passed this way before. In 1935, that was; and the weather was about as now—brightly sunny with a breeze, spring bursting into summer all at once, fresh greens darkening to a greater fullness on spare red soil, and on every hillside men and mules briskly moving, plowing cotton. All this is the same; but differences now, only five years later, are startling. You see hardly a field now that is not a strip-field, coiled on the contour. You see far more grassland and feed crops between the strips of cotton now. And the practice of crop rotation has advanced enormously in the past five years. All this has been good for this land, and it makes a man feel good to see it.

When I was here before the U. S. Soil Conservation Service had just selected the South Tyger watershed as the scene of one of its first co-operative demonstrations in erosion control. Then as now, Dr. T. S. Buie, a native South Carolinian, was in charge. "Go see the Gaston place," he told me. "He's been working for thirty years or more along the lines of culture we're trying to spread here now."

J. W. Gaston farms some 540 acres. He has been on his present farm for forty years; and a son, J. W. Gaston, Jr., working there with him now, will inherit it intact. When I first went to their place, in '35, they were farming on the contour, but without the support of low-mound terraces of the new design on the steeper slopes, and without the additional support of strip-fields. "That wasn't good enough," the elder Mr. Gaston told me yesterday. We drove around his property in an old buggy drawn by a slow, stocky mule. He finds that "a good, steady way" to get around, and follow his hands down the crop-rows. "Plunging and snorting around isn't good farming. It's better to keep at it slow and easy. But you've got to keep eternally at it," he said.

He has a tractor, "for quick turns of preparatory cultivation between breaks of the weather." But his main power reliance is upon mules of his own rearing, fed with barley, oats and lespedeza of his own raising, grown on rotated strip-fields, between the strip-fields of cotton. He customarily makes a bale of cotton to the acre. "Every foot of the place is in strip-fields now," he told me. "There isn't a gully anywhere on any acre I farm. Sheet erosion? Well, yes, in hard rains, the topsoil stirs and moves a little. But with strips of grain and lespedeza between the cotton strips, you've got a sort of filter. I've seen raw, red water leave the cotton strips and come out on the other side of the grass or grain strips clean; I've seen that time and again. And a lot more of that water sinks into the ground, where it's wanted. Yes; we're holding our own here now. But it's been quite a struggle."

Apart from the simple pleasure of travelling and seeing the country, the purpose of my present journey is to be for a while afield with Robert



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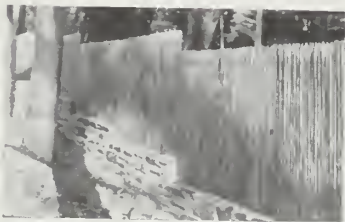
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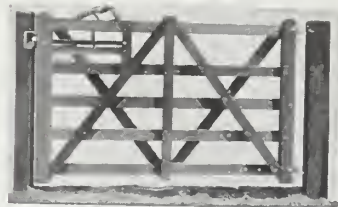
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Flaherty, helping him to locate scenes and persons for a film that will tell the story of the headlong occupation, the wicked mutilation and the beginnings of a permanent agriculture in the United States. He is making the picture for the United States Department of Agriculture. It will be called *The Land*, and will probably be ready for issue by fall.

Flaherty has done such great documentary films as *Nanook of the North*, *Elephant Boy*, and *Man of Aran*. He has recorded the face of earth and its natural growths, especially human, the world over. He had been out of this country for seven years when they called him back from England to make this picture last summer. He started shooting the face of Iowa in August and has pretty well covered the West. In the dust country he saw privation springing from soil displacement and human displacement that is worse, he says, than any privation he ever saw in the far North, on the rocky isle of Aran, or in India. Conservation is surely a live and vital story, as Bob Flaherty sees and films it.

One thing, he feels, that must rise and shine in this film is our basic new design for agriculture, field-twisting on the contour. It is hard to get with a movie camera, without color. Still shots give the general idea (see the picture on page 39); but they fall far short of conveying what you see from a 'plane, as you fly over land so farmed, toward sundown with the light striking slantwise on a vast living mosaic, and the shadows deep and long. That is what we are trying to get into the picture here at Spartanburg, as spring bursts into summer, and the coiled fields shimmer and sparkle, putting forth new growths.

THE HORSE SHOWS

(Continued from page 36)

Harry Frank, Jr.'s, Clifton's Beau, who went on a week later to take the championship at Newark; Mrs. Edward Lasker's Court Ways, winner of the hunter crown at Greenwich, Conn.; Mrs. William J. Kennedy's Hallow Gold and Samuel Weiss' Shamrock, named runner-up to the champion.

Shamrock, by the way, is an imported Irish horse who has had a curious career. Joe Hale, who rode him throughout the Squadron show, claims that some years ago—Shamrock is nine now—he tried to buy this horse in Ireland for \$2,000 and couldn't get him because the price was not considered high enough. Later Dick Sheehan, of Boston, purchased the animal and brought him to this country. Sheehan is supposed to have sold the horse in Boston at a price popularly believed to have been \$4,000. At any rate, Shamrock was a complete bust on this side of the water and refused to jump anything. He passed through many hands and at one time was given away as useless. Weiss bought him for \$250.

While the hunter title contenders were comparative newcomers, the jumper championship saw two old

timers—Golden Brew and Lew Dunbar—finish one-two. Of all the new jumpers around Grand Larceny, an amazingly large horse standing well over 17 hands high, looks like the most likely to succeed. He is owned by Mrs. Harry Frank, Jr., of Warrenville, N. J., and it is by no means an accident that she has this fine horse in her stable. Steve Boland, who trains Mrs. Frank's horses, had been trying to buy Grand Larceny from Amory Carhart, M.F.H., of Warrenton, for four years. Carhart kept the horse that long in the hope that he might develop into a good hunter. The horse is one of the safest jumpers around. Grand Larceny never could become accustomed to hounds, however, and eventually Carhart gave up and sold him to Mrs. Frank. At Squadron A he won the jumper sweepstake and at Essex Troop he was first in the touch-and-out sweepstake.

Essex Troop, being located in New Jersey, naturally brought out a fine saddle horse show. There were several interesting newcomers in this division. Mrs. L. Victor Weil, whose saddle horses have been the pride of The Garden State for the past few years, sold her famous mare Dixie Maid to Mrs. Samuel Schiffer. In place of Dixie Maid Mrs. Weil now has a smart newcomer named Another Maid. Mrs. Weil's well known five gaited performer, Janet Sue, has been retired to stud and will soon have a foal. Mrs. Weil is counting on Judy Dare, another newcomer, to take her place.

Mrs. Reed Albee, of Westchester, another keen saddle horse enthusiast, is giving her well known walk-trot Wild Honey a rest, and setting forth to the wars with a newcomer named Katie Scarlet. Then there is Isabel Joan Prizer who has replaced her three-gaited performer, Carry The News, with Command Appearance. These were the only changes in saddle horse stables that we noticed at the Essex Troop affair, which was the first saddle exhibition of the year.

DO NOT READ NOW ANSWERS

to questions on page 66

1. (a) 60 feet, six inches. (b) 90 feet.
2. A batted ball falling between an infielder and an outfielder, usually resulting in a base hit.
3. (a) Ability to get on base. (b) Speed.
4. A fly ball which has been caught after which a runner on base has advanced. It does not count as a time at bat, hence the name.
5. (a) Dodgers. (b) White Sox. (c) Indians. (d) Cardinals.
6. Philadelphia.
7. The percentage obtained by dividing the number of hits by the number of times at bat.
8. Shortstop, due to the speed necessary to field a batted ball and throw to first for a put-out.
9. He is usually a weak hitter.
10. Ten.

Cellar and Pantry • BY CROSBY GAIGE

JUNE again and, *parbleu*, how time flies! Thus I am reminded that this is the time of the year when the wolf and the lamb forget all their traditional differences about clothes and meet happily and pleasantly at millions of dinner tables. Wolf is happy because, gleaming knife in hand, he faces a crisply browned leg of spring lamb on the silver platter, and lamb, content to be so beautifully presented, is grateful that he has reached, gracefully and fragrantly, the gastronomic apotheosis of his life; that he has made the supreme sacrifice *juste à point* and so will never be served to a reluctant public as mutton.

Père Wolf, if he knows his stuff, as I suspect he does, will carve thin and toothsome slices with the grain, and not against it as many of our carvers do. Mother Wolf will heap onto the hot plates generous mounds of mashed potatoes blushing with paprika and with wishing wells prepared for rich brown gravy. James, will you please, carefully, pour for us that bottle of Château Gruaud-Larose-Sarget, '29. Thank you. Let's have some fresh asparagus with melted butter flavored with a touch of nutmeg, a mixed green salad of lamb's lettuce, escarole, chopped onion and dandelion, with French dressing, individual strawberry short cakes with thick cream, a cup of steaming coffee and call it a day. It seems to me that the Wolf family have done pretty well by themselves and by their guests.

With these hesitant and humble words of introduction, I now get down to the all important question of properly seasoning a leg of lamb for roasting. Make no mistake about it—that's garlic. To me a touch of the divine but much maligned bulb is indispensable to this roast. In too many kitchens, however, whole cloves of garlic are larded into the meat where they lie in ambush to overpower the unsuspecting palate. Here is a suggestion that comes to me from Eugene Canalizo, of Wall Street, a cocoa importer by profession and an amateur cook by preference. You will have to add to your kitchen equipment a veterinarian hypodermic syringe with a long, coarse needle. Put into your mortar 6 black pepper corns, ½ teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoon of olive oil, and a clove of garlic. Grind these thoroughly until the garlic and pepper are well blended with the oil. Strain through a fine cloth or sieve. Fill your syringe with the flavorful oleum and inject small doses of it at various strategic points throughout the lamb getting as close to the bone as possible. Thus simply is solved another of life's great problems.

IN the May issue of this publication I intimated that if properly approached I would reveal to my

readers the secrets of Shish-Kebab. Contact has been made by persons representing themselves to be subscribers, so here, according to promise, is the story of a dish that comes to us from the upland pastures of the East—perhaps from Syria, perhaps from the Caucasus. The tale was told to André Simon, Julian Street, Frederick Wildman and myself by Aram Salesian of the Golden Horn Restaurant, and here it is:

The basis is lamb, a good leg of spring lamb. Have your butcher cut the meat into pieces about 2 inches square by 1½ inches thick, removing fat and sinew leaving only the lean meat. Anoint these pieces with grated onion and olive oil and put into the refrigerator over night. This dish should be cooked out of doors over a hot charcoal fire. You will need long skewers, 18 to 20 inches and as you probably do not have them you might just as well break down and order a sufficient number from Hammacher Schlemmer or Lewis and Conger or from The Golden Horn, 31 West 51st Street, New York City. Figure for each skewer five pieces of lamb, one unpeeled medium sized tomato cut in half, one green pepper cut into quarters and four or five sections of single onion leaves taken, not transversely, from a big Bermuda. Impale the meat and the vegetables in alternate order on the skewers, arrange on your grill back and front support for the skewers. Place them over the glowing coals and cook about 8 minutes on each side, turning skewers once. Serve with a pilaff of Patna or Persian rice well endowed with sweet butter and give due thanks to Xerxes or Alexander,

or whoever it was that first brought this gift to man.

SAMUEL MARTIN of Seattle, Washington, has made a very pleasant gastronomic gesture toward his fellow man by putting a whole cooked pheasant into a tin can. Most every sort of food has been successfully canned, so why not a pheasant? Mr. Martin started raising ring-necks as a hobby on Whidby Island and presently, due to the favorable climate or to his particular care he soon had a surplus that had to be dealt with. Any thrifty husbandman with an oversupply of any sort of food immediately thinks of a can and that is exactly what Mr. Martin did. The result is delicious. It comes packed in its own juices. It can be stuffed and heated in a hot oven and will bring a welcome dish to a game-loving household when pheasant time is far away.

FROM the Vanguard Press comes, "Thoughts for Food, a menu aid," and indeed it is just that. There are menus, with recipes of course, for practically every occasion that brings human beings to the feed bag—dinners formal and informal and mere family, luncheons, breakfasts, bridge teas, stag dinners, evening snacks and "brunch," an execrable word devised by some mentally obese British desecrator of linguistic temples, to describe that most pleasant of the week's meals, late Sunday or holiday breakfast. It would be my pious notion to let the Britons keep this word. It is more suited to their climate.

The serious student will appreciate and admire "Gastronomic Bibliography" by Katherine Golden Bitting, published apparently by the author in San Francisco. It is a work of monumental and painstaking erudition, and will become indispensable to the collector of books on food and drink.

A charming small diary and notebook for the pocket, "The Epicure's Diary," has been compiled by André L. Simon and issued by The Wine and Food Society of London. It contains in brief form information concerning wines, vintages and drinks in general. This thirst-provoking, and recording volume may be had from The Wine and Food Society, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, for \$1.00.

MOST men love meat and most women do also, for that matter, and the old saying that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat was never more aptly demonstrated than in a dish that is a specialty one day a week in the Men's Bar at the Waldorf. It is called Devilled Roast Beef Bones and for sheer appetite-compelling power it is difficult to beat.

Of course you have to have a supply of left-over ribs from a roast of beef with enough meat left on them to make them worth cooking. Make a sauce with two tablespoons of melted butter, a half teaspoon of English mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a half teaspoon of brown sugar and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Mix well and brush it over the meat on the bones. Dip the bones in bread crumbs and broil for two or three minutes on each side over a brisk fire. Serve with a devilled sauce made as follows:

Brown in a small saucepan in half an ounce of butter four good-sized and very finely chopped shallots. Add half-teaspoon English mustard and one teaspoon flour. Mix well without cooking. Add four medium-sized, fine, red, crushed and strained tomatoes; mix well, season with a teaspoon salt, half saltspoon cayenne pepper, adding a teaspoon powdered sugar and a teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly and then allow to boil slowly for twelve minutes, stirring once in a while. When finished, add quarter of an ounce of butter. Mix well again without boiling and the sauce is ready.

THE astute and gastronomically elegant Alfred Knopf, has once more proved his discrimination and taste as a publisher by issuing for our use and enjoyment a new cook book under the title of "Much Depends on Dinner." It is well and provocatively written by Mary Grosvenor Ellsworth. If we really need another cook-book—and perhaps we do—this is it.

I have some 3,000 volumes on food



The chef at the Golden Horn prepares the Shish-Kebab



THEY TELL in the Champagne country of a visit to Rheims which Louis XIV made not long after his coronation.

He was still young and handsome in those days; he had not yet become the *roi soleil* of Versailles; he was simply the well-loved young king of the fair country of France.

When he reached Rheims he was met by a deputation, the mayor of the city at its head, and the mayor expressed in a brief and eloquent little speech the sentiments of himself and of his fellow citizens.

"Sire," said the mayor, "we offer you our wines, our pears, our biscuits, our gingerbread and our hearts."

The young king was pleased, naturally enough, and for most of his life he drank little except Champagne—the gay and sprightly wines of the Montagne de Rheims and the green vine-covered slopes of the Marne valley.

Since then Champagne has been the world over the wine of gay parties and of state occasions—more than ever so today.



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in what I call with a bit of Augustan swank my "Bibliotheca Coquinaria" and I welcome Mrs. Ellsworth to this classic company. She may or may not be flattered when I say that she has the best amateur *masculine* approach to her subject—gusto, imagination and the spirit of adventure. I quote from her chapter on seasoning:

"The spices and condiments are needed both for main dishes and for desserts, though today their greatest usefulness seems to be for fruits and baked dishes. It is amusing to know that once this was not so. You remember the part that the spice trade played in early European economic and political history—that wasn't for desserts! Spices were known and used first as preservatives, for their lethal effect on molds and bacteria.

"To be sure, if the meat got a little high by spring, they also made it more palatable, but their primary function was to preserve it in an iceless era.

"So many really early recipes are apt to call for 'spicerye.' For instance, the recipe for 'Smal Byrdys Y-Stwyde' in the Harlein Manuscript dated about 1430, after browning the birds in 'freysshe grece,' advises: 'than take a gode porcyon of cinnamon, an wyne, an draw throw a strynoure, an caste in-to the potte with the oynony; than caste the byrdys ther-to, an cloves an maces, an a lytil quantyte of powder pepir ther-to, and lete hem boyle togederys y-now; than caste ther-to, whyte sugre, an powder gyngere, salt, safron and serve it forth.'"

"I wonder how such a dish would taste to our modern palates—even the cook-books seem to have forgotten the virtues of spices for meats. A slight survival of that highly seasoned era is found in the Continental trick of sticking a couple of cloves in an onion to flavor soups, stews, and casserole dishes.

"Oddly enough, there are other survivals in regional country cooking. A clove or two is often used in cooking liver, veal, and tongue, and of course ham without cloves is unthinkable. The nutmeg and its pale orange skin, mace, make pleasant additions to meat pies, to casserole dishes, and, oddly enough, to many vegetables. Try nutmeg or mace with your spinach, asparagus, and cauliflower.

"A little ground ginger is often added to the same sort of dishes, particularly when made of lamb or mutton. German and Pennsylvania Dutch dishes are the best example of all, for they use a good many spices with both meats and vegetables and regard them as essential to all "sweet and sour" dishes.

"A German sauce for tongue calls for onions, lemon slices, raisins, almonds, cinnamon, cloves, brown sugar, and vinegar, plus the usual butter and flour for thickening, and is delicious. Game they pickle in vinegar with cloves, peppercorns and bay before cooking, and of course the famous Hasenpfeffer is really spiced hare. So don't pass up the spices when seasoning your meats—cloves are good for other things besides baked pears."

LIFE WORTH LIVING

(Continued from page 27)

state champions, and a class leader, in three of the 21 classes in which Guernseys are tested for milk and butter fat production.

They have been particularly fortunate, also, in their help, they feel. To be sure, having Lloyd Wescott's father, and his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Tomas Hotchkiss (she is the farm secretary and he is in charge of the dairy house) about the place, is a great help. But Wescott cannot praise too highly his herdsman, his head farmer, and his head horseman. And all down the line his total of seventeen men are so extraordinarily good that the Wescotts can spend a winter month in Mexico, as they did this year, without a qualm.

His men receive from \$75 to \$125 a month, with a house to live in, and milk and firewood for family use. Most of the men are from the immediate neighborhood, which makes for contentment, and good relations in the community. Hours are regulated as much as possible, with a day a week off on an average, and only a skeleton staff working on Sunday.

Wescott has a theory that he should not demand a day's work of a man that he himself has not proven reasonable, and so he not only tries out every type of work, but estimates that he spends three-fourths of his time in manual effort. He's had his breakfast and is in the barns at 7 a. m., occasionally working on the milking crew. Since he thinks he is as good a producer on most jobs as any of his men, it saves the price of a hand. But also he enjoys physical activity much more than the book work.

THERE is an appalling amount of that to be done at Mulhocaway. For besides the usual farm records and the Suffolk Association activities, the farm is involved in a whole list of cooperative and association enterprises. The herd is tested for production under the Herd Test Plan of the Guernsey Cattle Club, which procedure brings the price down from \$10 to \$3 a head. But part of the agreement is that every cow shall be included, which means at Mulhocaway keeping records on as many as 60 at a time.

Wescott is a director of the New Jersey State Guernsey Breeders' Association, president of the New Jersey Livestock Council, and a director of the New Jersey Artificial Breeding Cooperative Unit I. The unit, the first of its kind in the United States, though there are now three others in New Jersey and a dozen or so over the country, was launched by the New Jersey Holstein Association. Mr. Wescott offered the use of his sires if they would include Guernseys in the unit. Recently the cooperative rented Mulhocaway land and there built bull barns and exerciser—one of those new merry-go-round affairs. The unit now includes five Holsteins, one Jersey, and three Guernsey bulls. In the Mulhocaway herd a record of 64 per cent conception on the first service has been established.



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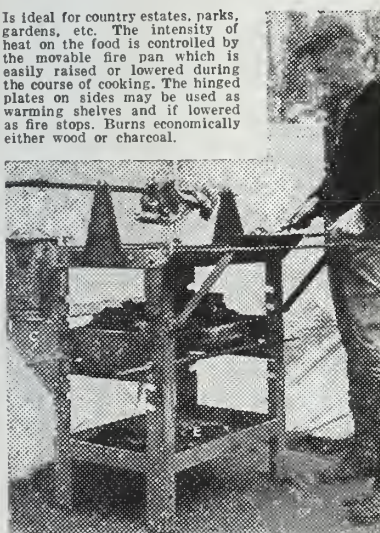
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The greatest benefit from artificial breeding accrues, of course, not to farmers like the Wescotts, but to the man with a herd so small that he cannot afford to keep a good bull, or the commercial dairyman with a mixed herd. But Wescott is as earnest about the importance of building up his neighbors' herds as his own.

THE solution to the farmers' problem lies, Wescott thinks, in getting the food he raises to the millions of people who need it. Thus the dairy farmer should strive, not for higher and higher prices for his fluid milk, but to see that less and less of his product is forced into the low priced butter and condensed milk market. He should strive to see that an enormous potential milk drinking public is reached through more efficient distribution that will bring down the price of milk to the consumer.

Mulhocaway Farm comes remarkably near to self-containment as far as the animals are concerned. In good years, all feeds are raised except those of high protein content like cotton seed meal. Even last summer's unusual drought forced the purchase only of some hay.

Furthermore, the aim is as nearly as possible to feed everything grown. The wheat and soy beans, which are largely cash crops, are grown merely because their early and late planting and harvest times make for a more balanced use of both equipment and labor. Such extensive feeding on the land where the crops are grown reduces fertilizer purchases to the super-hydrates and some potash that must always be replenished on a dairy farm.

The thousand-acre place still has 150 acres "in the rough." Permanent bluegrass pasture accounts for 300 acres, and the remaining 550 are cropped, in an average year, thusly:

Corn for grain	60 acres
Wheat	70 "
Winter barley	60 "
Oats	90 "
Soy beans	30 "
Alfalfa	140 "
Mixed hay and grass	100 "

The building operations at Mulhocaway have run into impressive totals. While three barns were remodeled for the horses, most of the dairy barns and wagon sheds had to be built new. Fencing had all to be done new and they keep between three and five miles of fence electrified for the cattle. Calves and horses they have found to be "fools with a strong suicidal mania" that cannot be kept within bounds with the electric fencing, which is relatively inexpensive. Woven wire has proven satisfactory for the horses, however, if posts and rails are used in shady corners where the animals are apt to lean on the fence.

Plumbing, lights, furnaces, and new floors have gone into eight houses (thirteen families live in them), three of which had to be completely reroofed. At first Mr. and Mrs. Wescott thought they would begin a new home for themselves on

the highest elevation just as soon as the first essentials were complete. Now they say, "We'll build it some time—if we ever get to the place where we don't want another horse."

They live in a plain clapboard house of no particular design, a few feet from the road, paved but narrow, that leads a mile or so to Clinton.

"For the present the house does not much matter," said Mrs. Wescott. "Neither of us spends much time in it."

And they have worked out a regular under which she gives not a single thought to a single meal, no matter how many guests are to sit about massive copper dining table under which look down amicably Mrs. Wescott's collection of paintings. Works including an unusual Corot and others, the pictures consist chiefly a Soutine (French modern of moderns) collection that long was finest in America.

Again their good fortune upon most, they early found a price cook in Hungarian John, who prepared the meals and does his own maring in the village. Mrs. Hotch spends a half hour with him every morning but the session amounts little more than telling him how many are to be served, and providing the money he needs.

While Mrs. Wescott attends to a large share of the book work that Wescott dislikes, she goes with him through every inch of the planning. And so great is her devotion to horses that he threatens to build a maternity ward annex for them in the house, to keep her in nightgown Mrs. Wescott says that, since she is catching up on sleep by day without disrupting the farm schedule, she is logical person to sit up all night with foaling mares.

THOUGH most of the houses at Mulhocaway have been repaired with a view to utility rather than appearance, one has genuine charm. The oldest farmhouse on the place, built partly of stone and with a wide fireplace and Dutch oven, was taken over by Lloyd's brother, Glen Wescott, the novelist (author of "The Grandmothers," "Goodbye Wisconsin," and others) and remodeled for weekend use.

Here Glenway Wescott and friends have developed a well-kept lawn—the only one at Mulhocaway—and, behind a high stone wall charming garden. "But as for the said brother Lloyd, quite unashamedly, "We haven't planted a flower. We can't do everything in four years." He did, though, look to the future beautification of Mulhocaway when the land was being cleared. Some 1,400 of the little sycamore, pin oak, linden, and ash trees that had stood in the fields were transplanted to a nursery bed and are being moved to desired locations as they reach proper size. Furthermore, some good sized trees have been transplanted to improve vistas. Flowers can be had later when there is time and in a season. But as "only time can make a tree," Wescott thought the good work should get under way



English Silver

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GUILLE

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English Silver
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ENUE, NEW YORK



THEY TELL in the Champagne country of a visit to Rheims which Louis XIV made not long after his coronation.

He was still young and handsome in those days; he had not yet become the *roi soleil* of Versailles; he was simply the well-loved young king of the fair country of France.

When he reached Rheims he was met by a deputation, the mayor of the city at its head, and the mayor expressed in a brief and eloquent little speech the sentiments of himself and of his fellow citizens.

"Sire," said the mayor, "we offer you our wines, our pears, our biscuits, our gingerbread *and our hearts*."

The young king was pleased, naturally enough, and for most of his life he drank little except Champagne—the gay and sprightly wines of the Montagne de Rheims and the green vine-covered slopes of the Marne valley.

Since then Champagne has been the world over the wine of gay parties and of state occasions—more than ever so today.



Of the ten or twelve great Champagne houses of France, Ernest Irroy is neither the largest nor the oldest. We are sincerely convinced that it is one of the best.

The **Irroy 1928 English Cuvée** has, for all its fine balance and wonderfully clean aftertaste, just a trace of that austerity which is the mark of a great *brut* Champagne. It was one of the two Champagnes served to the King and Queen of England at the first dinner given them on Canadian soil.

The **Irroy 1933 English Cuvée** is a worthy successor to the rapidly disappearing 1928—a shade lighter and softer, it has matured more quickly and is now coming into its own.

The **Irroy Brut Non-Vintage** is an admirable wine for large scale entertaining and less expensive than you probably think.

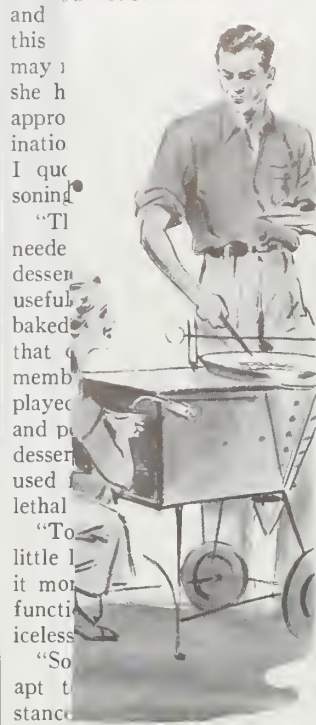
Champagne ERNEST IRROY

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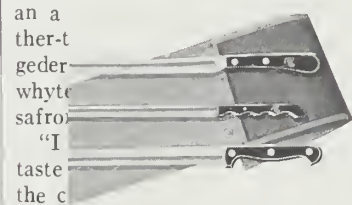
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sides

The Sp

So wide is the range of interesting and decorative objects that can be considered as trophies that many readers may find here likely suggestions for wedding presents, as well as gifts for themselves.

Perhaps the easiest and most helpful way of presenting these suggestions is by first considering such articles as would meet with the general approbation of women. In this way, and from this list, committees in charge of selecting prizes for women might choose with a comfortable sense of security, objects which have always pleased the gentler sex.

There are certain competitive events for women which, like sailing and golf, might demand prizes which have a definite connection with the sport, but with little fear of contradiction, antique Lowestoft is the safest choice that can be made as a prize for women. A few people know a great deal about this lovely old china erroneously known as Lowestoft, but the many who know next to nothing of its history, of its great variations in quality, age, and decoration, do know that they like it. There is one shop in New York, Sarah Potter Conover, 746 Madison Avenue, devoted almost exclusively to antique Lowestoft, and the only risk involved in entering its doors lies in the will power necessary to depart in a solvent conditions.

Only a person of great taste and knowledge could have brought together so fine and lovely a collection, and whether you come to buy or to admire, you will leave enriched by the experience.

You will find many pieces from this collection in the list of suggested trophies which follows.

For further simplification, this general list is compiled in price groupings.

PRIZES FOR WOMEN, UNDER \$20

Sarah Potter Conover, 746 Madison Avenue

A few pairs of antique Lowestoft tea bowls, \$10 a pair.

A few miniature antique Lowestoft cups and saucers on mahogany stands, \$18.

Antique Lowestoft small trays. Various shapes and decorations. Excellent for ash trays. Some at \$15.

Wm. H. Plummer & Co., 695 Fifth Avenue

Modern Staffordshire flowered china boxes, about the size of the usual oblong cigarette box. White china box, the cover of which is encrusted with raised china flowers in blending colors, these strangely akin to present day flowered "bonnets." \$12 each.

Copies of old Sevres *cache pots*—the small size which would fit on a mantel, and would hold such flowers as sweet peas, pansies, for-

get-me-nots. Decorated in soft colors. \$18 a pair.

Modern Staffordshire marmalade jars. Raised flowers or fruits on lid. Singles \$3. Pairs on small china trays \$9.50.

Breakfast tray sets of English bone china. Various colors and decorations. \$15.

Antique Lowestoft, small trays and saucers. \$7.50 to \$18.

Au Panier Fleuri, 762 Madison Avenue

Oval painted tin tray, 25" x 20". pierced border 1 1/2" high, can be ordered in any color, with flower paintings in old gold. A very handsome tray. \$18.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street

Effective glass centerpiece. A 17" clear glass square, with a silver or gold inner square set in its center. Surprisingly pleasing, different. \$18.50.

PRIZES FOR WOMEN, FROM \$20 TO \$50

Mrs. Bruce, 725 Madison Avenue

Sheraton mahogany octagonal tea caddy, inlaid with satinwood and ebony. Lovely in color, reasonable in price. \$30.

Sarah Potter Conover, 746 Madison Avenue

Antique Lowestoft sauce boats. Rich in texture. Varied in decoration. Pleasing in shape. Some at \$30.

Lovely pair of antique Lowestoft tea bowls. Made evidently for Dutch trade. Decorated with scenes of monastery wine barrels being loaded on ships in harbor. \$25.

An antique Lowestoft 6" saucer. A unique piece as the decoration consists of a small elephant sporting a horse's tail. \$35.

An antique Lowestoft 8" dish, bearing the arms of Baron Clifford of Chudleigh-Devonshire, is of excellent quality, and mounted on a mahogany stand is a very choice prize at \$40.

Pair of old Worcester shell shaped fruit or vegetable dishes, painted with decorative arrangement of fruits and vegetables. \$50 the pair.

A particularly nice old Worcester ribbed bowl, 6" in diameter, handsome enough to stand by itself, and yet the perfect container for flowers on the best table in the home's best room. \$35.

An irresistible pair of plump antique Lowestoft custard pots with lids, 3 1/2" high. Any woman of voting age would be enchanted to receive these. \$50 a pair.

Also within this price range at this most dependable treasure house of antique Lowestoft are 6" bowls from \$25 to \$45, some soft colored, rich textured rice bowls around \$25

each, a few handsome mugs at \$45. (Handsome ones are to be had up to \$85), helmet jugs at about \$45 each, covered tea caddies, and charming small hot water jugs at \$25 to \$45, old salts about \$25 each, and tea bowls of the finest quality and variety at \$50.

Wm. H. Plummer & Co., 695 Fifth Avenue

An early 19th century white and gold Paris bowl 8½" in diameter, decorated with birds. \$35.

Lennox china cigarette boxes on which is transposed any photograph desired. Gold rim. \$25.

Single plates of Lennox china. Gold border with transposed photograph. \$50 each.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street

The newest thing in breakfast trays. Tray sets on table height folding leg stand, or on its own short ones. It has a shaped glass top, brass pierced gallery at back, and side, wicker baskets for morning mail. It can be ordered in various pastel colors. An excellent prize at \$22.50.

Round mahogany miniature tub, brass bound, lined with tin. About 10" diameter. Charming for potted plants and flowers. \$25.

E. Gubelin, 336 Park Avenue

Small leather folding eight-day travelling clock; No. 465, in crocodile, is particularly good looking. \$30.

Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue

Hand blocked linen doily set for twelve. "Columbine." Delicately shaded flowers, in pink, blue or yellow, on a soft gray pattern. \$24.75.

M.M. Importing Co., 400 Park Avenue

Set of twelve imported mats, 9" x 7¾", heat and moisture proof, decorated with old flower prints. These are charming. \$48 the set.

PRIZES FOR WOMEN, \$100-UP

Sarah Potter Conover, 746 Madison Avenue

There was one particular treasure among the multitude found here which engraved itself on my inward eye.

A set of two old Worcester plates, and an urn-shaped tureen made for the blind Earl of Coventry, in 1810. The plates are leaf shaped, and the three pieces have a raised decoration of leaves and butterflies in the richest and loveliest of colors. You can close your eyes and trace, as did the blind Earl, the pattern of the leaves and stems and butterflies with your fingers, but better still is to open your eyes, for the fresh coloring and form of these

pieces is most satisfying. The set is \$110, and it seems a perfect trophy for the Garden Club of America.

William H. Plummer & Co., 695 Fifth Avenue

A pair of magnificent porcelain Worcester plates, 18" in diameter, with deep wells, decorated in the classic manner in gold and sepia. Circa 1780.

These are listed with some hesitation for though the price is under \$400, they are perhaps too handsome, too large, and too superb, to be subjected to the hazard of being won by an unappreciative female.

Next month THE SPORTSWOMAN will discuss appropriate women's trophies in such specific sports as sailing, golf, field trials and bridge. In addition to further wares of many of the establishments listed above, there will be described offerings of Abercrombie & Fitch, Brooks Bros., Cowtan and Tout, The Cross Roads of Sport, Arthur Gilmore, Mildred J. Megaree, Meyers, Inc., E. B. Meyrowitz, Old Print Shop, St. James Galleries, Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, and Philip Suval.

It usually takes some sort of cataclysm to bring before the eye of mortal man treasures which in peaceful times he never could hope to feast his eyes upon.

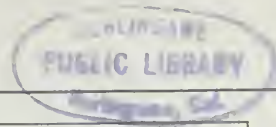
To the pitifully small credit side of the present war, should now be added the benefit exhibition of one of the finest collections of rare old silver ever to be assembled in America, which will be shown at Peter Guille's galleries, 630 Fifth Avenue, from June 3 to June 8 inclusive.

The entire proceeds from this unique exhibition (admission 50c) will go to "Bundles for Britain" and "Le Paquet au Front."

The 105 pieces in the exhibit are privately owned and are the gems of four famous collections. None is for sale.

English, French, Scotch, Irish, Russian, Dutch, Belgian and American pieces, by some of the greatest silversmiths of all time, are included in this exhibition, which all who love old silver and all whose sympathies are with the democracies will be rejoiced to see.

One of the earliest pieces in the collection is a rare Cromwellian chased porringer and cover. The great London fire in 1666 which followed the Black Plague, destroyed the records bearing the names of the silversmiths listed before that year but fortunately, though the maker is not known, the persons for whom the porringer was created have been traced through the arms on the porringer's cover. Adam Baynes, a captain in the Parliamentary Army, married a Miss Martha Dawson in 1642 and presented her with this



Old English Silver

The assembled After Dinner Coffee Set in old English silver shown above, consists of the following outstanding pieces: Coffee Pot, London, 1726 by M. Arnett and E. Pocock; Cream Pitcher, London, 1742 by W. Garrard; Cream Pail, used for sugar. London, 1735 by Ayme Videau, and Waiter, London, 1731 by G. Hindmarsh. A wide choice of Tea and Coffee Sets are now being shown.

PETER GUILLE LIMITED

Old English Silver and Modern Reproductions

PETER GUILLE, PRES, formerly of CRICHTON & CO., LTD

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630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



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**YOUR PLACE
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A fire department that's miles away can't help much if a blaze starts in one of your buildings. For prompt action, you need fire apparatus of your own — and now a special, completely equipped pumper is available at a price which makes such protection an excellent investment.



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Elkhart, Ind., U. S. A.

magnificent porringer, and she followed this example of generosity by presenting her Adam with sixteen offspring.

Silver of the Cromwellian period is very scarce, due to Cromwell's destruction of the churches, and this is a particularly fine piece of that era.

There are also to be shown two interesting groupings of old English and Irish silver. One, a group of unusual octagonal shaped pieces of the Queen Anne and George I periods, which include two teapots, London, 1730, a coffee pot from Dublin, 1730, which is magnificent in its simplicity, a rare Blending Bowl by William Shaw of London, 1727, a caster and a hot water jug by that craftsman, William Penstone, of London, 1716, and from London again a very small octagonal tea caddy by William Scarlett that possesses beauty and charm to a dangerously seductive degree.

The other group consists of 16 waiters, starting with the Queen Anne period and ending with George III, which show the progression in style, and every variation of style, during this golden age of the art of silver-smiths.

Candlesticks will also occupy considerable space and will be representative pieces from the outstanding craftsmen of England and the Continent.

I shall make a special visit to the exhibition, if only to see again a pair of silver-gilt small desk candlesticks, made by an unknown Dutchman during the reign of William IV of Holland, in The Hague in the year 1740. The proportion of these, the flat chasing and engraving are beautiful. In a troubled world it is good for the soul to look upon perfection. Scotland comes to the fore with a Queen Anne bowl and cover, 11" in diameter, 8" high, and a very fine "bullet" tea pot. Both come from Edinburgh, the bowl dated 1709, the tea pot 19 years later.

FROM Russia are two tea trays from St. Petersburg dated 1780, obviously copied from the French, and doubtless included in this exhibition for the interest they are likely to arouse. They are interesting, for their color is unlike that of other old silver and their construction possesses some primitive features that are amusingly obvious.

As it would be quite impossible to describe each and every treasure that is to be shown, a short summary of a few of the most unusual and rare will have to suffice.

A pair of gilt wine goblets made in 1619 during the reign of James I. A pair of goblets is as rare among goblets as quintuplets are among metals and these, at the base of the body of the goblet, are embossed in acanthus leaves which terminate in small chased trefoils, which adds to their beauty as well as their uniqueness.

A coffee pot, or rather *the* coffee pot which brought at auction the highest price ever fetched by any coffee pot, £650, when the £ was all of \$5, American gold standard dollar. The maker was a Huguenot,

Anthony Hulme, living in London in 1701 during the reign of William III.

A sugar basket made by our own Paul Revere in 1780 while resting between rides.

It is hard to stop when so much more deserves notice and praise, but stop one must with the world's finest example of an early tea tray known, a wedding gift in 1733 to Miss Baileys upon her marriage to William Thornhill. Paul Lamerie, the most noted gold and silversmith of his time at the behest of Miss Baileys' papa, fashioned this large tray with all the elegance of surface engraving and flat chasing of which he was so superb a master.

Lovers of old silver and of England and France remember June 3 to June 8, Peter Guille's benefit exhibition, 630 Fifth Avenue, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral.

BETTY BABCOCK
(Alias N. Parker)

BACK YARD SHOOTING

(Continued from page 25)

Every conceivable angle is encountered on this walk. Such details as the prevailing wind and the background against which you see the targets have been taken into consideration. The walk is about 250 feet long and 42 traps are used. It has also been carefully and attractively planted and landscaped.

In shooting this walk you are allowed 50 shells and seven minutes for forty shots. (There is a covey of four out of which only three are possible.) These 40 shots, with their change of pace and of background, offer just about every possible shot presented to the upland gunner, plus several trick ones for good measure. The best score ever made on this walk is 36 out of the possible 40. This score, incidentally, was made by Howard Brokaw, one of the best shots in the country.

Your back yard shoot doesn't have to be as elaborate as this, or the Abercrombie walk, however. You can do a complete job with 25 traps if you want (25 is a good number as you shoot it with one box of shells) or if expense is an item, half a dozen might do.

Neither do you need expert advice, if you are content with a fairly simple plan. Just use your imagination, choose a place that resembles natural game cover as closely as possible, and place your traps so that the targets will fly in the same manner as quail, grouse, woodcock, or whatever you want.

The traps should be bolted to a wooden, or better still, concrete base (an ordinary large-size tile pipe set upright in the ground and filled with concrete makes an excellent and easily constructed base) and should have foot "trips" in easy reach of the path. The trips are connected with the traps with wire, and this should be heavy so it will last.

The path should not be too narrow because perhaps two people will want to shoot at the same time; eight feet is about right. Don't be too fancy about the footing. Cinders

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are about the best and don't get muddy in wet weather. However, just plain earth would be all right. Remember, you want your walk to look as much like shooting country as possible.

You can leave your traps in place all the time with only slight protection. If you cover them thoroughly with a mixture of transmission grease, oil and graphite heated and mixed together before they are put out, and cover them with burlap or canvas in the winter, they will never show a trace of rust.

Something to remember is that the tendency in many amateur-designed walks is to have the angles too much the same. This makes for dull shooting over a period of time, so be sure and have plenty of variety. Rocks, trees and other natural obstructions can be an important part of the shoot, but be sure they won't prevent you from changing the lateral and vertical angles of the traps occasionally.

Here is another idea. If possible you should have a house of some kind near your shoot. This can be a mere shed with a stove in it, or it can be fixed up attractively with fireplace, plumbing and all the comforts of home. Remember some of your shooting will be done when the weather is none too pleasant. Also, once the word gets around, you are going to have people dropping in on Saturdays and Sundays to try their hands; and sometimes it will be a long time between turns at the walk. There should also be a place where non-shooting ladies can watch the fun without freezing, and where you can gather after the last shot has been fired and discuss your misses over a drink.

So, if possible, fix up some sort of a building. It will add to your pleasure immeasurably.

Finally, you should establish very definite safety rules and adhere to them. Impress upon your guests that careless handling of loaded, or unloaded guns, isn't funny. Be sure that the person springing the traps knows what he is doing. If there is any doubt in your mind, do it yourself. It can be almost as much fun as the actual shooting.

Incidentally, if space and price are prime considerations, you can have a whole walk with one trap, sort of a one-man band. The device for this is the Altemus trap, and it will throw singles, doubles, or a "covey" of four just like rolling off a log. It is built on a universal joint and can be tipped one way or another for nearly all angles. There is a game called Sub in which this trap is used; it vaguely resembles Skeet.

If your principal interest is pass or driven bird shooting, the thing for you to do is put a trap on a tower 40 feet or so high. An old windmill tower could easily be pressed into service for this if you build a shot-proof crow's-nest on top.

If there is a cliff or abandoned quarry around, so much the better, for the shooter can walk along the base while a man with a hand trap keeps parallel on top and throws targets into space at unexpected intervals.

Of course, back-yards in America are not as expansive as they used to be. Moreover you need a fair expanse of land for any sort of a trap layout. Not so much for the actual mechanics of it, of course. Four or five acres are sufficient for that, but you have to allow about 300 yards for the shot to fall. They are harmless long before this, but people are touchy about having even harmless pellets raining down around them.

This problem can be solved by an iron fence, strategically placed, but there is always the noise problem. What's to do if you live in a civilized neighborhood?

Just because you have limited quarters is no reason why you shouldn't have a lot of fun and practise. To begin with you can take one of the smaller mechanical traps with you in the car when you go to the beach, or out into the country.

THERE is one difficulty about these mechanical traps, however. They have to be fastened to some sort of a heavy base such as a wooden platform or table. This can be done, and the base of the trap need not be too big and heavy to handle, provided you use one of the smaller types of traps. Still, at best, it will be sort of an unwieldy thing to carry, and once set up you won't want to move it often. So, for convenience sake, and so you will have a minimum of trouble, one of the lighter contrivances is suggested.

For instance you can use hand traps. With these the thrower has almost as much fun as the shooter. Considerable skill can be obtained with one of these, and after a while you can put the target anywhere. As in baseball, the thrower does his best to "strike out" the shooter, and if he is good he can throw some pretty dirty ones.

By walking along the beach or through a field, with the thrower behind you, it is possible to have shooting very similar to a walk-up.

If you don't want the trouble of working a trap, the Duvrock device might fill the bill. This trap can be loaded with 50 small discs made of the same composition as regular targets. A pull of a string releases the targets one after another without any necessity of reloading until they are all gone. With small shot and light loads, this can pass away a pleasant afternoon.

You can, as a matter of fact, shoot clay pigeons in a suburban back yard, or even indoors. The new Mo-Skeet-O outfits, consisting of 22 caliber guns bored for shot shells and miniature traps which throw tiny clay pigeons, can be used almost anywhere. The tiny shot particles are entirely harmless after a short distance and only carry about 30 yards. It isn't shotgun shooting in the strictest sense of the word.

It may or may not help your regular shooting form. To tell the truth, it has about the same relationship to regular shooting as Ping Pong has to tennis. Still, it's fun and goes to prove that there is plenty of sport to be had—right in your own back yard, and there is no reason why your fun should ever be put away.



You Can Have Shooting On Your Estate

THERE is a shotgun game ideally suited to your estate. Year-around "grouse," "woodcock," "quail" or "duck" shooting—using clay targets. The popular gun games described below duplicate the conditions of live bird shooting. They incorporate the intriguing element of surprise—and, just as in live game bird shooting, you know neither the moment the "birds" will explode from a thicket or zoom overhead, nor the direction of their flight. Single targets—doubles—or a whole covey unexpectedly burst into the air! It's great sport! Excellent practice!

Let us send a description of the range in which you are interested and assist in planning it. WESTERN target-throwing equipment is ideal for these gun games. There is a WESTERN trap especially suited to each. Sturdy, quiet, dependable and service-proven. WESTERN traps and White Flyer targets are in use on innumerable estates and at thousands of Skeet and trapshooting clubs. Try WESTERN XPERT Super Skeet or Super Trap shells—with the new Super Seal crimp. Elimination of the top wad assures holeproof, target-powdering patterns.

Covey Rise



This installation duplicates the sudden startling whir-r-r-r of a frightened covey of birds. You use two Western McCrea Master Traps capable of throwing from one to four targets at a time. The traps are mounted at the end of a walk or platform along which the shooter advances toward the trap.



Quail Walk



In this gun game as many as twenty-five inexpensive Western Practice Traps may be used, camouflaged with shrubbery or other natural cover. Each trap is set to throw a target at a fixed angle. The angle is unknown to the shooter and the shooter doesn't know when the birds will appear.



High Tower



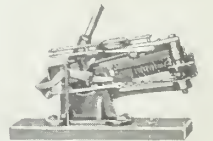
The Tower clay target game can be as sporty as a pheasant drive, or high overhead shots at wildfowl. Tower can be visible or concealed, 40 to 60 feet high. The Western trap for tower shooting throws targets 80 to 100 yards, depending on the wind, in a fixed line or at variable angles.



- And Skeet



A regulation Skeet or "angle" field on your estate will provide year around sport for family and guests. Skeet is another target shooting game made to order for field gunners desiring added pleasure and practice. Western Skeet Traps are modern in every detail. Durable. Dependable. Manual or electric release.



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MUCH concern is being felt over the woodcock situation and the probable extent of the damage done to the birds by the cold weather that fell upon the Gulf area during the unlamented winter just past—or passing. Early reports from the Louisiana grounds were alarming, but later investigations by naturalists of the Biological Survey were somewhat more encouraging.

Investigations to be conducted on the breeding grounds will probably furnish more reliable information as to whether the losses have been so severe as to make it necessary to give the bird additional protection for a time.

I hope it will be found that our woodcock have not been very badly hurt. What with work, war, and worry over these damned limber paper matches that won't ignite in a moist atmosphere, and, when they do, fold up and burn my fingers and set my pants afire, I am half sunk right now. If on top of all this I must contemplate an October with no woodcock shooting in it I might as well open the sea cocks and go gurgling to the bottom with the Nazi navy.

It is not the first time that the woodcock have been visited by the disaster of ice and snow on their wintering grounds. On one occasion, at least, reliable observers reported great mortality among them, but I do not find anything to indicate whether the birds were noticeably scarce during the following season or how long it was before they recovered.

The jacksnipe is reported to have

suffered from the frigid weather also, as well as many of the song and insectivorous birds.

There is a tendency among laymen, however, to magnify the losses occasioned to wildlife from such causes. The sight of a few dead birds is apt to cause more alarm than is actually warranted. Nearly every winter there are reports that thousands and thousands of waterfowl are dying at this place or that from starvation. The newspapers print pictures of four or five dead ducks, and everybody wants to know why in hell the Government—the resourceful old thing—doesn't do something about it.

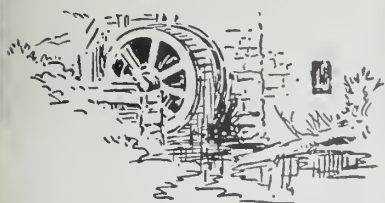
In 99 cases out of 100 the Government, through its wildlife agents, has been the first to know that the birds were dying and has already instituted remedial measures if any are practicable.

In most of these cases, however, the investigators find, first, that the casualty reports have been greatly exaggerated, and, second, that the birds are not dying from starvation but from lead poisoning, wounds, or the frailties of age. Ailing birds and beasts die in greater numbers during periods of cold, inclement weather. Human beings do, too.

The greatest rewards that I receive for my intermittent labors with this queer department are not of a sort that the paying tellers will honor. I refer to the communications from sportsmen-readers, many of whom I have never met.

Occasionally a letter brings a query,

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COUNTRY THEATRE

(Continued from page 15)

people grow you can tell who is in the house by glancing over the receipts."

Another ingenious method of providing summer entertainment to country dwellers—in the far reaches of New Hampshire this time—is used by The Barnstormers. Francis Cleveland, son of former President Cleveland, is the manager of this company, and they follow the barnstorming tradition by loading their scenery and props on a truck and tramping a regular circuit of four New Hampshire towns.

The Lakewood Theatre at Skowhegan, on the other hand, is proud of the fact that they do not depend entirely on summer people for the audiences. The Maine Yankees drive miles to see Arthur Byron star in a new Owen Davis play—or to see darn near anything else the management sees best to put on, for that matter.

When Eugene O'Neill began to write one-act plays for his friends to act in a fish-shack in Provincetown, he presented Cape Cod with one more historical monument. The Wharf Theatre, under which the tides of the bay slap and sough, has housed some magnificent plays and a lot of sun-burned playgoers, most of them artists and writers who spend every summer at Provincetown, and numbers of tourists.

Also on the Cape, but in the wide part which has a much more inland feeling, is the Cape Playhouse at Dennis. This is unquestionably one of the most beautifully equipped plants I have ever seen. The scheme of having each week a visiting star of real magnitude, either in a new play or a revival of a New York hit, has proved brilliantly successful.

It really is amazing to be able to lie all day on the beach at Truro, with not another soul on the whole white stretch of sand and nothing between you and Spain but an unbroken reach of cobalt-blue sea—and then to spend the evening seeing Gertrude Lawrence in a try-out of "Sky-lark."

LAWRENCE Langer, a Theatre Guild director and a devotee of both the stage and country life, was among the first to believe that they could and should be combined. Ten years ago, he built his Westport Country Playhouse in a roomy barn in a Connecticut apple orchard, equipped it efficiently, decorated it gaily, and opened shop. Westport is now famous for good new plays with well-known casts (unofficial try-outs of plays which have interested the Theatre Guild, for the most part, and hence apt to be very worthwhile indeed).

The theatre occupies a very definite place in the social life of the communities for many miles around. Subscribers plan their weeks around the nights they have chosen for their seats at the Playhouse, give dinner parties, take pride in showing guests over the theatre which they have come to regard as their own. Frequent teas and parties are given for the casts.

Last year, Mr. Langner worked out

an exchange system with Dick Skinner and Day Tuttle, who run the enormously successful Westchester Playhouse at Mt. Kisco. Each play ran a week at Westport and a week at Mt. Kisco, and anyone who spent last summer in Connecticut or Westchester had the chance to see a varied list of stars which included, among others, Ethel Barrymore, Nazimova, Charles Farrell, Eddie Dowling and Lanny Ross.

Billy Miles, who runs Stockbridge for the benefit of those who love the Berkshires in summer, but like some cultural entertainment too, is extremely firm about the architecture of his theatre. He says, "our 'cow shed' was designed by Stanford White, and the only livestock that was ever in it was a white horse who appeared in our revival of 'In Old Kentucky' and an English sheep dog, who is stage struck since her official appearance in 'Storm Over Patsy' and makes unscheduled appearances at the worst possible moments in plays that call for only two-legged actors." Berkshirites had the fun last summer of seeing Thornton Wilder act in his own moving play, "Our Town," and Ruth Gordon and Dennis King played at Stockbridge in other plays during the season.

IN a sense, every summer theatre is a community project, since the people of the community must believe in it and enjoy it to the point of supporting it by subscriptions, or at least occasional attendance, or the manager goes broke very shortly indeed. But the Bucks County Theatre at New Hope is unusual in that it was built by donations from public-spirited citizens of that part of Pennsylvania as a community centre, designed to function all year round, as an art gallery, a lecture and concert hall, a stage for amateur theatricals, as well as a summer theatre. The building is a lovely old mill on the Delaware River, in the middle of one of our lushest and loveliest farming countrysides.

Its instant success in the way of audience support shows how wise its founders were in their belief that here was a community that both needed and would appreciate intellectual entertainment. Other communities that have no theatres may well be encouraged to emulate Bucks County—for with the realization that seems to be growing in everyone's mind these days that the country is the place to live well and fully and to bring up happy, healthy children, the need will grow for near-by artistic and intellectual advantages.

There are, of course, a score more really good summer theatres in different parts of the country, all worthy of community support. The ones I've mentioned are selected more or less at random from among the best to give some idea of their variety and adaptability to local tastes. That the theatre has been a pioneer in the movement to extend metropolitan advantages to the country, and has been so enthusiastically received there, is the best evidence I know of its continuing vitality, and of our need of and enjoyment in the drama of living actors.

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The vogue for heavy jewelry has invaded the masculine field. Victorian watch chains are now worn with sports jackets. The Petit Musée, 20 East 57th Street, has an amazing collection of heavy gold jewelry. The chain pictured on the left, is \$20. At right, \$17.50. Moss agate cuff buttons, \$16.50. Enamel on onyx, \$21. Square agate, \$25.



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COUNTRY LIFE—JULY ISSUE

in the Shops



For dining outdoors, this hot hors d'oeuvre dish is particularly useful. It has a hot water compartment, and a removable cover for ease in cleaning. 6" x 9". \$38. The sugar dredger, 6½", is \$8. The etched pepper mill, 4½", is \$12. Plain, \$10. All are of English silver, plated on copper. Olga Woolf, Ltd., 509 Madison Avenue.



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NOTES ON HORSES

IMPORTANT in the racing world was the opening of Belmont Park, last month, with the totalizator replacing the book-makers so long a feature of the betting ring.

The changes made in the plant to accommodate the mass of machinery necessary under the new set-up reflect the greatest credit upon Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, new head of the track, and his associates. How they managed to retain the sporting flavor of Belmont Park, how they succeeded in doing it all with so few changes to the appearance of the park, is little short of an achievement.

After the crowded conditions of Jamaica, the beauty and spaciousness of Belmont Park was a most welcome relief.

THE crowd on the opening day at Belmont was only 13,100, as against Jamaica's best day, which attracted 27,400 fans. Some sports writers seemed to find in this evidence of a lack of interest in Belmont Park, but I cannot see it that way. After all, Belmont opened on a Monday; when the big days come at Belmont Park, the crowds will be tremendous and deservedly so.

If Belmont Park is to be the huge success that we all expect it to be under Mr. Vanderbilt's direction—and I believe it highly important to the future of American racing that this should be so—then the experiences of a few days here or there are of relatively small significance. How Belmont and American racing are going to do in the long run is what's important.

THERE was some criticism heard of the odds board at Belmont: there were many who compared it unfavorably with the huge machines found at such modern plants as Santa Anita and Hialeah. But Mr. Vanderbilt had what seems to me the perfect answer.

We still consider the racing paramount at this track, he said in effect, and the betting is merely incidental. Therefore we do not wish to turn Belmont—particularly that part which holds the track so beautifully designed and landscaped by our predecessors, into a bulletin board for bettors with the racing incidental. We certainly have no objection to the betting but we still like to remember that the horses, and those primarily interested in the horses, must remain in a position of first importance.

PLANS are being drawn up, incidentally, for a huge racing plant in which it is more than possible that the bettors will be given the position of prominence. When this

new track is announced it will be most interesting to see who is running it and why. The new law, you will remember, permits the construction of several new tracks in New York State.

TIMBER RACING

NOT the least feature of the new season is the revival of interest in timber racing. Counted out of the picture time and time again, this grand old typically American sport is coming back to its deserved place of prominence.

There was some hint of this early in the spring when such timber races as the Sandhills Cup and the Carolina Cup turned out six starters each. It was verified when the excellent Middleburg meeting came along and eight horses went to the post in the Middleburg Cup. It was proved when the Maryland meetings turned out fields of horses up to ten, and when the cherished Radnor Hunt Cup became a battle between eleven horses!

There were some first-rate races, too. I don't know when I saw a better Maryland Hunt Cup: a perfect day in the lovely Worthington Valley, good horses, young riders new to the game, and the thrill of seeing Man o' War's son, Blockade, win for the third year in succession, a unique feat, retiring the cup for Mrs. E. Read Beard. (Curiously, the Maryland Hunt Cup, for all its distance, high and stiff fences, and keen competition, is the only race Blockade has ever won!)

It was a tough spring on trophies. Not only did the Maryland Hunt Cup disappear from competition, but the Virginia Gold Cup and the Harston Cup were retired also. Mrs. Frank M. Gould's courageous Black Sweep, campaigned actively all spring by William B. Streett, accounted for the former, thanks largely to his speed on the flat, and John Strawbridge's Bungtown took the latter.

Racing over brush has been excellent at the hunt meetings but retarded (partly by the coughing epidemic which hit so many of our horses again this spring) at the big tracks. The Billy Barton, for example, saw only four horses go to the post and only two finish, one horse, Montpelier's once promising flat racer, Matey, winner of a stake, falling so heavily that he broke his back and had to be destroyed.

POLO

THE big news of the polo world, last month, was the sale of the strings belonging to Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and John Hay Whitney, at Fred Post's place on Long Island on



Edited by PETER VISCHER

May 17—just at the opening of what may still be a good season.

Twenty horses were sold for \$26,950, an average of \$1,347.50, as follows:

Horse	Purchaser	Price
Cacique, ch. g., 10	Cecil Smith	\$3,100
Miss Gould, b. m., 7	Cecil Smith	2,900
Rosita, b. m., 10	G. H. Bostwick	2,700
Esterlista, b. g., 8	Cecil Smith	2,300
Gotera, b. m., 7	J. P. Grace, Jr.	2,000
Tornasol, b. m., 9	G. H. Bostwick	2,000
Relampago, b. g., a.	Devereux Milburn	1,800
Black Prince, blk. g., a.	G. H. Dempsey	1,700
Royal Mint, ch. m., 9	J. T. Wack	1,500
Pinerolo, br. g., 7	J. T. Wack	1,200
Slippery Sand, b. g., 10	A. B. Park	1,000
Santa Rita, b. m., 11	J. T. Wack	850
Collette, b. m., a	J. T. Wack	700
Nodmore, blk. g., 11	G. S. Smith	600
Gold Leaf, ch. g., a.	J. T. Wack	600
Jemima, ch. m., 12	D. G. Hertz	500
Rumor, b. g., a.	John Milburn	500
Golden Arrow, ch. g., a	D. G. Hertz	350
Perla Negra, blk. m., 8	D. G. Hertz	350
Persil, b. m., 7	D. G. Hertz	300

AMERICA'S CLASSICS

(Continued from page 20)

Gallahadion, by three lengths?

When Arnold Hanger's gelding Dit beat most of Bimelech's Derby rivals with the greatest of ease in the Wood Memorial at Jamaica, the big race was practically awarded to the Bradley colt. It was a stunning surprise, then, when things turned out otherwise.

To the head of the stretch it seemed as though Bimelech was going on to still another triumph. He had run forwardly from the start, taken the lead when J. E. Widener's Roman faltered, and come into the stretch—wide to get the better footing—slightly in front. Here he was naturally expected to draw out but instead he struggled home in second place as Gallahadion, saving ground at the final turn, won going away. So tired was Bimelech that he only just saved the place from Dit.

The result was astonishing but hardly more so than the time and the odds. The distance was run in 2:05, the slowest in eight years for a fast track and far off the track record of 2:01 4/5 set by Twenty Grand in 1931. In the betting Gallahadion paid \$72.40 for \$2 to win; Bimelech was an odds-on favorite at 2 to 5.

There were, of course, endless discussions as to the reasons for Bimelech's defeat. Was he short of work? Had he done too much in too short a time? Was his little Cuban jockey, F. A. Smith, over-confident; did he take him too far into the center of the track? Was he incapable of the distance? Was he hoodooed by the old jinx that no Futurity winner had ever won the Derby?

Only on one subject were all agreed: the astonishing result of the Derby made the Preakness, the following Saturday at Pimlico, a much

more important race. Here the questions regarding Bimelech would certainly be answered.

Bimelech did answer the questions—in no uncertain terms. He was off with the smartest in the field of nine (as against eight in the Derby), battled for the lead down in front of the stands, withstood a series of drives, and won easily by two lengths. Mioland was nearest to him and Gallahadion no better than third; Dit was last. The time was not impressive, 1:58 3/5, but the manner in which Bimelech won was.

GALLAHADION is a rangy bay son of Sir Gallahad 3rd and Countess Time, by Reigh Count, foaled at R. A. Fairbairn's Kentucky farm on March 31, 1937. He was bought by Mrs. Ethel V. Mars at the Saratoga Sales of 1938 for \$5,000. She always thought highly of him but his record, up to the Derby, was indifferent. As a two-year-old he ran five times, was second once, out of the money four times. At three he appeared first in California and won three races, including his first stake, the San Vicente Handicap, though he was a dismal failure in the Santa Anita Derby for which he was pointed, finishing thirteenth as H. C. Hill's Sweepida won with ease. After the Derby, for which he was trained by Roy Waldron and ridden by Carroll Bierman, his record stood as follows: 15 starts, 4 wins, 4 seconds, \$74,430.

Bimelech' record is in sharp contrast. The last son of Black Toney out of the wonderful producer La Troienne, already the dam of Black Helen, he was unbeaten as a two-year-old. He was the only horse in history to complete the unique triple of the Hopeful, the Belmont Futurity and the Pimlico Futurity. He was the first of his age to win more than \$100,000—he won \$135,090—since 1932.

HE RIDES TO HUNT

(Continued from page 28)

Mex O, a clean-bred by Mexican out of Oriole Darian, was probably the most notable. He won ladies' classes and several championships in excellent company, was regularly hunted side-saddle by Anne Nichols, and won several good timber races under Pecks. Another was Pickert, a half-bred up to a lot of weight, who came into his own when racing in the mud, could be hunted by anyone, and was a grand performance horse of the old days. Others were Eloquence, Reina O and Black Rock. In January of this year, the Master's thirteen year old daughter, Charlotte, despite

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six inches of snow, and with the thermometer hanging around 20°, hunted a bay filly that had been racing over brush three months before.

When Black Rock was made champion of the Grosse Pointe show in 1929, Pecks was asked to put a price on him by a man who was always willing to pay a long price for a horse that had arrived, but who never had developed an outstanding winner. The price quoted was believed to be so unreasonable that there would be no sale; but a check for the amount was promptly given.

Anne Nichols was disconsolate at the thought of losing such a satisfactory hunter. Next day the check was returned, accompanied by one for 10% of the price—signed Elliott S. Nichols—and Black Rock was returned. He is still her favorite hunter, and most dependable, although he has lost his early speed.

THE Metamora country lies in an area where there are no large towns, though a small village is located at each corner. There is no probability of there ever being any heavy traffic through it, nor likelihood of its being cut up by metalled roads. The country claimed comprises 60,000 acres, of which a third is owned by members of the hunt. In the vicinity of the kennels, where most of the hunting is done, the land is 80% member owned.

Although this is one of the oldest farming sections in Michigan, no railroad runs through the hunting country. The soil is excellent for blue grass and alfalfa, and large areas are kept in pasture. At the north, beyond Ted Hammond's farm, the country is very hilly and takes a lot out of a hunter. Near the kennels it is just rolling enough to break the monotony, and most of the larger farms have a bit of woodland which makes excellent covert and even the larger woods are ridable.

When the hunt was started it was expected that the fencing would be vastly improved. With the large expenditures for the purchase of land, followed by the depression, less has been done than was hoped for. The country is, however, well paneled and through most of it gates have been installed to facilitate hacking and permit youngsters and beginners to see something of hounds without being required to jump.

Kennels are strategically located within 40 miles of Detroit's city hall and it is possible to motor there over excellent highways in an hour and a quarter from almost any part of the city. Only the last few miles, from Oxford, are over dirt roads and they are the splendid graveled roads for which Michigan is famous.

The Grosse Pointe Hunt Club is really a social club with sporting activities. The Bloomfield Open Hunt is actually a sporting club and both, largely because of their social side, felt the pinch of the depression. The Metamora Hunt has no social side, being purely an association of people interested in hunting; definitely an asset during the depression years.

Both the Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield Clubs own farms at Metamora with large stable facilities and club

houses. As so many of the subscribers to the Metamora Hunt are members of either Grosse Pointe or Bloomfield it is possible for most of them to enjoy the hunting without owning property in the country.

A few members have built modern homes but most of them have modernized the old farm houses, a practice which helps the hunting by keeping buildings near the roads. All of the farms are in use, practically all being under the supervision of Metamora Farms, a non-profit corporation of which Pecks Nichols is president.

Pecks had little success walking pups with farmers and devised what is known as the puppy kennel. There the puppies are sent after weaning and kept together until after the first of the year when they are about eight months old. The little kennels and the kennel-man's house are in the southeast part of the country, located on a little traveled road that is sufficiently rough to make automobiles go slow. As a result, there have been practically no deaths from that source.

Nearby is an old cedar swamp, headquarters for numerous foxes. As soon as the pups are old enough to take any interest in hunting an old, reliable, slow hound is sent to live with them. Pups and hound run at liberty all the time, except over weekends and holidays, when the temptation to chance visitors might prove too great. It is surprising how much hunting knowledge they have acquired when brought to kennels. Having learned to honor the old hound, they already understand running as a pack and so work in very quickly.

A Hunter Breeder's Show is held the last Saturday in August. Although sponsored and run by the Bloomfield Open Hunt, where the show originated before there was any Metamora, it is held in the paddock of the Metamora race course. Classes are large and the quality high, as might be expected from the type of stallions that have stood there.

Hunter Trials, held the middle of September, are an all day event. Entries come from Toledo, Battle Creek, Holland (Mich.), and even from Wisconsin.

The Race Meeting comes on the first Saturday in October and includes races on the flat and over brush. The footing is excellent, the terrain rolling and nature has provided a splendid grand stand on the hill to the south.

October ends with the Point-to-Point. From a previously designated point the finish, never less than five miles away, is announced. Road riding is barred and it takes a hard rider, with a real knowledge of the country, to stay in front.

Pecks and some of the hardy souls have learned that it is practical to continue hunting at Metamora through most of the winter. Hounds are kept fit and whenever weather permits they go out three times a week, even over the snow and with the thermometer close to zero.

All the original Grosse Pointe contingent followed the hunting to Bloomfield. When the change was made to Metamora a few had gone to a happier hunting ground, but

those still living moved on in the front rank.

The third generation of several families are now hunting, while three of the hardest-riding women are grandmothers. Last season Alex Copland, the first manager at Grosse Pointe, acted as pilot for six of the Alger grandchildren as they rode with the "gate crowd."

In 1935 Pecks divided the duties of Master of the Metamora Hunt with Fred Alger, Jr., and at the end of the 1937-38 season resigned, being succeeded by W. R. Clark. He is still President of both the Metamora Hunt and the Metamora Farms, so that little which takes place there escapes his notice. The affairs of both the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club and the Bloomfield Open Hunt remain of vital interest, and any move to improve conditions at either place enlists his active support.

The time and energy required successfully to establish one hunt is as much as most of us can give. Pecks Nichols worked tirelessly to get Grosse Pointe under way and when that locality was, for hunting purposes, swallowed up by the city, he worked even harder to make Bloomfield go. When that place became too suburban for fox hunting, he supplied much of the vision, initiative and drive to develop Metamora into a fox hunting country where sport should be safe for several generations.

Pecks has never wasted time in searching for the ideal fox hunting country, but has made what was available near at hand into a better place than he found it. Proof that others have appreciated his efforts is shown by the manner in which the original group have followed him through all the changes. Perhaps the secret lies in his continued loyalty to the old interests, even when the new pastures seemed far greener.

DUDE WRANGLING

(Continued from page 33)

and probably in the vicinity of Sheridan, Wyo., or southern Montana. On this type of ranch one is likely to meet real stockmen and real cowboys. He will get the chance to see some cattle and may, if he comes out early, get in on a little actual ranch work of rounding up, branding, and moving to the summer range.

Second, the mountain ranch. This is a large group, and the ranches which fall into it may range all the way from a hunting camp to one similar to those just mentioned. Generally, though, these ranches are situated more in the real mountains and at higher altitudes. Their acreage is most often small and many of them have very little, or no, cattle business. This type usually features fishing, camping and pack trips, and shooting in the fall. In order to place them, you might say they are located chiefly around Jackson Hole and Cody, Wyo.

Lastly, the ranches of the Southwest. These are largely more recent in origin and have been developed on the pattern of the northern ranches, but with some important differences.

On the whole, they are smaller as to guest capacity and more luxurious in appointments. Catering to the winter traveler, they are inclined to get an older and richer class of person than the northern outfits. Also, as the winter sojourner is primarily looking for the sun and a place to sit in it, activity is not so stressed. They do, however, go in for a good deal of local color and make the most of the truly interesting historical background of the country. Tucson, Ariz., can probably be called their capital.

DESPITE the many evidences of 20th century progress all about him the dude gets the impression that time has been pushed back; that the pioneer days are just around the last corner, and that there is something of the democracy of colonial days yet to be found here. At any rate, in many instances, he comes, he sees, and is conquered. He becomes an enthusiastic perennial dude or, often enough, if circumstances permit, he buys a ranch and goes into the cattle business with a gusto awe-inspiring to the veterans of many hard winters. In the case of the gentler sex this enthusiasm for the country often results in a marital alliance with some bronzed son of the out-of-doors who, on his side, is dazzled by the prospect of luxuries beyond the fondest dreams of a hard-bitten cow-poke.

Most people, coming to the ranch country for the first time, hardly know what to expect, but their picture of ranch life is sure to include cows in herds. Almost every inquiry that comes to a ranch from a prospective guest wants to know if the ranch runs cattle. Can we ride with the cowboys? The answer is yes and no, and you probably wouldn't want to anyway. If you choose a mountain ranch the chances are good it won't run many head of range cows. In the south there are many cattle ranches, big ones too, but most of them don't take dudes. And anyway, even on the stock ranches the worst time to see much activity is during the summer. The point of the stock business is to raise beef for market. Steers are naturally sold by weight, generally in October or early November.

The summer months are the time when the most weight can be put on them for the least money. It is grass fat. And, since the passing of the open range, the average stockman leases Government land for summer grazing at a few cents an acre on the Indian reservations, or the great forest preserves of the plateaus and valleys of the mountains. So it is that during the months of June, July and August virtually all cattle are away from the ranch, and it may well be that the summer dude will see hardly any cattle at all on the home ranch. He will also be disappointed to learn that the last thing the rancher wants, in any case, is to have his animals disturbed.

On the first morning of his arrival the new dude is taken out to the corral, where he is fitted for a saddle and given the horse that thereafter is his alone for the duration of his stay. Lots of people who come out for the first time have never been



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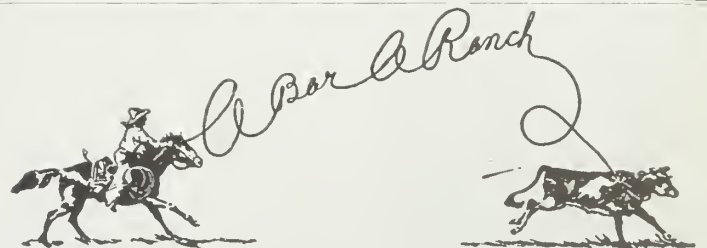
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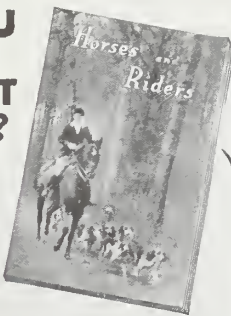
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on a horse in their lives. Others, and there are increasingly more of them every year, are expert horsemen. In between is the great number who have ridden a little back east. The rancher's problem is to size up each newcomer and give him the horse from his string most likely to make a congenial mount. It is not an easy thing to do.

The so-called cow pony, or little mustang, common in the west fifty years ago, is now as much out of date as a 1930 car, and few are to be found in any dude cavvey. If there is a "western" horse anymore, he is about as hard to pick as the average man. It is true that most dude horses are cold-blooded, but that is about all they have in common. In recent years, many of the better ranches have been using more and more Thoroughbred horses, and horses of definite blood lines, such as Arabs and Morgans. A few places are now breeding their own horses and building up very fine strains.

The actual riding of any horse, if it is done well, is an art. There are libraries full of discussion on the fine points of the subject. But what it takes mostly is more riding. It need not concern the casual dude. If he keeps his eyes and ears open for a few days he can have a world of pleasure and a lot of healthy exercise, and be damned to the merits of the forward seat or the right lead.

After horses, the next most important feature of the dude ranch landscape is the cowboy. The poor soul is having rather a tough time of it these days, fending off wise cracks and the implication that he is a sort of outdoor chorus Johnnie who, more often than not, is a millionaire's son in disguise. This is definitely a false impression. The dude wrangling cowboy is, it is true, a phenomenon among working people and in part an anachronism, but he is nonetheless authentic for all that.

WHAT many easterners do not seem to realize is that because the horse, and to a certain extent cattle, are the mainstay of the dude ranch, it has to have the cowboy also. Every ranch to operate at all must own anywhere from fifty to three or four hundred horses, and may run several hundred or more head of cattle in addition. The conditions under which these are handled and cared for are not one whit different, leaving out the open range, from what they were fifty years ago. Hence, the cowboy, from the standpoint of his work, is essentially no different from what he was then. With the coming of the dude he has simply been given additional duties.

In order to keep the record straight, it should be said that the average cowboy is a very unassuming and hard-working youngster. If he has been spoiled, as in some cases he has, it is not his fault so much as that of those who foolishly see more glamor and romance in his position than the facts warrant. It is to be noted, too, in passing that an occasional ranch employs during the summer rush a few college boys known to the trade as working dudes who, in return for board and lodging,

have a few light duties. They are not typical and should not be confused with the genuine hired hands.

TROUT STREAM

(Continued from page 21)

lining the stream. And observation will tell whether the fish will find enough to eat; if the stream abounds in small aquatic life—flies and other insects, shrimp, small minnows—the chances are that the trout will stay where they are put and thrive.

It is a good idea to find out as much as possible about where your stream comes from and where it goes. On Cape Cod a few years ago the owner of an extensive chain of cranberry bogs released the water from them simultaneously and without warning. The resultant flood swept out to sea 20,000 salmon and trout which had been carefully nurtured in rearing pools several miles below by the county league of sportsman's clubs. Similarly, power plants and irrigation projects farther downstream might in an emergency drain the water out of your stream and leave your fish to die in a dry bed.

A more annoying problem may be that of other species of fish. Dace and chub and pickerel have a way of moving into trout streams after the trout have been fished out. Suckers may thrive in the small feeder streams. For some confounded reason, people sometimes purposely introduce crappie or blue-gills or pickerel. In an average-sized brook there will seldom be fish of any of the above species large enough to prey on six-inch trout, the smallest you will be introducing, so you will not have to worry about their predatory activities. As competitors for food, however, and as nuisances while fishing, you may have to worry about them a good deal.

The writer knows of no simple way of eliminating other species of fish, unless you can persuade the salvage department of your state fish and game commission to seine them out for you. In some cases it is possible to drain out the water and net what fish are left in the pools. Perhaps you could get a permit to dynamite them, but such permits come grudgingly. There always remain the hook and line, probably the simplest and cheapest, if not the most thorough, method available. A dozen youngsters, well armed with worms, can snare out a lot of fish in a few summer afternoons, or if you need a little practice yourself, you will find that dace will take a wet fly and that pickerel will take a bucktail.

By the time you have succeeded in getting rid of the other fish, a disturbing thought will undoubtedly have occurred to you: the possibility that you will put trout into your small section of brook only to have them all leave the premises, moving into the upstream and downstream reaches where others will reap the harvest of your sowing. The most obvious solution to this problem is screening: dams with close-barred gates in the middle of them at the two boundaries of the estate.

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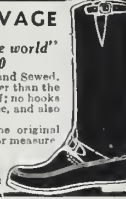
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lution they may seem. In the first place, they are prohibited in some states. In others, permits are required—and not always easy to get. And in others, after the permit has been acquired, the owner has no recourse if someone chooses to come along and tear out his screen. Screens may also be expensive things to install, especially in streams where a considerable mass of water is moving at a high velocity. And finally, they are a thorough nuisance to take care of: constantly clogging up with debris, frequently washing out in spring freshets or breaking up under a load of ice. Under normal circumstances it will be easier to forget about screening, make your part of the stream as attractive to trout as possible, and accept the fact that some of them will wander away.

THE final preparation to be considered before buying the fish is that of feed, the most important single factor in making the stream attractive to trout. If they find better feed in your part of the brook than elsewhere, you will not have to worry about their wandering. Perhaps your own observations have convinced you that the feed supply is plentiful; if there is any doubt about it, release a good supply of fresh water shrimp, which you can buy from any large trout hatchery. Shrimp multiply rapidly, and a single stocking may make a permanent improvement in the feed conditions of the brook. But to be on the safe side, you might repeat the operation every third year.

And now for the trout. While some people feel it is more sporting to liberate them in the fall, there is bound to be a considerable loss from predators, wandering, and unknown causes during the winter. And the difference between the wariness and fighting qualities of fall- and spring-liberated trout is hard to see with the naked eye. In order to have the maximum number of fish in the stream when the season begins, it is best to do your stocking in the spring, as soon as the worst of the flood has subsided.

A rule-of-thumb is 500 fish to a mile in an average, six-to-eight-foot brook. This rule is, like a boiled crab, of little use until you start to pick it to pieces. There are some brooks fully six feet wide, where the pools are few and the riffles shallow, which would scarcely support 250 trout to a mile. And there are single deep pools, in streams no wider, which can easily support a tenth of that number. There is also the question of the size of the fish; a fourteen-inch trout will need about three times as much space and food as a seven-inch one.

The average six-to-eight-foot brook is one of those abstract concepts which have no counterpart in real life. But if you are an experienced brook fisherman it will mean something to you, and you will be able to decide whether your stream is sub- or super-average, and whether to buy 250 or 500 or 1000 trout to the mile. If you are not, consult your game warden, or the man from the hatchery.

Trout prices are variable, changing from year to year and from one sec-

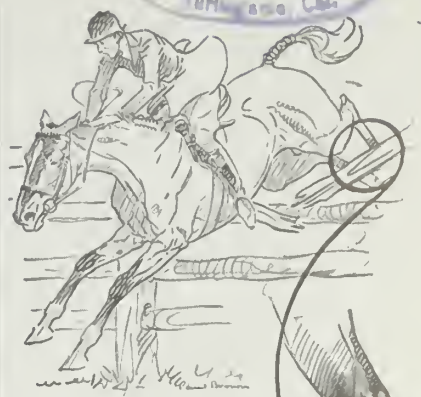
tion of the country to another. Even in a single section, there may be a wide variation between the quotations from a half dozen hatcheries. Six-to-eight-inch trout, the staple article of the trade, are sold by the thousand. Current prices run between \$100 and \$125 per thousand. Larger trout, over nine inches, are usually sold by the pound. A Massachusetts hatchery recently quoted 70¢ per pound, plus a delivery charge of 10¢ per mile. A Rhode Island hatchery quoted 90¢, delivered 120 miles away.

Six-to-eight-inch trout are the cheapest—and the least fun. Large trout are thrilling, and run into money. And here again the nature of your stream must be taken into account; do not introduce large trout unless you have fast water, deep pools, and shade. The best plan in most cases is to put in a variety of sizes. It gets monotonous when you know that all the fish you catch will be the same size, even when that size is large. But if there are some six-to-eight-inches, some half-pounders, and a few old wallopers, you will get much the same thrill of uncertainty that you got in the old days when trout grew in trout streams. In a typical mile of stream, 300 six-to-eight-inches, 100 half-pounders, and 50 one pound and larger, costing from \$125 to \$150, would do nicely.

Order from the nearest good hatchery, or the one that quotes the best price, and put them in. Any good hatcheryman will see that the fish are delivered in good condition, and that they are transported in water of the proper temperature; there should not be an abrupt change when they are released into the brook. The hatcheryman will also instruct you in how to put them into the water or, for a consideration, do it for you.

Now your fish are in your brook. If you want to take the thing very seriously, you can patrol the stream for predators: mink, otter—if you find some, ask the local boys how to trap them—rats, turtles, snakes, fishers, if any; herons, osprey, eels, pickerel, kingfishers; they will be a menace in about the order named.

PERSONALLY, the writer would not recommend that you should take your back pasture trout stream too seriously. He doesn't even recommend that you take all the above instructions too seriously. If your stream remotely resembles trout water, and if you put in a lot of fish a couple of weeks before the season starts, you'll get some fishing all right, and you'll have a lot of fun. What if the fishing does fall off along in June? You'll be more interested in swimming in your larger pools by that time anyway. Swim in it all you want to; it may scare the fish out of the pool you swim in, but it won't hurt the rest of the stream. Or, if you choose, build a swimming pool by damming the stream; it will probably be one of your best trout pools in the spring before the swimming begins. Let the cattle water in the brook if it happens to run past the pasture—they'll mess up only one pool—and if they want to graze along the banks, it won't matter a bit.



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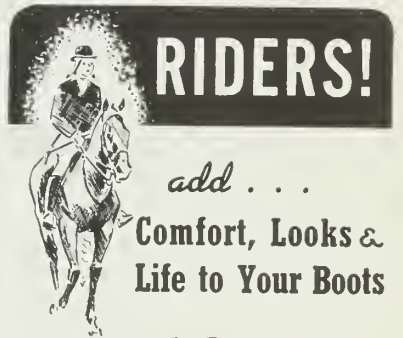
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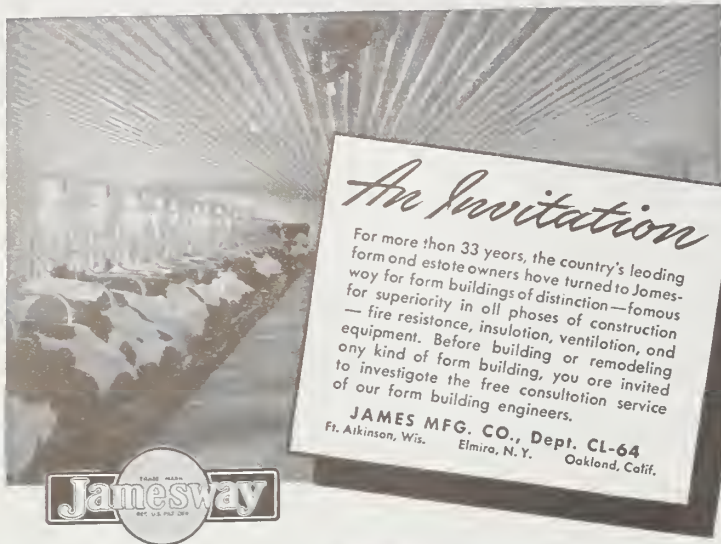
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IT was in the year 1854 that the first agricultural college and experimental farm in the western hemisphere came into being. It was founded in Maryland by the state Agricultural Society, through private subscription of stock.

The fertile state of Maryland may not be very big as states go, but in the livestock industry it looms large (annual income from livestock is \$40,000,000, a lot for a small state). Moreover, there is every indication that in the very near future it is going to be of even greater importance. This added importance will be closely tied up with this same agricultural college.

The original foundation merged with Maryland State University in 1920. It has always done excellent work and has made important contributions to the livestock world even though handicapped by lack of funds, land, and equipment.

The Agronomy and Soils Department of the University has had a constructive program of fertility and crop production for a long time. Indeed Maryland has one of the best balanced programs of crop and livestock production to be found in any state. This is because the University has had the foresight to base its study of animal husbandry on a thorough groundwork of soil fertility and crop production research.

Now a new day has come. With the help of Government agencies it has expanded and is launching a program so comprehensive, under such skilled supervision, and with such a thorough grasp of the problems confronting dairymen and livestock breeders in general, that it may in time help solve some of your problems, whether you live in Maryland or 1000 miles away.

In a recent discussion with this department Kenneth C. Ikeler, the

head of the Animal and Dairy Husbandry Section of the University, told in glowing terms of the fine new buildings, land, livestock, and equipment recently acquired. Best of all, he told of the important new work of experimentation and teaching that has been undertaken. Indeed, in planning the future of the agricultural and livestock end of the University the faculty has set new standards of service that might well be copied by any state.

The objectives set forth are as follows: In the first place it is insisted that all branches of livestock work—research, instruction, and extension—be coordinated in the interest of economy and efficiency. It is planned to develop, through trained and experienced workers, a scientific and practical research program as a basis of service to the ever increasing number of livestock farmers in Maryland; to use the research findings as a guide for technical instruction for the students, and to carry the findings through county agents and other extension workers directly to the agricultural people of the state.

It is further important not only to make the results of experimental



THOMAS NEIL DARLING PHOTOS
 The Dairy and Livestock buildings at the University of Maryland

BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

work known to the agricultural people of the state, but to see that these facts are practically applied and carried to their logical conclusions. Therefore it is part of the University's work to see that its findings ensure the efficient production, and final marketing, of Maryland livestock and products.

In 1936 the acute need for expansion to keep up with the state's growing livestock industry led to the purchase of 225 acres of land adjoining the campus. Then, with the assistance of the Federal government, the new dairy cattle and livestock plant was begun.

FROM the very beginning the keynote of the new work was efficiency and practicality. Even in the construction of the buildings the type and plans were such that any stockman intending to build barns of his own could get workable ideas by copying them. Indeed, several other farm buildings in the state have already been patterned after them.

Last October, thanks to WPA, everything was ready. The most modern equipment was installed, and the new farm was stocked with the best modern strains of draft horses, beef and dairy cattle, sheep, and swine.

A most ambitious program, stressing animal feeding and nutrition, and genetic studies is already under way. For instance, right at the present moment, the following experiments are being conducted:

Work to determine the value of adding kelp meal to rations of dairy cattle; the use of dry starter in calf feeding; input as related to output in milk production; feeding of distillers rye slop to dairy cows; the prevention and control of contagious abortion; the use of Anatto as a tracer in cream; the effect of weather variations on the retail sale of ice cream; development of a small electric pasteurizer; factors which influence the production of pork products of desirable quality and palatability; determination of energy value of distillers by-products in rations of beef steers, and in winter rations for pregnant ewes; comparison of soybean-millet molasses silage with corn silage for milk production.

Projects are also contemplated on pasture studies in swine production and in certain phases of protein, vitamin, and mineral studies. Also for future consideration are possible experiments in increasing the efficiency of milk production by the use of germ plasm in carefully controlled breeding experiments.

This latter work would be similar to that done with hybrid corn. While such work with animals would necessarily be very slow and expensive, there is a great need for the forthcoming information to decrease the cost of milk production. The above

are just a few of the research problems with which the livestock industry of Maryland, and other states too, is faced.

Of course, not all emphasis is put on research by the University. As Prof. Ikeler says, there never has been a time when the animal industries needed clear thinkers and careful doers more than it does to-day. This is equally true whether applied to the operator of a livestock farm, a county agent, a vocational worker, or a university research worker.

Therefore the new setup at Maryland with its experienced and well trained staff will provide the highest type of instruction, with the aim of producing these clear thinkers and careful doers. There are courses on selection breeding, feeding, management and marketing of dairy and beef cattle, horses, swine and sheep. Also in the processing and sale of milk and milk products, meat and wool. This curriculum is, of course, supplemented with work in many other fields.

Courses in soil fertility, feed and pasture production, and in crop rotation are essential subjects taught to the undergraduate students. Both the undergraduate and graduate students are showing a great deal of interest in these revised and more complete courses.

Many of the students are members of the Maryland Chapter of the National Block and Bridle Club, and much new interest is shown in student participation in livestock judging contests at the larger shows. Maryland coaches and students made an outstanding record in these contests last year. Such a good one that it will be difficult to equal for years to come.

Prof. Ikeler says that many of the best students who enter the animal and dairy courses come through the 4-H Clubs and vocational channels. He feels that these students, having a farm background and special training, supplemented by scientific study at the University will continue to furnish high quality material for leadership in the ever growing animal industries of the state and nation.

A REPORT of the Quail Roost Farms Guernsey Sale has just come in. It seems that 1,000 or so persons flocked to the George Watts Hill farm at Rougemont, N. C., to see eight bulls and 41 cows sold for a total of \$21,700. The average, \$442, was the highest ever obtained at a Guernsey sale in the South.

Cattle were consigned from Quail Roost and 13 other Guernsey breeders from five states and they represented some of the best herds of Guernseys in the South. Top price of the sale, \$1,200, was paid for Rose Maxim, one of the Quail Roost bulls, by Miles F. Shore, of Yadkin County, N. C.



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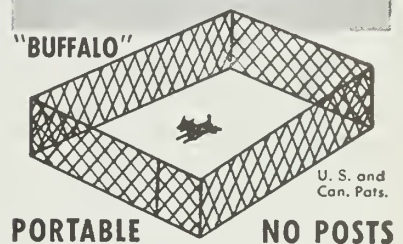
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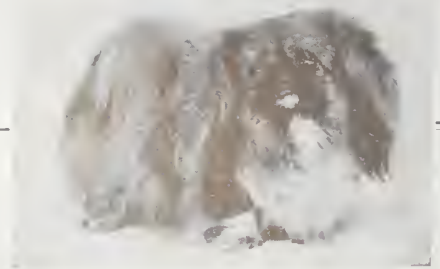
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THERE is not the slightest reason for being perturbed about making your initial appearance in the show ring with your dog. Forget about any thought of stage fright which might occur to you and remember that you will not be alone in the ring—that it is quite likely there will be other exhibitors in the ring with you who feel equally or even more fearful of the venture than you do.

What keeps many interested dog lovers from showing their animals is that they look upon their initial exhibition efforts as an ordeal, a grave occasion which requires the most precise deportment on the part of themselves and their dogs. Just forget about any gravity of the occasion and remember that it is not a matter of life or death, that nothing momentous depends upon the result, but that it is a sporting venture entered into for the pure purpose of pleasure.

If you have never shown a dog but have a desire to do so and own one which you think worthy of entering into competition, it is suggested that you attend a dog show and carefully watch the manner in which the exhibitors, particularly the professional handlers, display their charges in pose and pace in the ring. Just one such experience, remembering every detail and being guided by them, should qualify you to handle your own dog to admirable advantage in the ring.

Paramount, in showing a dog I emphatically offer this admonition: *Keep Your Hands Off Your Dog*

This particularly pertains to terriers and all of the smaller and medium-sized breeds. Of course with such breeds as pointers and setters it is permissible, after showing the dog in action on the leash, to pose him; usually on the request of the judge.

But as soon as action has been displayed do not immediately flop on the floor and proceed to straighten his front, lay back his hindquarters, pull out his neck, poke up his belly or other manipulations designed to disguise any faults he may have, for you are only directing the judges attention to such.

Incidentally, in judging dogs, I will disclose a personal secret. When an exhibitor goes through the aforementioned antics, before I have requested posing the dog, I watch for his first manipulation and it usually reveals the animal's chief fault, thereby saving my time in discovering it. So don't display your dog's faults to the judge.

This penchant for getting one's hands on a dog to make him appear of better type or more pleasing pose is the chief failing of the over-anxious novice exhibitor. If you will carefully watch experienced professional handlers, particularly those with terrier charges, you will see that they seldom if ever touch a hand to a dog, unless requested to do so by the judge, and that is the reason why their charges are more successful in the long run

than those of the average amateur exhibitor.

By hand manipulation a dog is apt to lose confidence in himself, knowing that you are aiding him, and lose a lot of personality and self reliance.

If, for instance, and particularly in the case of Boston terriers and some other of the pet breeds, a dog is inclined to sit down on his haunches do not put your hand under his belly and lift him to a standing posture as he is apt to hump his back, presenting the top line of a camel, and the more you boost him the more he is likely to sit down. Just move him forward a few steps with the leash; keep doing the same at home and he will soon learn that he is supposed to stand four-square.

ANOTHER idiosyncrasy, particularly prevalent in some Pekingese, chow chows, Norwegian elkhounds and other gay plumed breeds, is a lowered or dragging tail. Don't try to lift or hold it up, as the latter is not permissible, and it only accentuates the fault. Just move him around the ring at a good stiff pace and unless he is over-lax in this respect he will unconsciously raise his rudder and keep it so, if not touched. Of course it is not required that a gay tailed breed hold the stern erect while being examined by the judge, but such is imperative while moving and almost equally so while standing.

All judges do or should desire and insist on seeing a dog's mouth, but some dogs are averse to this inspection. If your charge is inclined to be a bit sharp with strangers, inform the judge to that effect, and lift the dog's lips yourself so that the all-round dentition can be displayed. Do not open the mouth except in the case of chow chows, where the blue interior must be seen.

Among the fanciers of all of the breeds perhaps the worst offenders in the matter of overhanding their dogs are the novice exhibitors of bulldogs. I am stating this despite the fact that I am an old time fancier of that breed, having bred and exhibited it some forty years ago. There is no disguising the fact that the Bulldog is of a considerably exaggerated type, yet many novice exhibitors insist upon spreading out the naturally wide front, poking up the belly to pronounce the roach back and other manipulations until the animal appears an absolute monstrosity and the owner spends most of his time on the floor in a ludicrous pantomime.

It is true that many typical bulldogs are inclined to travel and stand with their feet closer together than the shoulder points and it is advisable to equalize this by hand, but never spread the forelegs wider than the shoulders which should be over them.

Mentioning bulldogs is remindful of a champion I once owned which although a sound, swaggering mover,

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BY VINTON P. BREESE

was a chronic "sitter-downer." He would roll round the ring, stop and promptly sit down. I would move him forward a step or two but he would again sit down and so on *ad infinitum*.

Finally an idea germinated in what passes for a brain. I drove a pin in the toe of my shoe, nipped it off to a quarter inch and filed it to a point. Then I marched Sandy round the room and stopped; he sat down. I touched his rear with my toe and he got up, pronto. A few courses of this treatment and upon stopping he would start to let down but think better of it and straighten up upon the mere shuffling of my foot. Try it if you have a chronic "sitter-downer."

To return to the subject of ring routine. Supposing you have attended a dog show, particularly noted the manner in which the exhibitors handle their charges and are about to show a dog yourself for the first time. It is essential that you should follow the judging closely and be ready at the ringside when the class and number of your dog is called. The number will be placed on your left arm and you enter the ring.

The judge is very likely to be watching each dog as it appears and forming a rough idea of their relative merit insofar as general appearance and proportion are concerned. The detailed merits and demerits will be considered by him on closer examination. When the class is complete the judge will probably request all to move round the ring to his left and you will therefore have to lead your dog with your left hand so that he is between you and the judge and your number arm is visible to him. This is for his inspection of side appearance, proportion, stride, etc.

Another emphatic admonition occurs here. Never, at any time, stand between your dog and the judge and always keep the loose end of the leash gathered in your hand. After a few circuits round the ring the judge will probably line the competitors up for close inspection and may then request the exhibitors to pose their charges.

When he has completed this close examination he will probably take a position at the end of the ring and request the exhibitors, singly, to "go and come" which means that the latter are to move their dogs at a moderate pace straight away from and straight back to him the full length of the ring. This is to determine the trueness of fore and hind action.

Then the dogs may again be aligned for a further brief close-up and with some inter-changes finally sent to the side of the ring under the numbers one, two, three, four, designating the placings.

All of this will be found to be a very simple procedure when actually entered into and easy to follow down to the merest detail. However, the important thing to remember is not to

get excited or flustered else your charge is apt to catch the complaint. Take it easy at all times and watch the judge for directions. If you are a novice making an initial appearance he will soon discover it and endeavor to reassure and direct you in showing your dog to the best advantage. When he has examined your charge and passed on to the others, do not continue to lure your dog with a piece of liver or what not to attract his attention. Allow him to relax as the judge may return for another look and the dog will be the more ready to snap into an alert pose.

After having attended a show, carefully noted the ring routine and manner of showing dogs by experienced handlers, and you are contemplating exhibiting your own dog, it is suggested that you put the latter through a similar course of schooling at home. Purchase a show slip leash, use a piece of hard cooked and dried liver or whatever the dog prefers as a lure to attract alert attention and pose and go to work. You will be surprised how readily and how joyfully the dog will enter into the game and before you are aware of it you will have a model mannered show dog.

ON a high plateau overlooking one of the Croton reservoirs on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, the North Westchester Kennel Club will hold its annual show on June 8. This is one of the most beautiful as well as the largest of the summer shows. Fourteen specialty clubs will consider the classes at this show their specialty. The Shetland Sheepdog Specialty and the Connecticut Cocker Spaniel \$1,000 futurity (the Harry E. McTavey Memorial) will be judged the previous day, June 7. The \$1,000 trophy for best-in-show will be called, for the first time, the Frank F. Dole Memorial Trophy. Generous prize money in addition to sterling silver trophies for best-of-breed in every breed. Longchamps will again serve luncheon and Mrs. Hoyt bends every effort to see that each exhibitor and spectator has a most enjoyable day.

The following day, June 9, the Longshore Kennel Club will hold its annual fixture on the beautiful lawn of the Longshore Country Club, at Westport, Conn. This has always been one of the popular summer shows because of its excellent judging list and attractive prize money. Buffet luncheon will be served on the terrace of the clubhouse, overlooking the Sound.

On the Pacific Coast, the Santa Cruz Kennel Club at Santa Cruz, Cal., holds its annual on June 16, and the Del Monte Kennel Club on June 30.

June 22 will find exhibitors at Rumson, N. J., where the Monmouth County Kennel Club holds its annual show on the Harding estate.



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The Young Sportsman

It is a pleasure to award the five dollar prize this month to Warren Brown, Jr., for his accurate and excellent description of a dove shoot. This is the type of story which proves the writer has real knowledge concerning his subject, plus the ability to write simply, a combination which will always win the five dollar prize on this page.

If anyone can answer correctly the ten questions on baseball without looking at the answers, he or she, (but most likely he) is a real baseball fan.

For next month the subjects suggested are "The Rodeo," "Life on a farm," "A pack trip," "Haying," "Fishing." All contributors must be under 18 and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent or guardian that it is your own original work.

A DOVE SHOOT

THE dove is a fat, slate gray colored bird with short red legs. He is neat and well groomed and very gentle when not hunted too much by hunters. Many couples of doves nest around our lake in the spring and late summer. They build shoddy nests and only lay two eggs. Blue gays are mean about stealing their eggs and babies. When the days get cool and the birds come South we boys know that soon Daddys friends will come dove shooting. Early some morning before daybreak several cars come down the lane and their lights shine in our room. Someone will knock and Daddy will get up and dress, go down stairs, get his gun and go with the hunters to the peanut fields. They hurry to get stationed by stumps and along the fence before the doves fly in. If it is a good field of peanuts great flocks of birds wheel in, then the men begin to shoot. Doesn't matter how much they shoot the birds will circle and come back to feed. The hunters usually have all they want by nine o'clock, they empty their doves and divide them equally. Sometimes they come in the afternoon and let us boys go along to pick up birds. Some of the hunters never miss a bird and some shoot away all their shells and dont kill a



Drawn by Elizabeth W. Flood, Philadelphia, Pa.; aged 14

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BASEBALL?

1. (a) What is the distance from the pitcher's box to home plate?
(b) What is the distance between the bases?
2. What is a Texas Leaguer?
3. What qualifications are necessary to be at the top of the batting order?
4. Define a sacrifice fly.
5. What are the nicknames of the following teams:
(a) Brooklyn Nationals
(b) Chicago Americans
(c) Cleveland Americans
(d) St. Louis Nationals
6. Who was last in the National League in 1939?
7. What is meant by batting average?
8. What is the most difficult position in the infield?
9. Why is the pitcher at the bottom of the batting order?
10. How many players on a soft ball team?

Answers will be found on page 40

dove. We like to go with them. They carry whole cases of shells to the field and after a hunt we boys like to pick up their empty shells for some times we find several good ones.

WARREN BROWN, JR., aged 14.
Andalusia, Ala.

MY GARDEN

EVERY year about the fifteenth of March I begin to think about my garden. I have several flower beds of my own and I also like to plant morning glories and other vines around the house.

I always save one afternoon about this time of the year and go to the nearest seed store to pick out the seeds I want. My flower bed consists of nasturtiums, larkspurs, roses, snapdragons, sweetpeas, etc. I like my garden to be mixed up rather than carefully planned.

I make many cuttings of roses and gardenias and so far I have been very successful with them.

Late in the afternoon I love to stroll in my garden and look at all of the tiny plants that are coming up. I think a garden is one of the most interesting hobbies that anyone can have. I hope that everyone that can will have a garden this summer.

LUCY D. BARBORO, aged 13.
Memphis, Tenn.

NAPOLEAN

NAPOLEAN is a Dalmation or coach dog. We call him Napoleon because he looks like Napoleon in the funny paper. When we got Napoleon he was only six weeks old and he looked like a little white ball.

From the time Napoleon came to

live with us till he was two or three months old we had to carry him up and down stairs. One day he tried to come down stairs (But fell most of the way) after that he never tried to go up or down the stairs again till he was about (4) four months old.

One day Napoleon followed me when I was riding horse back. I let him follow me because it was natural for him. After that he followed me every time I went out.

The next day I went riding again. Napoleon followed me the only trouble was (he didn't no how to get out of the way) so he got stepped on nearly every time I went out.

One day Daddy rode with me, he rode dolly (Mothers horse) Napoleon went with us and got stepped on as usual he hurt his foot badly, but we didn't think much about it because he got stepped on so much. When we got home we put the horses away and went down to the house. When we went back to the barn to feed the animals, Napoleon was not there, as usual, nor did he come an hour later. Finally we saddled up and went to look for him. When we found him, he was laying just where he had gotten stepped on. We put him on Dolly and carried him home. After that Napoleon never went with



Drawn by Marianne Goete, New Haven, Conn.; aged 15

the horses again if my horse was along.

One Sunday Mother, Daddy, and I went to the club on horseback, Napoleon went with us. We had tied up our horses and were watching the Polo game when we missed Napoleon who had been sitting beside us after awhile he came back and then disappeared again. The third time he disappeared I followed him he went straight to where the horses were tied, then he would go back and fourth two or three times as if checking them to make sure they were all there. Napoleon would do that every time we went to the club.

Napoleon is now five years old and usually lays about the house asleep. But he never misses going out with the horses if he can help it. THE END.

ANN CAMPBELL, aged 10½.
Los Angeles, Calif.

MY DOG SPORT

SPORT is the friendliest and the best dog in the world. He is a pointer and as I live in the country I get lots of time to use him. He



Drawing of his pointer, Sport, and himself, by the author

had heart worm about a year ago but he lived through it and he can still hunt although he is not as fast as he was.

I have five or six covies spotted. As this country is very thick they are hard to find.

Every time I go in the gun case he jumps up and looks at me as though to say I want to go too. If I don't take him he looks out the window till I am out of sight. When I do take him he runs out the door and off down the road until I signal him the direction.

I am not a very good shot so some times he gets disappointed but when I kill a bird and he retrieves it to me as though to say I can do my part too.

H. TAYLOR COMPTON, aged 14.
Savannah, Ga.

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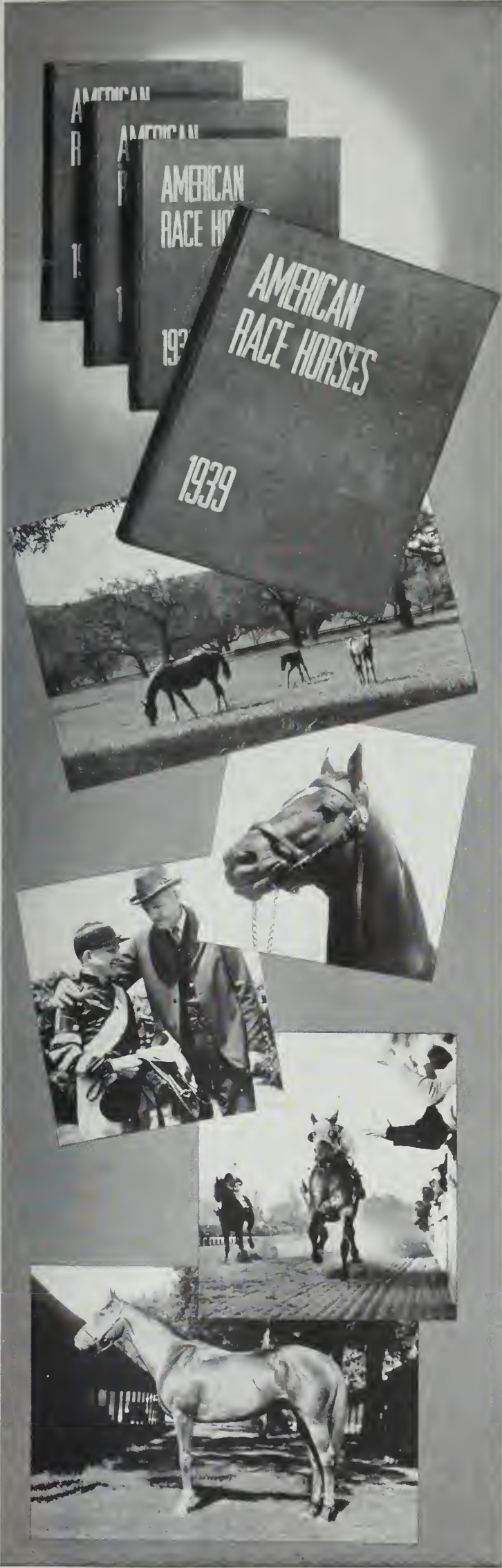
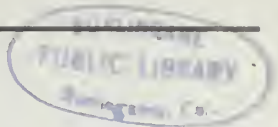
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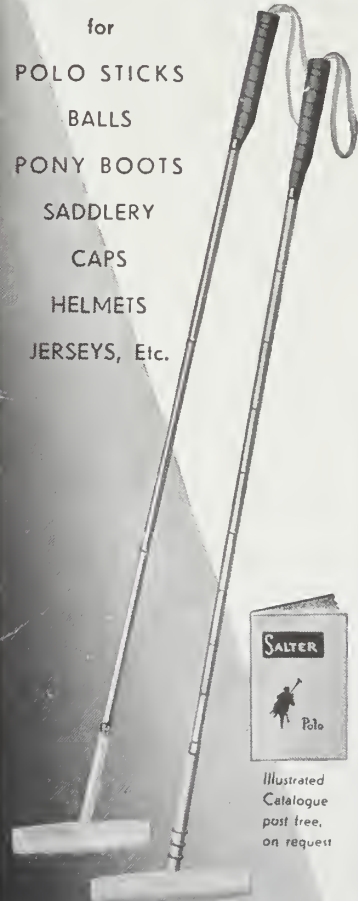
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To July 1 MOUNT ROYAL, Montreal, Que.
 To July 1 HAMILTON, Ont.
 July 1-27 EMPIRE CITY, Yonkers, N. Y.
 To July 4 POLO PARK, Winnipeg, Man.
 To July 4 DELAWARE PARK, Stanton, Del.
 July 4-19 NIAGARA, Fort Erie, Ont.
 To July 6 LANSDOWNE PARK, Vancouver, B. C.
 To July 6 AK-SAR-BEN, Omaha, Neb.
 To July 27 ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Ill.
 To July 27 SUFFOLK DOWNS, Boston, Mass.
 July 29-Aug. 24 ROCKINGHAM PARK, Salem, N. H.
 July 29-Aug. 31 SARATOGA, N. Y.
 July 29-Sept. 2 WASHINGTON PARK, Homewood, Ill.
 To Aug. 3 HOLLYWOOD PARK, Inglewood, Cal.
 Aug. 3-10 HAMILTON, Ont.
 Aug. 3-Sept. 2 DADE PARK, Henderson, Ky.
 Aug. 6-Sept. 7 DEL MAR, Cal.
 Aug. 17-Sept. 2 STAMFORD PARK, Niagara Falls, Ont.
 Aug. 26-Oct. 5 NARRAGANSETT PARK, Pawtucket, R. I.
 Sept. 4-Oct. 5 CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN'S RACING ASS'N., Hawthorne, Ill.
 Sept. 7-14 THORNCLIFFE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 Sept. 14-28 HAYRE DE GRACE, Md.
 Sept. 21-28 WOODBINE PARK, Toronto, Ont.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Sept. 7 FOXCATCHER HOUNDS, Fair Hill, Md.
 Sept. 21 WHITEMARSH VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Flourtown, Pa.
 Sept. 28 MEADOWBROOK STEEPLECHASE ASS'N., Westbury, L. I.

STEEPLECHASE

Aug. 11 PINE VALLEY, Colorado Springs, Colo.

HUNTER TRIALS

July 6-7 SEIGNIORY CLUB, P. Q.

GRAND CIRCUIT TROTTING

July 8-13 TOLEDO, Ohio
 July 15-19 GOSHEN, N. Y.
 July 20-Aug. 3 NARRAGANSETT, R. I.
 Aug. 5-10 MINEOLA, L. I.
 Aug. 12-17 GOSHEN, N. Y. (Good Time Park)
 Aug. 14 HAMBLETONIAN STAKE, Goshen, N. Y.
 Aug. 19-24 SPRINGFIELD, Ill.
 Aug. 26-31 SYRACUSE, N. Y.

RODEOS

July 2-4 CODY, Wyoming.
 July 2-4 LIVINGSTON ROUND-UP, Livingston, Montana.
 July 3-5 RED LODGE, Montana.
 July 3-5 BLACK HILLS ROUND-UP, Fourche, South Dakota.
 July 4-6 GLENDALE, Montana.
 July 4-6 KALISPELL, Montana.
 July 4-7 KLAMATH FALLS, Oregon.
 July 8-13 STAMPEDE AND EXHIBITION, Calgary, Alberta.
 July 11-13 WOLF POINT STAMPEDE, Wolf Point, Montana.
 July 16-18 SHERIDAN, Wyoming.
 July 18-21 CALIFORNIA RODEO, Salinas, Cal.
 July 19-24 COVERED WAGON DAYS, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 July 21-27 OGDEN PIONEER DAYS, Ogden, Utah.
 July 23-27 CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
 July 27-28 FORTUNA, Cal.
 Aug. 1-4 DAYS OF '76, Deadwood, South Dakota.
 Aug. 5-10 NORTH MONTANA STATE FAIR AND RODEO, Great Falls, Montana.
 Aug. 12-17 MIDLAND EMPIRE FAIR AND RODEO, Billings, Montana.
 Aug. 17-18 SUN VALLEY, Idaho.
 Aug. 18 MELVILLE, Montana.
 Aug. 21-25 LASSEN COUNTY FAIR AND RODEO, Susanville, Cal.
 Aug. 23-25 SAN BENITO SADDLE HORSE SHOW AND RODEO, Hollister, Cal.
 Aug. 31-Sept. 2 ELLENSBURG, Washington.

HORSE SHOWS

July 3-4 WAYNESBURG, Pa.
 July 5-7 VALLEY HUNT, Bradford, Pa.
 July 6-7 HUNTINGTON CRESCENT, Huntington Bay, L. I.
 July 6-7 SCRANTON, Clarks Summit, Pa.
 July 11-13 COUNTRY CLUB, Rye, N. Y.
 July 12-13 MILWAUKEE, Wis.
 July 18-20 MONMOUTH COUNTY, Rumson, N. J.
 July 26-28 JERSEY SHORE, Spring Lake, N. J.
 July 26-27 LAKEVILLE, Conn.
 July 30-Aug. 4 SANTA BARBARA, Cal.
 Aug. 2-3 PITTSFIELD RIDING AND POLO CLUB, Pittsfield, Mass.
 Aug. 3 SOUTHAMPTON RIDING AND HUNT CLUB, Southampton, L. I.
 Aug. 8-9 BATH COUNTY, Hot Springs, Va.
 Aug. 9-11 SAGAMORE, Lake George, N. Y.
 Aug. 10 LITCHFIELD, Conn.
 Aug. 10 RIDING CLUB OF EASTHAMPTON, L. I.
 Aug. 10 BROADMOOR, Colo.
 Aug. 15-16 CLARK COUNTY HORSE AND COLT, Berryville, Va.
 Aug. 15-18 NORTH SHORE, Stony Brook, L. I.
 Aug. 16-18 LAKE PLACID, N. Y.
 Aug. 18-23 MISSOURI STATE FAIR, Sedalia, Mo.
 Aug. 21-24 NORTHVILLE, Mich.
 Aug. 22-24 COHASSETT, Mass.
 Aug. 22-24 POCONO MOUNTAINS, Mount Pocono, Pa.
 Aug. 23-24 ORANGE HORSEMAN'S ASS'N., Orange, Va.
 Aug. 24 KESWICK HUNT CLUB, Keswick, Va.
 Aug. 26-30 SYRACUSE, N. Y.
 Aug. 27-29 RHINEBECK DUTCHESS COUNTY, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
 Aug. 28-30 HARTFORD COUNTY FAIR, Bel Air, Md.
 Aug. 30-31 HUNTINGDON COUNTY, Huntingdon, Pa.
 Aug. 31 ORANGEBURG FAIR, Orangeburg, N. Y.
 Aug. 31 SMITHTOWN, L. I.
 Aug. 31 SPRING LAKE, Sea Girt, N. J.
 Sept. 1 WARRENTON, Va.
 Sept. 1 ORANGEBURG FAIR, Orangeburg, N. Y.
 Sept. 1 GOSHEN, Conn.
 Sept. 2 ALTOONA, Pa.

(Continued on page 6)



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CALENDAR (Continued from page 5)

Sept. 6-7	GENESSEE VALLEY BREEDER'S ASS'N., Avon, N. Y.
Sept. 6-7	CECIL COUNTY BREEDER'S FAIR, Fair Hill, Md.
Sept. 7	GREENWICH, Conn.
Sept. 7	FAIRFAX, Va.
Sept. 8	SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CLUB, Old Westbury, L. I.
Sept. 10-13	BROCKTON FAIR, Brockton, Mass.
Sept. 11-14	WISSAHICKON, Whitmarsh, Pa.
Sept. 13-14	NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
Sept. 14	GIPSY TRAIL CLUB, Carmel, N. Y.
Sept. 15	LAWRENCE FARMS, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
Sept. 16-21	SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
Sept. 21	PLAINFIELD RIDING CLUB, N. J.
Sept. 22	POCANTICO HILLS, North Tarrytown, N. Y.
Sept. 25-28	BRYN MAWR, Pa.
Sept. 26-29	MONTEREY COUNTY, Monterey, Cal.
Sept. 27-28	MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Sept. 28	BYRAM RIVER, Glenville, Conn.
Sept. 29-30	ST. LOUIS, Mo.

DOG SHOWS

July 4	NORTHEASTERN WISCONSIN KENNEL CLUB, Fond du Lac, Wis.
July 6	SOUTHAMPTON KENNEL CLUB, Southampton, L. I.
July 6-7	BADGER KENNEL CLUB, Madison, Wis.
July 14	HAWAIIAN KENNEL CLUB, Honolulu, T. H.
July 14	MINNEAPOLIS KENNEL CLUB, Minneapolis, Minn.
July 20	WESTERN MICHIGAN KENNEL CLUB, Spring Lake, Mich.
July 21	GRAND RAPIDS KENNEL CLUB, Grand Rapids, Mich.
July 21	SANTA BARBARA KENNEL CLUB, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Aug. 3	LACKAWANNA KENNEL CLUB, Skytop, Pa.
Aug. 4	LAKE MOHAWK KENNEL CLUB, Sparta, N. J.
Aug. 10	BUTLER COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Butler, Pa.
Aug. 10	MOUNT DESERT KENNEL CLUB, Bar Harbor, Me.
Aug. 11	LORAIN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Lorain, Ohio.
Aug. 13	TONAWANDA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Batavia, N. Y.
Aug. 16	LAKE PLACID KENNEL CLUB, Lake Placid, N. Y.
Aug. 17	MOHAWK VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Lake George, N. Y.
Aug. 18	MCKINLEY KENNEL CLUB, Canton, Ohio.
Aug. 18	WILDWOOD KENNEL CLUB, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Aug. 21	ALLEGHANY COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Angelica, N. Y.
Aug. 23	PROFILE KENNEL CLUB, Hampton Beach, N. H.
Aug. 24	NORTH SHORE KENNEL CLUB, Hamilton, Mass.
Aug. 24	RAVENNA KENNEL CLUB, Ravenna, Ohio.
Aug. 24	STATE FAIR KENNEL CLUB, West Allis, Wis.
Aug. 25	CHAGRIN VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Gates Mills, Ohio.
Aug. 25	FRAMINGHAM DISTRICT KENNEL CLUB, Framingham Center, Mass.
Aug. 25	SAN JOAQUIN KENNEL CLUB, Stockton, Cal.
Aug. 25	WISCONSIN KENNEL CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.
Aug. 31	LENOX KENNEL CLUB, Lenox, Mass.
Sept. 1	GREAT BARRINGTON KENNEL CLUB, Great Barrington, Mass.
Sept. 1-2	ST. PAUL KENNEL CLUB, St. Paul, Minn.
Sept. 1-2	SPOKANE KENNEL CLUB, Spokane, Wash.
Sept. 2	OX RIDGE KENNEL CLUB, Darien, Conn.
Sept. 7	BRIDGEWATER KENNEL CLUB, Bridgewater, Mass.
Sept. 7	TUXEDO KENNEL CLUB, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
Sept. 8	WESTCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Rye, N. Y.
Sept. 9-11	BROCKTON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Brockton, Mass.
Sept. 14	DEVON, Pa.
Sept. 14	MAINE KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Me.
Sept. 15	GLENDALE KENNEL CLUB, Glendale, Cal.
Sept. 15	MONTGOMERY COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Whitmarsh, Pa.
Sept. 20	INTERMOUNTAIN KENNEL CLUB, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Sept. 21	EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
Sept. 21	SOMERSET HILLS KENNEL CLUB, Far Hills, N. J.
Sept. 22	JAXON KENNEL CLUB, Jackson, Miss.
Sept. 22	OAKLAND KENNEL CLUB, Oakland, Cal.
Sept. 28	SUFFOLK COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Huntington, L. I.
Sept. 28-29	KANAWHA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Charleston, W. Va.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointer and Setter)

Aug. 25	BRADFORD FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Bradford, Pa.
Aug. 31	WILD LIFE BIRD DOG ASS'N., Conneaut Lake, Pa.
Sept. 7	EAST OHIO FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Mineral Ridge, Ohio.
Sept. 7	NEW BRITAIN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, New Britain, Conn.
Sept. 8	WILBRAHAM FISH AND GAME CLUB, Wilbraham, Mass.
Sept. 9	ALL-AMERICA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Pierson, Man.
Sept. 14	CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Sept. 14	CHARLESTOWN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Charlestown, R. I.
Sept. 14	TRUMBULL POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Warren, Ohio.
Sept. 21	COOPERSTOWN FISH AND GAME CLUB, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Sept. 21	KEYSTONE SETTER AND POINTER CLUB, Reading, Pa.
Sept. 27	CENTRAL NEW YORK PHEASANT DOG ASS'N., Lakeport, N. Y.
Sept. 27	CAPITAL CITY FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Harrisburg, Pa.
Sept. 27	WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

July 4	NORTHEASTERN WISCONSIN KENNEL CLUB, Fond du Lac, Wis.
July 6-7	BADGER KENNEL CLUB, Madison, Wis.
July 14	HAWAIIAN KENNEL CLUB, Honolulu, T. H.
Aug. 11	LORAIN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Lorain, Ohio.

SKEET TOURNAMENTS

July 1	ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.
July 6-7	TRAVERSE CITY SKEET CLUB, Traverse City, Mich.
July 7	JOPLIN SKEET CLUB, Joplin, Mo.
July 7	SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
July 13	PORTLAND SKEET CLUB, Portland, Me.
July 13	NASSAU TRAPSHOOTING CLUB, Mineola, N. Y.
July 13-14	CARTHAGE SKEET CLUB, Carthage, Mo.
July 14	FIRESTONE SKEET CLUB, Akron, Ohio.
July 14	PALOS HEIGHTS GUN CLUB, Worth, Ill.
July 14	PORTLAND SKEET CLUB, Portland, Me.
July 20-21	ANGELUS MESA SKEET CLUB, Culver City, Cal.
July 21	GOLDEN GATE GUN CLUB, Alameda, Cal.
July 21	E. FT. HARRISON GUN CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.
July 21	ARNOLD TRAIL SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N., Waterville, Me.
July 21	COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
July 26-27	VA. HOT SPRINGS GOLF AND TENNIS CLUB, Hot Springs, Va.
July 27-28	CAPITOL CITY GUN CLUB, Indianapolis, Ind.
July 27-28	ST. LOUIS SKEET AND TRAP CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.
Aug. 4	LINCOLN PARK TRAPS, Chicago, Ill.
Aug. 4	CARTHAGE SKEET CLUB, Carthage, Mo.
Aug. 4	SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
Aug. 5	ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.
Aug. 6-10	ONONDAGA SKEET CLUB, Syracuse, N. Y.
Aug. 18	NORTHWEST TOWN'S SPORTSMAN CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
Aug. 18	ARNOLD TRAIL SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N., Fairfield, Me.
Aug. 18	COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
Aug. 23-25	WASHINGTON GUN CLUB, Washington, Ind.
Aug. 24-25	GROSSE POINTE SKEET CLUB, Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Aug. 25	CHICAGOLAND GUN CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
Aug. 25-26	ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.

(Continued on page 8)



PAINTED FOR DE BEERS BY EUGENE BERMAN

THE WOMEN OF YOUR NAME

NO FACTS in a man's life are so graceful, so complimentary, as the women of his family. The loveliness of mother, the beauty and wisdom of wife, reflected already in the serene young eyes of daughters . . . these are the most precious possessions that he may ever show the world. . . . Few are the earthly objects a man of sensibility may discover with which to express for them his inarticulate gratitude, his paean of rejoicing. And, among them, the diamond has never found a peer. . . . Fortunate he who may so mark birthdays, débuts, anniversaries, milestones of ever-increasing appreciation and intimacy. For the lucid, starlike loveliness of diamonds shines with the highest expression of human happiness, undimmed through ages. The finest stones are found in the care of reliable jewelers who will be glad to give expert advice in their selection. Many will assist in the purchase of important pieces by arranging payments over an extended period. The diamonds worn by the women of your family are symbols of your joy in their beauty, reflected for the world.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD., AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

CURRENT PRICES OF QUALITY DIAMONDS (Exact weights shown are infrequent. Fractional weights at relative prices.)

One-half carat, \$100 to \$200			One carat, \$325 to \$600		
Two carats		(Square-cut)			(Brilliant) \$900 to \$1750
Three carats	(Marquise)		(Brilliant)		 from \$1500

*Size alone does not determine diamond value. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the prices of diamonds, regardless of weight.
These prices do not include mounting.*

"THE WEST"

IN THESE DAYS of disturbed political and economic conditions, the call of the West grows steadily more insistent. To those in whom a love of the outdoors is inherent, and who enjoy quietude and repose, it has much to offer. In addition the West holds many opportunities for sound investments.

If you are interested communicate with Major E. G. Cullum, Santa Fe, New Mexico, who offers you valuable advice in the purchase of a ranch, no matter how large or small. And if you desire, he will help you to organize it on a sound business basis.

Major Cullum knows the West as but few do. He knows the different sections and what each has to offer as to climate, sports, recreation and business possibilities.

Somewhere in the West there is a ranch that will meet your requirements. And here is your opportunity to find it.

MAJOR E. GROVE CULLUM
Santa Fe, New Mexico

OLD VIRGINIA PROPERTIES

On the Palace Green

Williamsburg, Virginia

REAL ESTATE INSURANCE

March 12, 1940

Mr. C. Kircher,
Real Estate Director,
COUNTRY LIFE,
1270 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C.

My dear Mr. Kircher:

I know that you will be happy to hear that we were able to sell the property "PINEACRES" in Mathews County, Va. through the ad we placed in the November issue of Country Life. The sale was effected only four months after placement of the advertisement. At the present time we are having much interest evinced in "ELMINGTON" which you advertised in December and we have one client that seems particularly interested. If we close on this as well soon, I will inform you of same.

If you wish to use the above information that I have given you concerning the sale of "PINEACRES" in your publicity, I am perfectly willing that you write and I will oblige you with something more flattering than this mere statement of bald facts.

I trust that you will be glad to know of this as it must be very encouraging to know that sales are effected as quickly and as efficiently as they are through using Country Life as the advertising medium.

Very truly yours,
Laurance S. Brigham
Laurance S. Brigham,
OLD VIRGINIA PROPERTIES

LSB/ab

CALENDAR (Continued from page 6)

FLOWER SHOWS

- July to Sept. 29 NATIONAL GARDEN SHOW, Golden Gate International Exposition, Cal.
- July 11 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Lily and Japanese Iris Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
- July 18 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Sweet Pea Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
- July 25 FOREST INN, Eaglesmere, Pa.
- July 25 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Table Decorations, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 1 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Cut Flowers, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 2-3 NEBRASKA GLADIOLA SOCIETY ANNUAL SHOW, Omaha, Neb.
- Aug. 3-4 WEST VIRGINIA GLADIOLA SOCIETY ANNUAL SHOW, Grafton, W. Va.
- Aug. 7 8 NORTH CAROLINA STATE FLORISTS ASSN., Convention and Show, Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
- Aug. 8 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Flower Arrangements, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 9 CONNECTICUT GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Manchester, Conn.
- Aug. 10-11 IOWA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Ames, Iowa.
- Aug. 10-11 OHIO STATE GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Cedar Point, Ohio.
- Aug. 10-11 WISCONSIN GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Columbus, Wis.
- Aug. 10-11 MARYLAND GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Hagerstown, Md.
- Aug. 10-11 UTAH GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Salt Lake City.
- Aug. 14-15 NEW ENGLAND GLADIOLA SOCIETY AND MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Midsummer Exhibition, Boston, Mass.
- Aug. 15 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Gladiola Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 15-16 MICHIGAN GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Jackson, Mich.
- Aug. 16-17 INDIANA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Crown Point, Ind.
- Aug. 17 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Children's Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 17-18 PENNSYLVANIA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 22 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Display of Garden Flowers, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 22-23 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Exhibition of Products of Children's Gardens, Boston, Mass.
- Aug. 22-23 EASTERN NEW YORK GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, New York World's Fair.
- Aug. 23-24 MAINE GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Winslow, Me.
- Aug. 23-24 ANNUAL SHOW, LAKE PLACID CLUB, N. Y.
- Aug. 24-25 ILLINOIS GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Springfield, Ill.
- Aug. 26-27 EMPIRE STATE GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Aug. 29 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Lily Show, Worcester, Mass.

ART EXHIBITIONS

- July to Sept. 12 "MAGIC IN NEW YORK," XIX CENTURY NEW YORK GOTHIC, Museum of The City of New York.
- July to Sept. 15 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.
- July-Sept. 27 CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
- July-Sept. 15 ESTAMPES GALANTES, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- July-Oct. WORKS BY CHILDE HASSAM & EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York.
- July-Sept. TWENTY CENTURIES OF MEXICAN ART, Museum of Modern Art, New York.
- July-Aug. "THE PRESS IN AMERICA" & "THE DOLLS AND TOYS OF YESTERDAY," New York Historical Society, N. Y.
- July-Sept. 29 "AS OTHERS SEE US," "ANIMALS UNDER TEN INCHES," Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- July-Sept. 22 CONEY ISLAND 1909 (PHOTOGRAPHS), Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- July-Oct. 6 SHAWLS, CAPS, AND LAPETS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
- July ART AND THE ADVERTISING AGENCY, Albright Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
- July-Aug. PERMANENT COLLECTION, WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, Delaware.
- July PAINTINGS FROM THE MIDWEST, AMERICAN LANDSCAPES, CHINESE PAINTINGS, PRINTS BY WHISTLER, William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City, Mo.
- July ART IN ACTION (Diego Rivera and others, at work.) Printing from 1457-1940, Photographic Salon, Old Masters, Contemporary European and American Art, Golden Gate International Exposition, Cal.
- July-Aug. PAINTING, DRAWING, PRINTS, AND SCULPTURE BY MEMBERS OF FACULTY, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
- July 1-31 A. ZANGERL, ONE MAN SHOW, Otis Art Institute, Los Angeles, Cal.
- July 1-28 PRINTS BY LEADING AMERICAN ARTISTS, Exhibition of Portraits, Grand Central Art Galleries, N. Y.
- July 1-Nov. 7 ANNUAL FOUNDERS' SHOW, Grand Central Art Galleries, New York.
- July 5-Sept. 15 OLD MASTERS FROM 1939 WORLD'S FAIRS, Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles, Cal.
- To July 7 EUROPEAN MASTERS, DRAWINGS BY SEATTLE ARTISTS, WATER-COLORS BY BYRON RANDALL, SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS BY MARGO ALLEN, PAINTINGS BY RETTA SCOTT, ART WORK BY LAMBDA RHO, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, Wash.
- To July 7 ANNUAL EXHIBITION BY STUDENTS OF THE INSTITUTE SCHOOL, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
- To July 12 XII-XIX CENTURY STAINED GLASS, International Studio Corp., New York.
- To July 14 PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
- July 17-Aug. 30 ANTIQUE ORNAMENTS FOR MODERN GARDENS, International Studio Art Corp., New York.

TENNIS

- July 8-13 ANNUAL JUNIOR INVITATION TOUR, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
- July 11-14 POCONO MOUNTAIN TOUR, Skytop, Pa.
- July 13-14 MEMBERS & GUESTS TOUR, Seignior Club, P. Q.
- July 15-20 INVITATIONAL TOUR, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
- July 22-27 ANNUAL WEST VIRGINIA OPEN AMATEUR, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
- July 29-Aug. 3 EAGLESMEERE, Pa.
- July 31-Aug. 3 JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, Bermuda Lawn Tennis Club.
- Aug. 17-18 MEMBERS & GUESTS TOUR, Seignior Club, P. Q.
- Aug. 23-25 INTERNATIONAL TOUR, Seignior Club, P. Q.

GOLF

- July 1-5 ANNUAL WEST VIRGINIA STATE TOUR, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
- July 1-3 ANNUAL WOMEN'S INVITATIONAL TOUR, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
- July 1-3 LADIES' INVITATIONAL TOUR, Skytop, Pa.
- July 4-6 ANNUAL MEN'S INVITATIONAL TOUR, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
- July 4-7 VIRGINIA STATE AMATEUR GOLF TOUR, Hot Springs, Va.
- July 8 METROPOLITAN GOLF ASSN., Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L. I.
- July 16-21 GOLF WEEK, Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, Que.
- July 27-28 DICKERMAN CUP MATCH, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L. I.
- Aug. 3 ANNUAL SENIORS TOUR, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
- Aug. 5-7 ANNUAL VIRGINIA SENIORS TOUR, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
- Aug. 19-23 ANNUAL OLD WHITE CHAMPIONSHIP, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
- Aug. 19-25 CALIFORNIA STATE AMATEUR CH., Del Monte, Cal.
- Aug. 21-25 CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR WOMEN, Del Monte, Cal.
- Aug. 21-Sept. 2 OLYMPIC CLUB TOURNAMENT, Del Monte, Cal.
- Aug. 23-25 MAIDSTONE BOWL (INVITATIONAL), Maidstone Club, E. Hampton, L. I.
- Aug. 23-25 MEN'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
- Aug. 30-31 WOMEN'S INVITATIONAL GOLF TOUR, Seignior Club, P. Q.

LETTERS

POLO REPORTS

TO THE EDITOR:

I want to put in a plea for the original subscribers to "Polo."

You have grown into a fine big publication, well got up, and presumably profitable. I daresay it has more interest for more people. However, I sometimes look back through the old issues and from our point of view here the magazine has died.

I have the October issue of COUNTRY LIFE and with some ingenuity I have discovered that Greentree got beaten by Bostwick Field in the final. With my knowledge of Long Island polo I make a wild guess that Pete Bostwick is on the winning team. Who else? Well I had a break and saw a newsreel and discover it includes the Gerry brothers and Tyrrell-Martin. One team fixed. Of course I know Jock Whitney runs Greentree and Tommy plays with him. The newsreel shows Bob Skene flashing past. Luckily, I know him well. Now I'm done. I don't know who the fourth man is, so all interest is lost because he may be five goals or he may be ten.

Bostwick Field beat Westbury in the first round; I don't know but that Bobby Strawbridge is the only player for Westbury. I get a better break with the Texans because Wrightsman always has Cecil Smith and I see Winston Guest in the background presumably playing with Cecil. I take an even-money chance and give them Pedley.

I guess I've had almost as much fun as if I'd played in the games.

Is the picture at the top really Bostwick Field vs. Greentree? I'm probably wrong but it looks like Greentree vs. Texas Rangers. Isn't that Winston second from the left?

Once we used to get great interest out of studying pictures of the big stars in action and to find out who was improving, etc. Also the lists of pony chukkers in the Internationals and Open finals. You can imagine our pleasure at seeing that Isobel had played three chukkers in an Open final and Jemima three under Cecil Smith.

Actually, some of the action pictures in the October issue were good. Bert Clark Thayer is clever and artistic but do you think we give a damn about Winston's and Ray's sticks on the back of their station wagon or seeing Jock Whitney having his spurs put on, even if the picture is taken through the hind legs of a polo pony?

Do you remember your front page picture of "Cecil Smith in action"? Each Ashton has one framed. A perfect stance.

I'm quite sure you run your paper at its best and get results, but to polo players the old one was the best one.

If you see the Gerry boys give them my warmest congratulations.

We had quite a good year's polo

here. We won four tournaments; three on handicap and the Dudley Cup, which is our championship. We played quite well in the handicap games, as we had to start quick to catch up. In the final of the championship we were terrible for three chukkers and trailed 3 to 5 at half time, but scored seven in a row and won 11 to 6. Jim announced his retirement from competitive polo, by which he meant four brothers playing together, but he needn't have bothered as the war has stopped it now and it may take some starting again. We are sorry because we've had some extraordinary good luck with horses and have eight or ten very outstanding ponies which may now grow old unused.

Perhaps you heard that Dad died in August. He was a very great man. Mum broke her thigh by slipping on the grass about five weeks ago. She was in wonderful health in bed and full of plans and good spirits and quite suddenly one night she died, too. They were a wonderful team together. I don't suppose there ever lived a better pair.

The tributes paid to them by all classes were very fine.

Most of us are doing military training now, but I got rejected for a duodenal ulcer I had operated on last year. Most of the training is for home defense. Troops for abroad have to be under 30 years except for senior officers, captain upwards.

I am glad about the lift of the arms embargo. If American planes are as good as American automobiles they should be a help.

I'm glad we had our polo trips abroad. They'll be a great memory, as we'll never go again. I'd have liked to have played in New York with Bob Skene, Geoff, Jim and me, but you couldn't travel from Australia to England and then New York. Neither ponies nor men can stand it.

When you think of the fuss made about going to and from England and New York I have to giggle. Eight days—as compared with 45 for us and 40 for the Argentines. And we have to change our season too. Why, Laddie Sanford used to ferry back and forth and win both opens and never think a thing. But as soon as you call it International, the ponies become prima donnas.

BOB ASHTON,
Sydney, Australia.

Forgive us, we couldn't resist publishing the above letter from Bob Ashton, one of the four sons of that wonderful sporting family from Australia, which gave such a thrill to British and American polo. Would there were more like them! How many friends they left in England and America!

What an intensity of interest polo players feel in the game they love so dearly. Imagine, grown men in far-

off Australia studying the pages of a magazine as with a microscope, hungrily, to get the fruit. It makes us embarrassed to offer a defense.

However, there is a defense and it might be interesting to those who take seriously their hobbies and the magazines which accept the responsibility of dealing with them.

Mr. Ashton read the October issue. The printed pages of that issue went to press September 10; unfortunately, on that date the entries for the Open Championship Tournament had not yet been settled. So we could not give him—and many others like him through the world who similarly look to COUNTRY LIFE—the information they desired.

It happens, however, that the diary pages are printed not by letterpress (as is most of COUNTRY LIFE) but by a special offset process. This does not go to press until about the 20th of the month preceding issue. It means that we can slip last-minute news into the magazine almost with the speed of the rotogravure section of the "New York Times."

Thanks to this speed, we were able to get in a line about Bostwick Field winning the Open in September—in the October issue! Naturally, we gave the full story in November, and we hope that the Ashtons got a real kick out of it.

We join in tribute to their father and mother. What wonderful people, what grand parents! Those lucky sons. The interest of such sincere persons is enough to justify the popularity of sport.

MR. SMART'S HOME

TO THE EDITOR:

Mr. Smart was considerably surprised to find pictures of his home reproduced in the March issue of COUNTRY LIFE . . .

ELEANOR FOURNIER,
Secretary to David A. Smart,
Golf, Illinois.

It was a pleasure for COUNTRY LIFE to be the first to show the home of the publisher of its spectacular contemporary, "Esquire."

QUARTERHORSE

TO THE EDITOR:

I read with interest Major Grove Cullum's article on the Quarterhorse and was sure surprised at the storm it caused.

Now I am just an ordinary ignorant cowpuncher, but I don't believe I am too old to learn and I'd sure like to learn more about those wonderful Quarterhorses that Jack Casement and Prof. Robert M. Denhardt are talking about in their recent letters to your magazine. I don't guess they are both talking about the same kind, for Prof. Denhardt says his variety can stay 7½ minutes in the heat while Mr. Casement says

his "aren't adapted to polo as played today." Both men speak of the remarkable speed of these animals. (I sure don't blame that Thoroughbred man for getting sore about that race he lost to a Quarterhorse—both horses running in 22 sec. I've seen judges like that in New Mexico, too.) I'd sure like to know what those "unbeatable" track records are—also who timed them and how. (I had an old part-Thoroughbred I usually caught in around 25 but he didn't seem to have much trouble beating some "22" and "23" horses.)

I have seen and ridden several horses in my life and I've seen and ridden a good many called by their owners "Quarterhorses" and "Steel Dusts." I know the type recognized in my part of the country as Quarterhorses—heavy-bodied, bulgy-muscled, short-legged with bones often too light on those that had any speed, low thick withers, heavy neck and a tendency to be heavy on the rein. He is usually quick enough but short-gaited.

You can ride a long time without going any place much. No saddle fits him—you have to cinch him so tight you have him cinch sore. He is an easy keeper and how he can pitch. About three-fourths of them can't run at all and most of the others can't get a quarter.

As for the breeding of this type, I can't say. Two of the fastest ones I have known were caught out of two different wild bunches. Some others have a Thoroughbred in the family not so far back. In fact a man who had spent a big part of his life racing horses for short distances in New Mexico and Texas told me the best Quarterhorses were mostly Thoroughbred with a small amount of draft blood.

I've tried to find out from several owners of "Steel Dusts" what their horses' ancestry was but I never found one yet that knew exactly.

I am not a "rodeo hand" myself but for range roping don't give me a Quarterhorse as I know them. As far as the Quarterhorses turning so fast a man can't stay with them on a flat saddle—well they must be a lot better than any horses I have ridden and I think I can give Mr. Casement the names of several jockeys that can stay with any horse on the start without hanging to something. Curley Anderson of Lordsburg, New Mexico, and Otho Cox of Duncan, Arizona, for examples.

For the last few years I have been riding horses I raised myself. I own my second Thoroughbred stallion now and I had some good mares to begin with and I think I have some real horses. I know I like to ride them and I hope Major Cullum comes along one of these days and tries them. His approval would mean something to me.

FRANK HILL,
Espanola, New Mexico.

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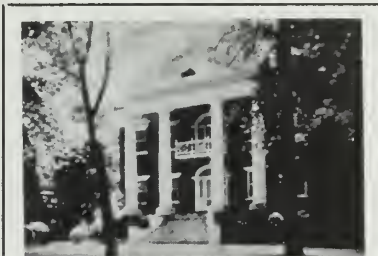
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. S. LINCOLN



American Country Seat

*In "Alverthorpe" modern treatment is given to traditional architecture
to build a great country house*

WITH the passing of each day and its dreadful requiem of destruction, it becomes more and more apparent that the final repository of the old traditions of culture and good living will be found in this hemisphere and more particularly, as we have known them, in the United States. Here are a responsibility and a challenge, to be met with whatever others may develop, by those who are in a position to do so.

For a long time before the outbreak of the present war there were many who held that the era of large estates and expansive establishments had come to an end. Perhaps they were thinking of the Moorish palaces, the Rhenish castles, and the architecture known as General Grant, that not so long ago still defaced some of our noblest scenery. If so,

they were happily right. But if they meant true luxury, magnificence even, both in size and appointment, they were equally happily wrong.

The splendid house in the picture on the left was completed only last year, at Jenkintown, Pa. It possesses an architectural beauty, the great decorative taste and a structural perfection that should keep it for generations an example of what America had to contribute to a world robbed of so much of its ancient, inherited treasure.

"Alverthorpe" was built by Mr. and Mrs. Lessing J. Rosenwald. Wishing a house in the contemporary manner, yet appreciating the validity of the old Philadelphia architecture of the surrounding countryside, they decided upon an adaptation of this, rather than a

radical departure from it. This decision was based, too, on the fact that the house was to be furnished with a superb collection of 18th century furniture, already in the possession of the owners and destined for daily family use.

From a distance, the house does not differ materially in appearance save, perhaps, in size, from the substantial stone houses, done in the local tradition, which are its neighbors. Its exterior materials are the same, the lovely old Germantown stone, topped with dark slate tiles. On close approach, however, it will be seen that all detail has been simplified and made bolder than is customary in the older houses. The windows and window trim, the cornices and mouldings are forthright, plain and oversize. This enlargement has the now



The main staircase at end of entrance hall is a true ellipse in plan

Plain, spruce-veneered walls in the living room; floors of wide oak boards



The bay window of the dining room overlooks the terrace, while the French door at the right of the fireplace leads out to it; note the plain surfaces of these walls, too

familiar and desired effect of reducing the appearance of too great size. In the simplicity of the mouldings particularly is visible the modern treatment, as opposed to what might be called the archeological or traditional.

The house is unusual also in that it is really

four separate buildings under one roof. The site chosen on "Alverthorpe's" 160 acres called for the consolidation of the residence, a library or museum wing, the garage and gate lodge, if all of the opportunities for outlook and landscaping were to be taken full advantage of.

The interiors of the residence section have the same free interpretation as is given the exterior. It is the belief of the Rosenwalds

and their architect, Ernest A. Grunsfeld, Jr., that very simple backgrounds show off good Georgian furniture to better advantage than the more complicated panelled interiors of the actual period. In the living room for example the walls, veneered (*Continued on page 37*)



A corner of the powder room, with antique wall paper; in the center is the museum wing, in which is housed the great print collection



The galleries of the museum wing are fire- and burglar-proof; the print collection thus protected is one of the finest in the country

Music in the Country



by SIGMUND SPAETH

THIS is not a prose rhapsody on the song of birds at dawn, tunes in the running brooks, the chirp of crickets, the hum of bees or the duets of tree-toads. It has nothing to do with the sighing of the wind through Aeolian pines or the rhythm of rain-drops on the roof. It is just a matter-of-fact account of how Americans who live in the country have found this apparent isolation an actual stimulus to musical activity.

Those who are talented resist the temptation toward laziness with their gifts, and definitely play and sing far more, individually and collectively, than they would ever dream of doing in the city. Those whose abilities do not permit personal performance are equally stimulated toward a more consistent and better planned listening to radio and phonograph records, which are always available, but seldom utilized to the full extent of their musical possibilities.

We music-lovers who live in the country believe that we have a better time than the city slicker in every way. We would be unwilling to trade our bucolic blessings for any number of urban advantages, most of which turn out to be rather superficial matters of professional entertainment. When people ask us with some concern "What do you do to amuse yourselves?" we are ready with quite a variety of answers, and they are by no means defensive.

Chief among those answers would be the simple statement: "We make our own music." By that statement we might mean a lot of different things, all the way from playing in an amateur orchestra to singing in a barber shop quartet. But basically the implication would be the same. People who live in the country actually get the habit of utilizing their own resources for self-expression in a way that seems almost impossible in metropolitan surroundings.

Take the case of the family piano, for instance. There was a time when pianos were sold as furniture of the prestige type, mere decorations for imposing homes, to "keep up with the Joneses." They were covered with nice Paisley shawls, and perhaps some books and flowers and a lamp, and they were kept tightly closed. Nobody thought of playing on them. Then came the era of the pianola and the electric player and reproducing piano, when we were told that it would never again be necessary for anyone to learn how to play, because it would all be done for us mechanically. We gave in to that argument for a time, but we finally rebelled. Even the improved phonograph and the radio could not keep us away from the keyboard forever.

Today pianos are sold as musical instruments, not as decorative furniture. In many cases the purchase price includes a

certain number of lessons. At least the desire to play is uppermost in the minds of the purchasers, and a surprising number of these purchasers are country residents. The total sale of pianos, incidentally, is higher than it has been at any time since the boom years.

The piano manufacturers have recognized the tendency of music to move back to the soil. They have concentrated on the "spinetto" models, which are priced for modest pocket-books and look well in any kind of a room, but with emphasis on musical quality as well. Many of these new models are decorated in a definite country style, and the most consistent demand for them comes from the rural districts.

Those pianos are being used today, often in pairs, or with the accompaniment of other instruments. People all over the United States have taken up their music with varying degrees of seriousness, and are playing at home, singly or in ensembles, with no thought of showing off to their friends, but simply for the enjoyment of a new and fascinating game.

RURAL piano-playing is something like rural golf. Some of it is surprisingly good, but most of it is just for fun, with a wide variation in degrees of skill.

But something else is happening out in the hills, aside from piano playing, musical instrument manufacturers will tell you. Turn to the pages devoted to everything from accordions to xylophones in your favorite mail order catalogue, if you doubt the growing enthusiasm and versatility of barnyard symphonists.

Of course, the fiddle and the farmhand have long been frequent companions, the town band is nothing new, and singing schools have been a lively part of rural America for a century and a half. But whether it is because of the influence of the player-piano, phonograph and radio or because of an increase of music appreciation courses in rural schools, the fact remains that country folk are making music, more and better music, than they did twenty-five years ago. Not only have they grown, along with city dwellers, into discriminating listeners at their radios, they also are doing a lot more serious playing and singing than they used to—more than their average city cousins.

One of the largest instrument trade papers reports an increase of eighty-five per cent. in instrument sales in rural districts during the last ten years. According to that publica-

tion clarinets, trumpets and accordions are the most popular with farmboys and girls today. Instruments that are easily carried from neighbor to neighbor and played outdoors as well as in are becoming more and more popular on the farm, and while the melodeon stands neglected in the parlor thousands of country youngsters the land over have banded together in small groups to harmonize their musical efforts.

Among a group of 11,000 families, typical of American country folk, the United States Department of Commerce states that musical instruments stand twelfth on a list of products "to be bought next." And while it is true that swing and not symphonic playing leads in the country generally today and popular sheet music sales are well in the advance of serious compositions in the agricultural areas, the 40,000 school bands in the United States, the majority of which are in smaller cities and towns, devote themselves almost entirely to fine music.

Growing musical activities in rural schools have undoubtedly brought more music to the farmhouse itself. For example, there is a farmer up the Hudson with four daughters. They are normal Americans, that family. There are no long haired geniuses on their family tree, for that hardy perennial of many branches has most of its roots imbedded deep in stern New England and has borne nothing but preachers, teachers, mariners and agriculturists. Yet one of the daughters plays the giant tuba in her village high school band, sings and does Brahms and Macdowell competently at the piano. Another sister bought and paid for a clarinet out of her pin money, and she plays it in school and at home. Sister number three cherishes a viola. And sister four is partial to the piano and organ, which she plays effectively, although just for fun.

On Saturday nights the girls join father, who likes toying with a fiddle to such tunes of tender memory as "Buffalo Girls," "Silver Waves" and endless variations on "Home Sweet Home." But most week-nights sterner stuff is heard about the house, and, as if that were not enough, this *sinfonia domestica* is interrupted Wednesday evenings by attendance at rehearsals of the village choral club, where a music teacher from the high school conducts them and other farmers' daughters, wives and even a few farmers themselves in intricate things by Bach, Sibelius and Noble Cain.

Out in New Jersey a small town merchant has organized his family into an orchestra, remodeled his cellar into a concert hall, and there nightly at drum, saxophone, violin and piano father, mother and children play. On Saturday nights neighbors stop by to listen. It's become a regular thing. And the children got their musical (*Continued on page 35*)

DOWN in Kentucky in the Bluegrass, out in California in the country of the ranchos, the sporting families who breed Thoroughbred horses have something in common with the man in Akron, O., or Newark, N. J., who occasionally backs a horse if only with a two-dollar bill. In Virginia and Maryland, where they also breed some of the best runners, the same situation holds true. It has been said that betting isn't racing, but if there must be horses for racing there will be people to bet on them.

The person who breeds a horse, the chap who backs him, the man who trains him, the jockey who rides him and even the swipec who rubs him, all have something in common, and together they make up the great fraternity of racing. And curiously enough, they all have something in common with New York, which has been called, with a certain measure of truth, the hub of the racing wheel. There was a time when American racing was New York racing, but with the great courses in California, Maryland, Illinois, Delaware, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Florida, and other



The parade to the post for the Belmont Stakes; 26,000 persons saw Bimelech win a great horse race

RACING MEETS A TEST

by MURRAY TYNAN

states all taking their fling, New York no longer is the only pebble on the beach. But it still, in a manner of speaking, is the hub of the wheel.

New York is the financial nerve center of the nation, and so, because of its enormous concentration of wealth, is the chief market for Thoroughbreds—one hardly has to be reminded of the Saratoga yearling sales next month. Its meetings are not built up around one race, but rather are a succession of important races that long ago were designed to keep not one great horse busy, but also a man's entire stable of horses. Its racing has been wisely administered and nourished, its turf governors have the benefit of years of experience in the sport here and abroad. It is not without solid reason that New York has been called the barometer of the sport.

New York was the last state to bow to the tenets of taxation and accept pari-mutuel betting, and from one end of the country to the other racing men and breeders wondered how it would all work out. They wondered how great the volume of betting would be and they speculated on what the mutuels would accomplish in the way of attracting vast crowds to the New York courses. Remember that if mutuel betting in New York worked out badly and injured racing in the state, the sport

would suffer elsewhere. That was accepted everywhere, and so people watched with keen interest.

We have now had more than two months of racing under mutuels in New York, and those close to the sport have not yet made up their minds as to what the effect has been and what form the ultimate changes will be. Some think that except for the taxes realized by the state it hasn't made much difference. It is interesting to look back to the opening at Jamaica and then run through to the close of the great Belmont Park meeting and the first day at the revamped Aqueduct course.

RACING opened at Jamaica on April 15 and then swung into the meeting at Belmont Park, with the high points of this meeting on Decoration Day and the running of the Suburban, and the Belmont Stakes on the last day of the meeting. Before the season opened there had been many wild estimates as to how high the crowds and betting might go, but when the excitement ended with the close of the Belmont meet it was discovered that nothing really unusual had happened.

There naturally were increases in attendances all along the line, but one must remember that the paramount item in that respect might well have been the reduction

in price. Whereas it used to cost \$2.50 to come to the races in the grandstand it now takes only \$1.50 to purchase a day badge. This reduction in price was perhaps as much the cause of the increase in attendance as the mutuel form of betting.

Before going any further in this little discourse it might be well to go over the figures, comparative whenever that is possible. The total attendance at the Jamaica meet was 303,863 as against 194,768 last year. That is quite an increase. At Belmont this year 316,400 race-goers turned out as against 229,169 in 1939. One man's guess at the reason is as good as another's here. It might be a good idea to put this question to Dr. Gallup.

These figures offer an interesting set of comparisons, regardless of what may be responsible, the lowered admission price or the mutuel betting. The attendances at both Jamaica and Belmont Park were increased by a little more than 100,000 each and one knows that the tracks had far more paid attendances this year than in 1939. At Jamaica in 1939 the paid attendance was 164,683, and the total was 194,768. Incredible as it may seem, no fewer than 30,085 persons last year went to the races at Jamaica gratis, and most of them went into the clubhouse.

This year it has been different, because the law specifically reads that there must be no badges, courtesy cards or day badges issued unless to state officials in the pursuit of their business, owners and trainers, persons employed by and accredited by the press and others engaged in business at the race course. Since this reporter goes into the course on a press button he may be accepted as something of an authority on the subject. Everyone who goes into the race track these days passes through the turnstiles and when the association by which the meeting is being held issues its attendance figures it sends out a turnstile

count. That does not represent a paid attendance by any means.

In the office of my newspaper we receive forty press badges, and you may be quite certain that all forty are used each day. Every man who uses such a badge goes through the turnstile, but he certainly does not pay. Just multiply that by ten newspapers, a hundred magazines, a lot of broadcasting companies and sundry other persons engaged in the business of sending out news and you have a fair idea of what I am getting at. Then add the owners, trainers, jockeys, officials and the wives and relatives of Tom, Dick and Harry and you may readily understand that the attendance figures issued do not by any means represent a paid attendance.

Under the old system we probably were a little more honest about such things than we are now. Now we say a turnstile count; in those days we said paid attendance, and that was exactly what we meant.

During the Jamaica meeting the betting totaled \$14,060,508, and at Belmont it came to \$16,655,269. The Belmont meeting had Decoration Day or Suburban Day on which \$1,436,000 was bet. It also had the day of the Belmont Stakes on which \$1,229,000 was sent through the machines. It also had the afternoon of the Metropolitan Handicap and the Withers Stakes which accounted for additional millions. It also—if one must keep on repeating this sort of thing—had eleven days when it rained nearly every day and when the sun positively and absolutely did not show its golden face for so much as a minute. What can you make of this? There should have been far larger crowds at Belmont than the dowdy Jamaica track.

Before the mutuels came to New York we all talked about days when Belmont Park would be swamped and when \$2,000,000 at least would be whipped through the iron men. Those days failed to materialize. The biggest day we had was Suburban Day, when 41,536 people turned out. That was a chilly afternoon but the sun happened to be shining for the first time in nearly two weeks. It may well be that many came to the race course

to see the sunshine as well as George D. Widener's Eight Thirty win the historic Suburban. That may sound a bit cynical, but just remember how we were all screaming for sunshine before Memorial Day.

Belmont Park also had to contend with a war, which no doubt played an important part in its loss of carriage trade. Herbert Bayard Swope, chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, spent precious little time at the course, but he good enough to remember that Mr. Swope might have been protecting himself in other quarters. John Hay Whitney was an infrequent visitor for perhaps the same reason as Mr. Swope, although this reporter saw him escort his mother, Mrs. Payne Whitney, to the course on the closing day.

JOHNSLOAN, the third member of the Racing Commission, spent most of the meeting in Mexico City, which was farther away from New York City than Belmont Park. C. V. Whitney, one of the owners of Belmont Park, was rarely seen there, so the natural thing is to blame the non-appearance of these and other prominent men, including Bernard Baruch, to the unsettled war situation. The war news might not have bothered the \$2 bettors, but you can bet your last dollar that it affected the Turf and Field Club, or carriage trade.

Since this reporter was a daily visitor at Belmont Park for business, if not altogether artistic reasons, he can tell you that it was depressing at times to find the clubhouse and Turf and Field Club sections thinly populated, and the grandstand nearly as bad. People naturally fell to talking about it and one heard the usual silly arguments advanced. The track was far too large and people did not like it. People simply hated the Widener Chute, or the straightaway, and would not come to Belmont Park until one or both were eliminated.

It all got so bad that Alfred Vanderbilt, who was serving his first term as president of the Westchester Racing Association, gave a dinner one evening for the members of the

press and asked for suggestions. He got some that seemed to me extremely silly, such as having special cars on the Long Island Railroad for ladies who did not wish to be annoyed by men who smoked. Show me a lady who doesn't wish to be annoyed by a male who smokes or does not smoke—but that is another matter.

All through these rainy days—and if you don't think they were wet and rainy just consult the weather recorder—Alfred Vanderbilt was the one bright spot against a gloomy background. Every day we of the press would look through the grandstand and agree that Belmont under mutuels had been the same old flop as it had been under bookmaking. Vanderbilt smilingly disagreed and said it would all even up in the long run, or in the course of a meeting of 24 days.

We didn't realize it then, but he was right. Most of us had been around the races since Vanderbilt was a babe in arms, but he was right and we were wrong. When the sun at last broke through the leaden clouds we finally knew that he was right, but don't let that make you believe that the Belmont Park meeting was a roaring financial success. It was not. It definitely was a sporting success, which might be the cause of snickers in places where the emphasis is placed on the dollar sign rather than the race.

Belmont Park, or the Westchester Racing Association, did not set out this year to make



Ossabow and Annibal came to the last jump of their match race



Bimelech leads Your Choice and Andy K. in a great running of the Belmont Stakes on June 8

money. The idea was to have the finest racing possible and that aim was achieved. It has been some years since that sort of sport was seen around New York. Yet the association managed to show an unimportant profit and still give one day's gross receipts to the Red Cross. The check was very nearly \$55,000, which was so impressive that people began to ask why other professional sports, and even other race tracks, did not do the same. Maybe they will.

All through the two weeks of rain, while people were wondering what was wrong with Belmont and why huge crowds didn't come there, Vanderbilt went on with his policy of presenting at least one important race a day. If the weather had been decent the crowds no doubt would have been greater. But the racing was so fine that those who stayed at home missed something.

Looking at the Belmont meeting in retrospect, you reach the inevitable conclusion that it is possible to stage a good show and not attract the crowds that such a show should. There was the Withers, in which Bimelech met his (Continued on page 46)

A Dissertation on CROW SHOOTING

by COL. H. P. SHELDON

SOME years ago I engaged in a serious study of the language of the crow and eventually learned to carry on extended conversations with crows in their own tongue. One man paid me the high compliment of remarking "that a crow would rather talk to you than to any other crow." I found out, too, that aside from knowing how to reproduce exactly each dulcet note, the successful crow caller needs to be able to tell the birds a good convincing story, for crows are great appreciators of true narrative form and do not like to find the climax in the wrong place. Gertrude Stein could never call a crow, nor Mr. Hemingway. Irvin Cobb would do well at it and Alexander Woollcott, if he could be persuaded to study the language of the crow, could, I am sure, command considerable fees from shooters who would wish to employ him.

Crows are like those humans who read pulp magazine stories. They are steadfast in their devotion to a standard plot and resent any attempts to introduce new material, or style, or form.

So, with this in mind and the wooden crow calls hung about our necks, we drive along a country road until we find a promising patch of woods, park the car, assemble the shotguns, and select a spot where, concealed from prospective crows by foliage, we shall yet be able to see our visitors when they come. Oftentimes I have found myself well concealed beneath an evergreen with a great cloud of excited crows, like Heavenly witnesses, yelling overhead unable to see me and unable myself to see a single bird. Frequently someone's shirt, cap, or face is exposed and the crows immediately depart the premises to perch well out of range and exchange derisive notes on your looks and general stupidity.

It is a warm, sunshiny June morning. The crows having finished their earlier foraging



"How're the pickin's down there?"

are scattered over the countryside in a leisurely humor conducive of mischief and adventure.

Your role is that of a blase, gossipy crow who has discovered something mildly interesting but which may well prove on further investigation to be exciting or even scandalous. You are to enact, in crow language and accent, the part of a gentleman at his club during the drowsy after-luncheon time who finds on a page of his magazine a particularly intriguing photograph of someone's picture of "Susanna and the Elders" or who, perhaps, observes the beginnings of an argument in the street outside that gives good promise of thickening into a fist fight. Whichever it is he gives notice to his fellows of his aroused interest. They may come to join him at once or, if especially replete, they may merely open their eyes and await definite manifestation from him that the incident is really panning out and likely to be worth the effort of crossing the room to observe.

AND you, as the instigator of mass hysteria among the crows, do the same thing with your crow call by producing a low toned, confidential: "Kahaw—kahaw—kahaw" counting three between each word.

The translation runs as follows:

"Well, well, frightfully dull, isn't it, with the girls all busy with their egg laying. I hear they're having very good frog spearing up on Sucker Brook. I thought I might fly up this afternoon if anyone would care to join me."

Frequently you will receive a response to such lazy observations, but even though you don't you may be sure that every crow within earshot—and that's much farther than you would suppose—is listening.

You have your audience now but you must not try to hurry the action. Talk some more, using the same low-voiced, conversational style and intersperse a few wicked chuckles occasionally like the old roué you are, or are supposed to be.

"Kahaw—Kahaw—Kahaw."

"I could do with a pint of ale very nicely. Fearfully enervating to be required to wear black this weather. They say that of the quintuplets the young Corbys have been squawking about one turns out to be a screech

owl. Haw! Haw! I could tell you something very funny about that."

After a few minutes of this idle sort of gossip, and if no crows have come flapping in to visit with you, it is safe to introduce the next theme. It is done thus:

"Caw—Caw—Caw"—single syllables in a livelier, interrogative style.

"I say, there's something rather odd here. It's under a brush pile. I can't quite make out what in hell it is. Somebody's damn house cat probably. Stand by, everybody, while I take another look. Is that you, Kitty? Oh! So it is you, is it? Come out o' that, you dirty little wretch, and I and my friends will clip your ears for you!"

Then comes the invocation and invective.

"Caw—caw—caw—carr—carr—carr—carr."

The first three words, given loudly and rapidly, announce that your earlier suspicions have been justified.

"It's a cat (or an owl or a fox) and we've got the rascal where we want him! Come on lads, come on!"

The rest of the sentence is a low throaty snarl expressive of hatred, contempt and savage pleasure at the pain and humiliation of a helpless foe.

"You thief, you rogue, you sneaking, night hunting rascal! Take that! And that! Oh, you would, would you! Take that, you spitting, wall-eyed reprobate!"

If your crow audience hasn't been fooled by the same ruse on a recent occasion they are sure to come hustling, clacking their beaks and yelling encouragement as they come. Generally a scout will come over first, going fast and trying to get the situation mapped out. Unless one can be fairly certain of dropping the scout it is well to let him go through without a shot, to return and bring up his main column. Then if you can, without showing yourself, drop a crow from the yelling milling mass in some spot where the others can see the carcass, you may be able sometimes to shoot up to a dozen before the gathering becomes suspicious and disperses. On one occasion a friend and I downed 23 crows in five minutes at a single stand without using any sort of a decoy except our crow call.

When the battle is over it is our custom simply to move on to the next woodland and do it all over again. During the past season in a region overrun with crow shooters we managed to get crows in over the guns on an average of four out of five attempts. It is much easier in areas where little or no calling has been done. Under such circumstances I have known of many instances when two men have shot a hundred or more crows in a day with no other enticement than a crow call.

One June afternoon, soon after we had acquired a certain conversational art, we set out intending to hold a series of crow salons about the countryside. We had stopped at a Yankee neighbor's to give him greeting when, seeing a pair of shotguns in the car, he wanted to know what we were out to shoot at that season.

"Crows," said we.

"You oughter have rifles, then. You can't git close enough to a crow to kill him with a shotgun."

"We'd like to lay you a little bet on that, Mister."

"I wouldn't bet a nickel with neither one o' you fellers on (Continued on page 36)



ALLEN D. CRUICKSHANK PHOTOS

"Foir, enough fer the two of us, I guess"

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

June 12, 1940

Wednesday,

Near Steamboat Springs, Colorado, so stopped to see the Perry-Mansfield Horsemanship Training Course in action, under the direction of Frank Carroll. At the stables beginners were practising saddling and bridling, two blue-jeaned Westchesterites scrubbed away on tack, and a pretty Texan was watering her pony. Sat under an aspen, with the high country of the Divide in the distance, and listened in on a H. T. C. lecture on mouthing methods. Later, saw a youngster receiving instruction in the park seat and another improving her jumping. Had heard this course was unique but didn't know it covered everything from pack-tripping to show ring etiquette!



Some of the girls assembled for a morning lecture in the delightful setting of an open air classroom



Here, they are learning the proper way to clean a western saddle



Elizabeth Shannon of Clifton, Ariz., leads a group of students off on a pack trip



The parts of a bridle, and their uses, are carefully explained to the students



The girls are given a demonstration of "neck reining" a western horse

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

June 15, 1940

Saturday,

To-day the National Intercollegiate Polo Championship came to an end and Yale won again! The scene of this year's matches was Harvard's Forbes Field, that beautiful stretch of greensward at Westwood, Mass., which the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes recently gave to his Alma Mater, complete with stables, pavilion, and clubhouse. The Yale team made good use of the new facilities by outspeeding and outmaneuvering the Princeton players. The trophy presentation was made by Gov. Forbes who returned the cup to its former custodians. After the play the ponies came in for their share of attention. Three from each string were led out so that a champion could be chosen. The winner, Princeton's Excella.



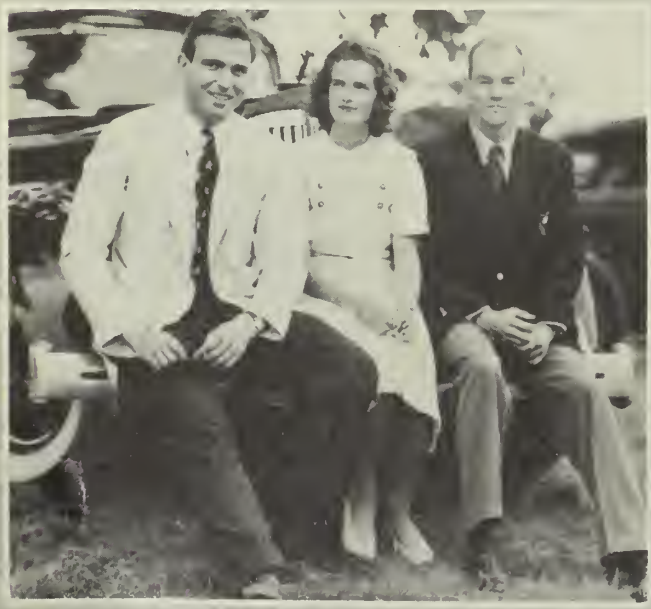
Champions! William H. Chisholm, George H. Meade, Jr., Alan L. Corey, Jr., F. H. Goodyear, Jr., Yale team



Yale and Princeton mixing it up near the boards in the final game of the series



Action in the consolation match between P. M. C. and Harvard; P. M. C. won 9 - 8



William Shallow, Evelyn Soule, and Sydney Coombs, captain of the Princeton team



The ponies being judged after the last game; the winner was Princeton's Excella

The Amateur Returns

Polo Seems Destined to Enjoy
a Few Years of Sport at a More
Leisurely Pace

by PETER VISCHER



ELTON LORD

SO many people think of the sports world as a world apart, quite unrelated to that in which business is conducted, politics is maneuvered, love is made, war is waged. They think of it as peopled by a race quite different from those involved in the supposedly more useful and certainly less diverting affairs of the "normal" world.

Actually, of course, this is far from the truth. The passage of time seriously affects the sports world, as it does men engaged in business or nations at war. The economic situation affects sports quite as much as it does everything else, if not more so, for people flock to sports not only when they are making money hand over fist but also when things are so bad that time hangs heavy and useless on their hands.

It would be impossible, therefore, for recent events not to have left their mark on the game of polo.

It would be untruthful not to admit that the passage of time, bringing with it the retirement from active participation of the greatest player who ever lived, and several others of his generation who contributed generously to the sport, had not affected it.

Nor that war has not disrupted it; such friendly and admired rivals as Hesketh Hughes and Capt. Mike Ansell have already given up their lives, while Lord Cowdray has sacrificed an arm. Nor that the political maneuvers in Washington, so obviously intended to get us into the war, have not affected men's plans.

Nor, for that matter, that the economic situation has not made itself felt at the stable.

All these factors descending at once, like so many parachutists, have caused those who love the game—and polo will ever be the greatest game of them all, unsurpassed for speed, courage, skill, endurance, thrill—to do a great deal of careful thinking. This has occurred, I know from many personal conversations and by correspondence, in all sections of the country.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that polo is going back to old-fashioned principles.

By that I do not mean so much that it will become once more the special sport of a few rich people but rather that it will become again primarily the diversion of amateurs. It will be once more, first and foremost, a game played between friends, between men associated with each other at home as well as on the polo field, between men whose families are in friendly close contact.

I DO not mean to imply by this that men able to support polo teams will no longer be welcome; of course they will, but they will be comparatively few and far between. Nor do I imply any criticism of those who have made their living honorably out of the game; men like Cecil Smith, Rube Williams, Tom Mather, Cyril Harrison, and the host of others who have been more or less in the pony selling business, have been a great credit to the sport and given it immeasurable service.

It does seem, though, that the days of bigger and better grandstands, of more flamboyant and more dramatic tournaments, of longer and more expensive trips, of louder and more vulgar publicity, of noisier and more incessant loud-speakers . . . are on the wane. At least for a while.

I do not find many polo players who object to this change in trend. They really love the game and their principal desire is to play it with their equals; their equals, not in the snobbish social sense, but in the sporting sense, in ability, in skill, in pony strength, in the time and effort available for play. Nor is this out of the American tradition; we have had very few amateurs able to devote all their time to the game.

Actually, there will be few changes this year from the usual program. The 20-goal tournaments on Long Island will once more be the busiest, and probably the best, of the year; some eight teams are engaged in two leagues playing at historic Meadow Brook four days a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

The personnel of these teams will be interesting to polo players, so I list them here:

Texas
C. B. Wrightsman
Louis Rowan
Cecil Smith
J. B. Gilmore

Delhi
W. M. Duryea
E. H. Gerry
R. L. Gerry, Jr.
M. G. Phipps

Eastcott
A. B. Park
E. A. S. Hopping
W. F. C. Guest
Julian Peabody

Aknusti
J. P. Mills
H. A. Gerry
E. T. Gerry
W. H. Chisholm

Pelicans
G. H. Mead, Jr.
A. L. Corey, Jr.
Gerard Smith
J. C. Rathborne

Great Neck
W. G. Holloway, Jr.
J. P. Grace, Jr.
S. B. Iglehart
Shaw Robinson

Hurricanes
G. H. Dempsey
Stephen Sanford
G. A. Oliver, Jr.
J. M. Schiff

Bostwick Field
H. H. Webb
G. H. Bostwick
F. S. von Stade, Jr.
C. S. von Stade

East Williston
L. E. Stoddard, Jr.
J. K. Secor
William Post, II
R. E. Strawbridge, Jr.

Long Island
John Milburn
J. T. Mather
Ricardo Santamarina
G. E. Kent, Jr.

The National 20-Goal Tournament, formerly called the Junior, will be played once more at Bostwick Field, that wonderful center of the game on Long Island where the effervescent Pete Bostwick has built up such a popular following for polo. Actually, the United States Polo Association would have been glad to award this interesting tournament to some other club in an effort to show good polo to other parts of the country (Rumson and Blind Brook were interested in taking it) but the 20-goal teams were all on Long Island and the cost of shipping teams and horses back and forth was found to be a bit foolish in these days.

All six intercircuit events are being held¹ and the National Intercircuit and 12-Goal Championships will be conducted once more at the splendid Hunting Valley Polo Club, near Cleveland, where an enthusiastic and excellent group of (Continued on page 47)

¹ First of the Circuit Tournaments to be completed was in picturesque San Antonio, where some 60 players and 500 horses were stabled during the winter and a splendid series of tournaments conducted under the management of Clyde Palmer, for twenty years a player there. Winners of the Southwest Circuit Championship was the Austin team, which beat Houston 7 to 6 in a thrilling extra chukker. For Austin: H. A. Fitzsimons, Harold Barry, Harry Evinger, E. P. Griffen. For Houston: Bob Farish, Willie Dritt, Dr. Rayworth Williams, Roy Barry.

ALBACORA!

Chilean Swordfish—the Hardest Fighting Salt Water Fish in the World

THE broadbill swordfish, whose scientific name is *Xiphias Gladius*, has a reputation as a traveler; he wanders great distances through many seas. They have been caught commercially throughout the Mediterranean, off Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, Mexico, California, Cuba, and from Long Island to Nova Scotia. Rod and reel fishermen have caught less than 300 of them in all; two or three in New Zealand and two off Peru, but out of this small total, the amazing number of 49 have been taken off the quaint city of Tocopilla, Chile, which is the third port in that fascinating country, situated about 250 miles south of the Peruvian border.

The two anglers who have done most for the fishing off Tocopilla are W. E. S. Tucker, who pioneered this magnificent stretch of water—the greatest broadbill swordfishing grounds in the world—and his friend, George W. Garey. Tucker held the world's record with an 837-pounder until Garey managed to beat it by five pounds.¹ Three broadbill weighing 800 pounds or better have been caught on rod and reel, and Garey got the other, an 800-pounder. Nowhere in the world have any in the 700-pound class been taken, but with the exception of White Wickham's fish caught in New Zealand, and Michael Lerner's 601-

¹W. E. S. Tucker has recently broken the world's rod and reel broadbill swordfish record again with an 860 pounder. This fish was also caught off Tocopilla. This new record breaker, hooked in the eye, was apparently paralyzed for it was landed in 15 minutes!

pound North American and Atlantic record, every catch that weighed over 600 pounds was boated at this great "hotspot." Of the total of 49, the average weight was over 550 pounds, only five of them having weighed under 400 pounds and but one under 300.

The writer had the doubtful honor of landing a 236-pounder—95 pounds less than any previously caught. My Chilean boatmen, after they managed to control their hilarity, pleaded with me to throw my catch overboard so that they in turn would not be laughed at by their friends in Tocopilla for bringing it in. Besides, they said, they didn't want to have their average pulled down. However, a swordfish of any size in the boat is to me the greatest thrill an angler can get, so my boatmen's pleas went unheeded.

FOR my part, I would rather catch one broadbill than ten marlin or twenty tuna. Luck plays a part, of course, but I also believe that in addition to perfect teamwork between angler and guide, it requires three times as much skill and headwork to catch a broadbill as it takes to catch a marlin, and ten times as much as it does to take a tuna.

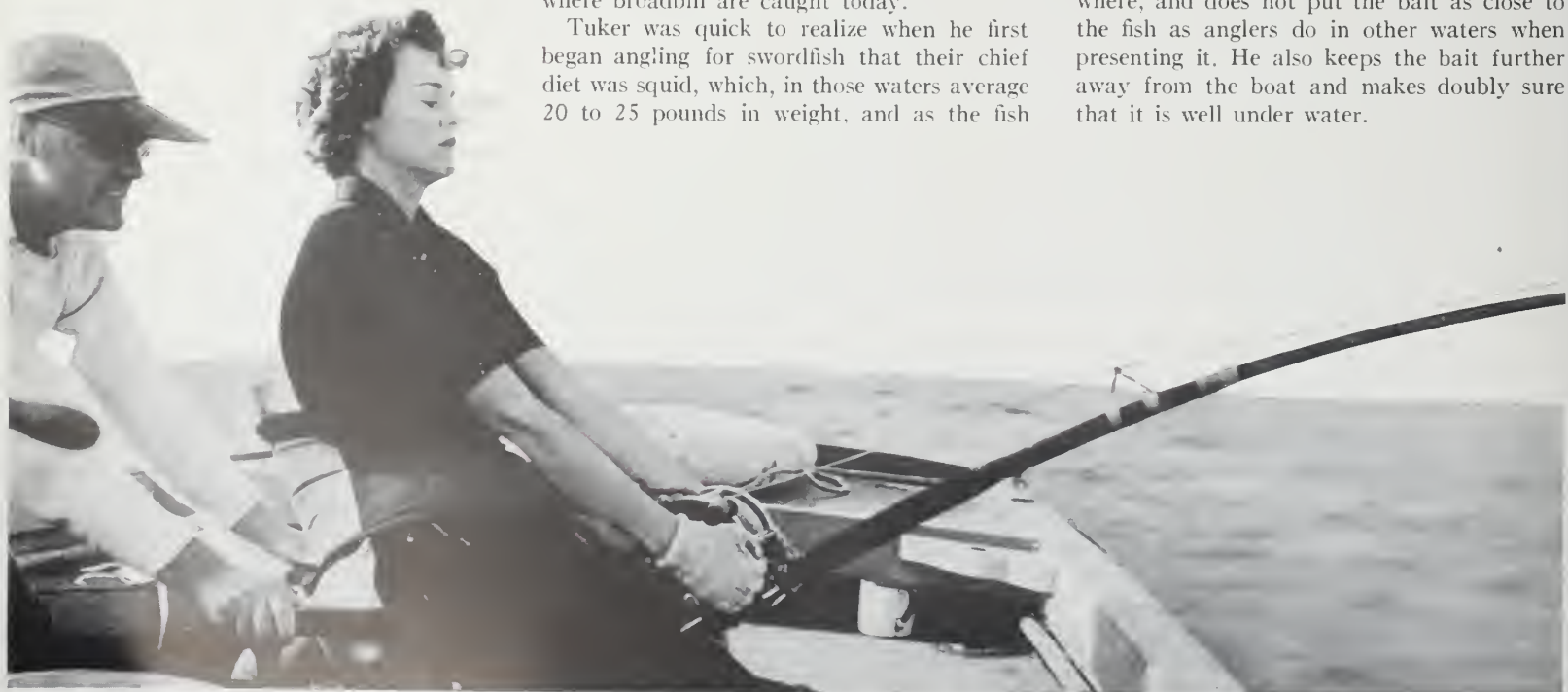
The Chileans call the swordfish "albacora," and I never realized what big-game fishing is until I heard my boatman call out that name fourteen times in one day, off Tocopilla. Thanks to the methods devised by Tucker after his persevering study of their habits, a goodly percentage of the huge fish in these waters can be inveigled into striking—a condition which does not exist at other places where broadbill are caught today.

Tucker was quick to realize when he first began angling for swordfish that their chief diet was squid, which, in those waters average 20 to 25 pounds in weight, and as the fish

were obtaining all that they wanted of them they were not particularly interested in striking a squid bait presented to them. He then switched to the oceanic bonita, his choice being a fish weighing from five to eight pounds, and if these were not obtainable he used small dolphin. Using the oceanic bonita baits, these fish usually being caught fresh every morning just outside the harbor mouth, Tucker doubled his quota of strikes from about four out of ten, to eight out of ten. In fact, with this bait, he hopes to get a strike out of every swordfish that he presents it to. This is a very fine average in comparison with any other waters that I have fished, where three strikes out of ten baits presented is a high percentage.

Tucker also devised his own method of rigging a swordfish bait. Taking the insides out of the oceanic bonita, he sews up the fish after inserting two 14/0 hooks facing the tail with their points protruding just outside the belly of the fish. The leader is then wrapped around the tail of the fish and is brought forward over its back where it is tied to the string that is used to sew up the mouth of the bait.

As almost all swordfish hit the bait in the head, Tucker rightly figured that after this initial strike the line from the mouth to the leader would be cut, turning the bait around, and the swordfish would then pick it up head first, without danger of the leader interfering with him. Tucker also gives them a much longer drop back before the drag is thrown on, and the fish struck, than is common elsewhere, and does not put the bait as close to the fish as anglers do in other waters when presenting it. He also keeps the bait further away from the boat and makes doubly sure that it is well under water.



Mrs. S. Kip Forrington in the fifth hour of her fight with a big South American swordfish; her husband, the author of this article, is coaching her

HEDLY DOTY

by S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

Tuker has caught seventeen of these fish—many more than any other man in the world—and is wholly responsible for every one of the 49 that have been caught off the Chilean coast to date. He has trained five excellent Chilean guides, and all of the anglers who fish there, including George Garey, have followed his methods in baiting and hooking the fish. Carrying out his instructions to the most minute detail, Mrs. Farrington was able



A hooked broadbill swordfish off Tocopilla

to hook twelve of the fourteen broadbill from which she had strikes—a most gratifying percentage.

Of all the anglers I have ever known, none deserves more credit for his accomplishments than does Tuker for developing the fishing at these grounds. Besides the swordfish which are there the year round, there is the world's finest fishing for striped marlin—the largest that can be caught in any place developed so far. Added to these are the great mako shark and the rare thresher—the only two sharks that are to me worth catching—as well as wonderful fishing for the smaller varieties. Thousands of yellow-fin tuna up to 100 pounds are there; also the long-fin, true Pacific albacore up to 50 pounds, the fine white meat of which is as tasty as that of a chicken, and dolphin which run from 20 to 40 pounds and can be picked up around grass, weeds and flotsam in the blue Pacific outside of the Humbolt current.

On May 14, 1939, Mrs. Farrington was fishing with Tuker on his launch Copihue (named after Chile's national flower), some thirty miles off Tocopilla and a trifle north of that port. At 12 o'clock noon, she presented



The Copihue, W. E. S. Tuker's boat, with a fish alongside; it is a big striped marlin caught by the author

a bait to a swordfish, the second fish she had baited since her arrival. The first fights are always the hardest. This particular Sunday was the only rough day on which I fished during my visit to Chilean waters. It wasn't especially nasty but there was a terrific ground swell, by all odds the highest I have ever fished in. The Copihue was about 400 yards from my boat, the Conchiuie, when Mrs. Farrington put her bait to that fish. Our Chilean crew went wild with excitement at the size of this gorgeous "albacora." "Much too grande for Señora," they exclaimed.

In the most approved Chilean swordfish style, the fish took the bait, and following out the best traditions of the Tuker system for hooking them, Mrs. Farrington set the hook. After seeing that she had him on, I went away looking for another fish and was not to return for about three hours.

All the time, the swells were getting higher and we were drifting rapidly north. The Humbolt current does not flow at a very fast pace, and the best fishing at Tocopilla is in the blue waters outside of the cold current, in a temperature of about 66 degrees.

At about 4 o'clock, I went back to watch Mrs. Farrington putting the fish through its paces, and learned that it had been about 150 feet down for more than two hours. Because of the high swells, she was losing practically as much line as she had gained through pumping, but by dint of holding with a heavy drag, she was able to keep him from sounding any further. Sea after sea was breaking over her, but this served to freshen her up. At 5 o'clock, Tuker motioned to me to come aboard. As it was too rough to swim over my crew had to maneuver the boat so that I could make a long jump and get aboard. My presence, however, was of no help in this situation.

As a result of being swung back and forth against the iron arm rests of her very narrow chair Mrs. Farrington's sides were black and blue. Her foot bracing was of little use, and to add to her discomfort, her harness did not fit as well as it should have. Despite it all, however, she remained in pretty good condition.

It began to get dark around 6:30, and at this point, after having been hooked for almost seven hours, the broadbill ran for more than 500 yards, just below the surface, but didn't come up. We hadn't seen him since he was hooked. We were about 30 miles north of Tocopilla by this time, but it was a gorgeous southern night with the Southern Cross directly above us. (It never rains down there.) I got out my flashlights to keep on the line, but, to my amazement, the Chilean who was running the boat refused to let me light them. The "albacora," he said, would charge the light. While this, of course, was untrue, no amount of argument could change the man's mind. It goes to show the great respect in which swordfish are held by this man and his kind, all ex-commercial fishermen.

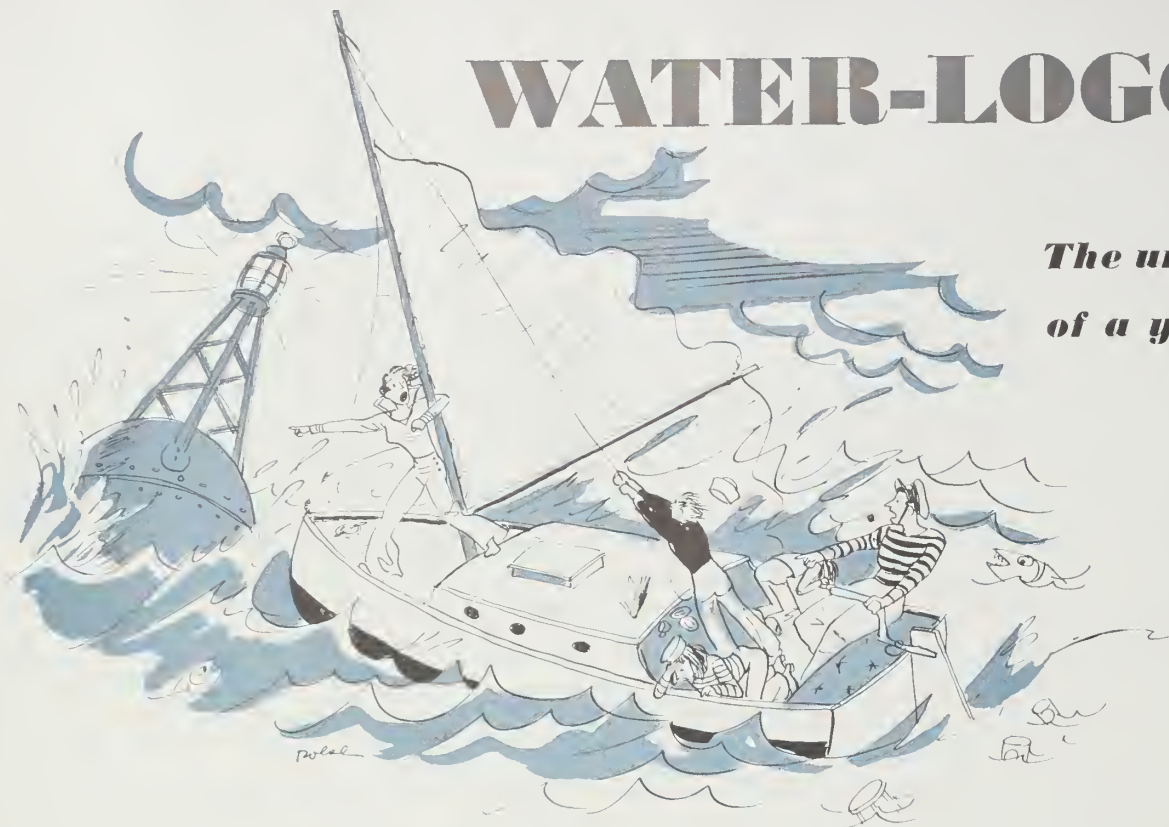
I HAD always been told that swordfish get tough at night, but I never realized it until I encountered this fellow that evening. At 7 o'clock, Tuker suggested that Mrs. Farrington give up the fight and let either him or myself take over the line. Like the rest of us, he was anxious to see how big a fellow was on, but since this would not have been a fair catch and consequently would have disqualified the fish, Mrs. Farrington would not at first agree to it. After another hour and twenty minutes, however, having had him on for eight hours and twenty minutes, she relinquished the rod. She simply was making no headway, although she was in good shape—in fact, in much better shape than she was after a ten-and-a-half-hour battle with a tuna off Nova Scotia. But I could see that she had already strained her back and we didn't want to have her injure herself so early on the trip, particularly since there were so many fish to be caught. Had it been near the end of our visit, she probably would have stuck to it a good deal longer.

So, for the first time in my fishing career, I took off my sweater and heavy outer clothes, to get into a chair and relieve an angler who was fighting a fish that had already been hooked; a decidedly novel experience, and I hope it will never happen to me again. After getting into the (Continued on page 37)

WATER-LOGGED

*The uncensored report
of a yachtsman's wife*

by GRACE L. ROOSEVELT



BY Saturday the choice had narrowed to two boats, sloops, one 35 feet on the water line, which would sleep six, but had no engine, the other 29 feet with an engine, which would sleep four. We were six, but Archie explained that this was all right: if we were sailing at night, two would have to be on deck; at anchor, we could put up canvas and two could sleep in the cock-pit. This sounded reasonable and so, with memories of long hours becalmed on the Sound, I agreed to the smaller boat.

The start of a cruise is always hectic, but this one proved far worse than expected. In the first place, a few days before we were to leave our eldest daughter suddenly said she wanted to go mountain climbing. Why she had kept it a dark secret until this moment I do not know, unless a sight of the boat had brought on a longing for the mountains. This new plan, however, added considerably to the confusion, as we did not know where or when we would be able to pick her up. We finally decided to leave this to fate and keep telegraphing our whereabouts.

Monday, Archie went over to Connecticut to get the boat and sail it over to Oyster Bay, taking two of the children with him, while A. Jr. and I went to New York with a long list of things to buy for the cruise. Of course, it was raining.

Archie had told me to expect him for late dinner. Nine, ten o'clock came, and went. The wind howled; the Captain of our beach club told me that the worst north-easter of the year was blowing up quite a sea in the Sound. At 11:30 the telephone rang and a message reached me that the boat had "blown into Glen Cove in a rather disabled condition." I hurried over. As I approached the dock, I saw that the police, both local and state troopers, had their search-lights turned on towards the water. They explained that a boat was "in trouble out there" and waved through sheets of water towards the bay. I scanned the water anxiously and finally saw a tiny dory

pulling towards the shore. It was hard to recognize the drowned rats that finally came up the steps of the pier, and I shuddered to think how soon I, too, would be reduced to this pitiable condition. It seems the wind had torn the mainsail in two and had broken, or ripped off, a few other little things that are apparently useful on a boat. To my surprise, they were in fine spirits and Archie said it was a splendid little boat and he had enjoyed the sail over immensely.

The next morning the sail was mended and the boat brought round to Oyster Bay. By afternoon, the things were all on board, and I went down for my first sight of the boat. Never shall I forget it! The cock-pit was about six feet long.

AT one end was an enormous compass which took off at least two feet and, at the other, a tiller which took off about four feet more. Around the cock-pit were the usual uncompromisingly hard little benches. I peered into the cabin and had to sit down quickly to overcome the faintness which came over me. The floor, the bunks, the shelves and even the stove were piled high with the most awful assortment of things; my precious dressing-case was wedged in among cans of sardines, the sweaters were thrown into a box half full of coal, puddles of water oozed out around the edges of the ice-box, while through all there permeated the genial smell of kerosene. I had taken a few books and pack of cards, hoping the others wouldn't think of it. When we unscrambled the mess in the cabin, I found altogether we had taken sixty-three books, ranging from "The Dream Fox" to an Arabic dictionary, and seven games.

"Isn't this great," Archie said, "we're all ready and can get out of here tonight. We'll sail while you clean up and stow those things down there."

Some people love the water, and they love sailing, and everything to do with boats. You can tell the way they roll certain phrases

around their tongues—such as "set the spinaker" or "light the binnacle light" or "luff her up" and the thought of anyone being sea-sick just puts them in a good humor right away. "Give me a good sea yarn" they will say on going into a book store, or "He must be a good fellow for he knows about boats," and any old bum they find hanging around a dock becomes (at once) their blood brother. They address him respectfully as "Captain" and listen to any remark he may care to let fall as if it were gospel.

It took me the whole first week to learn to talk about knots in a seaman-like manner. Every time I said that we were going a certain number of knots an hour, Archie would say patiently, "You can't say 'knots an hour'—knots are nautical miles per hour." I knew that all right, but why not "knots an hour," I ask you? Why just say "knots," and leave the poor things hanging in air?

There are quite a few things like this that I never will understand, and I like the sound of them less each time I hear them.

The first day we went about ten miles and ended aground in a little harbor up the Sound.

We reached Fishers Island the next afternoon in time to go ashore for dinner. I had told the children that we had lots of friends there and was sure they would find some, too. They didn't, and neither did we.

We spent three days at Fishers Island, while it rained. We got dry at the club and at the movies and spent large sums ashore, which was just what we planned not to do.

We decided to go to Newport, where our mountain-climber could join us. We searched our minds for some friend with a house large enough to take in six water-logged Roosevelts. Archie said, "Leave the whole matter to me. I have a lady friend." I stood by, feeding him nickels, while he telephoned. The lady was at home and hurried to the telephone with a "where are you, come right over"—tone of voice. As I listened, I couldn't help feeling that Archie's technique was peculiar, for, in-

stead of getting the worst over at once, he threw us in one by one, thereby prolonging the agony. "Well, you see I'm not alone," he first said. "Oh, your wife's with you. Well, bring her," cordially from the other end. "Archie, Jr.'s here too," from Archie. "Well, bring him." "And my two younger daughters are here with us." A moment's hesitation and this hurdle was also taken. "And the reason we're going to Newport is to meet our eldest daughter who has been off mountain climbing," he tactlessly finished up. This time the lady's voice had grown so faint that I couldn't even hear her reply, but tried to believe Archie when he hung up remarking, "There, you see, she's delighted to have us."

The next day was pretty fair, not really pleasant, you know, but for once not raining, and we set off in fine spirits and arrived at Newport early in the afternoon.

THE question not only of what to take ashore, but what to pack it in then became acute. We had only two valises with us, both ancient and battle-scarred, for I had thought it unwise to expose any but the most disreputable to the uncertainties of the boat. We finally found a cardboard box, two laundry bags, a duffle bag and two baskets and, thus equipped, assailed and carried the outer defenses of Newport's swanky yacht club. The surprise of the Captain, who must have been fairly used to odd things coming off boats was nothing to that of the chauffeur—and when it came to the butler, first and second man at the door itself . . . Never had they been asked to handle such baggage and their dignity suffered. They carried our things at arm's length, looking as though they smelled something unpleasant. Once inside we decided to refresh ourselves with tea, before taking on the French maids, who from long experience, I knew would be the worst. They were, and when, that same evening our eldest daughter put in an appearance with nothing but one knapsack full of dirty clothes, one was overheard to say to the other "Elles sont des sauvages."

We spent three days at Newport and then left for Saunderstown, coming to anchor around five o'clock in the afternoon. On the whole, this was the worst night of the cruise.

. . . and when it came to the butler, and the first and second man!



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT ROESE

The heat and mosquitoes were bad enough, but, add to these discomforts an insinuating and persistent swell, which rolled in from the sea at sunset, and you have a combination which is almost beyond human endurance. We had just fallen into an uneasy sleep, when we were awakened by a frightful commotion and slowly became aware that we were anchored in the direct path of the Jamestown ferry. We gazed up to where they towered above us, indignant at their lack of consideration, and our first thought was not to give up our position without a fight, but as we came to realize their superior size and strength, we changed our minds and decided to move. We moved—not without incident, however. We managed to foul (another unpleasant nautical term) a mooring, belonging to an indignant and belligerent little boat, which had anchored near us during the night. The noise, confusion and cursing which ensued may come under the head of pleasure in some people's vocabulary, but not in mine.

The rest of the night we slept from pure exhaustion, but with the first faint streaks of dawn we arose and decided, for once unanimously, to seek another anchorage. The fog was so thick we couldn't see two feet in front of us, but so little had we been trained to expect from the weather, that we were grateful that it was not raining. We knew Dutch Island when we hit it and so, in the usual A.B.R. method, came safely to anchor. Here we rested for two days. When I say "rested," I mean I got up early, lit the stove, got breakfast, washed up, made the beds, tidied the cabin just in time to ask the family what they wanted for lunch—ditto the afternoon. The children were kind about wanting to help, but their efforts, when they did, caused such mental anguish that it seemed wiser for me to do it. I should like some time to have a quiet talk with the woman who wrote the book about each child having a household task assigned to it, and how this adds to the comfort of all.

We had decided to make Nantucket our



One of the ten most enchanting places

next port, and at last the sun shone. We were all in fine spirits, which lasted to the mouth of the harbor, and faded when the swell from Point Judy took possession of us. The hardy mountain-climber was actively sick first. She said it made her feel better each time. My youngest daughter, believing her, next succumbed while my dainty daughter and I, refusing to be so unattractive, stretched ourselves out on the benches and prepared to meet our Maker. Both Archies enjoyed themselves to the full and even burst into song from time to time. Towards noon, A. Jr. suggested food, which threw the girls into fresh agonies.

In the late afternoon the fog closed in and shortly afterwards a schooner loomed up behind us. It seemed to have a great many people on board who waved and gesticulated, as if they wished to get into communication with us. On getting nearer, a man with a megaphone and a woman without one, screamed at us in chorus to ask where we were going and, upon our saying Nantucket, asked if they could follow us. I don't know why this show of respect for our superior seamanship gratified and revived me so much, but it did, and I was able to sit up and take my part once more in the life of the boat.

I had just remarked contentedly how very lucky it was for that schooner that it had run into us, when Archie called out excitedly from the bow, "Put her off!" The girl at the tiller, with a perfectly feminine instinct to do the opposite, put her up. There was a terrific bump, followed by the wrenching of the sail as it tried to pull the boat free and, there we were stuck tight on a shoal. I retained just enough presence of mind to wave the other boat to keep off and never had I seen a boat turn around and go in the other direction more quickly, or, as it seemed to me, more heartlessly.

We consulted "The Yachtsman's Guide"—a loathsome book—and found that at dead high tide we could count on six feet of water. As we drew six feet, our chances of ever getting off seemed slim and I made up my mind that we were there for the rest of the night. We lowered the mainsail in silence and without recriminations. The boat, although listing at quite an angle, (Continued on page 36)

THE spring horse shows, in the East at any rate, are dedicated almost exclusively to hunters. Wilmington is in a class by itself as a sure prophet of what the new season can expect in the way of hunter champions. Upperville is the first public appearance of a younger generation that will, in its turn, seek ribbons at Bryn Mawr in the fall. A renovated Washington is emulating the extraordinary success of Wilmington. And, finally, there is Devon, where hunters do not monopolize the proceedings to the extent that they do at the other shows mentioned, but where, nevertheless, they play a most important role.

Recent years have seen these spring shows assume a new importance. Not so long ago, the season hardly got under way before mid-summer, and the entries for the shows were apt to carry the names of many exhibitors from the West and Middle-West who, today, prefer showing their horses nearer home. In those days—probably because the sport was more centralized and included those patrons who are warm admirers of the harness and gaited horse—there was a wide variety in the programs offered. Many of those old shows are non-existent today; many of them have gradually ceded importance before an unmistakable trend. Now, every city has its show. The West stays largely at home, and the East devotes most of its card to its main interest—the hunter.

Washington has struggled for some years now to put on a really good show, and they have tried several innovations to combat adverse conditions, but beyond a doubt the most successful of these was the choice of Miss Deborah Rood, this spring, as director. Miss Rood, who by her own initiative has made Wilmington one of the country's outstanding shows, has given a thorough study to the subject, both from the exhibitors' standpoint and from that of the executive committee. We've watched Wilmington grow to fine stature from the proverbial acorn, and probably every horse show manager in the East could take a tip from her methods. Shows conducted by Deborah Rood show a profit instead of the usual deficit. This year Washington was a success.

Eliminating saddle classes, the Capital show concentrated on the hunter and jumper division, and the prize money was raised substantially. Demopolis and Balkonian, two fresh young horses fairly new to the horse-show public, made a good impression. Demopolis, owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggin Perry, a 1939 champion at Pinehurst and the Inter-American at Washington last fall, was again crowned champion. A very fine type light-weight with a cheerful way of going, he is by Ormont out of a Whisk Broom mare. One could call him a bit light for a top horse, but he handled himself in a convincing manner. Balkonian was reserve and also winner of the Model class. He is a rugged, masculine type of horse from George Watts Hill's North Carolina stable, and after tying in points with another newcomer, Mrs. Austin Jennings's Gay Blade, the judges finally gave him reserve on the strength of his excellent conformation. As far as manners and way of going are concerned, Balkonian still leaves much to be desired. He seems to have taken a definite dislike to the show ring game, but a number of fair performances and his stunning appearance compensate for a lack of manners.

SPRING HORSE SHOWS

by D'ARCY

The only change that might be suggested for Washington next year would be the introduction of a couple of three-year-old classes. A show so close to the breeding section of Virginia should draw these colts out. Potential stars of the future, they naturally are extremely interesting both from a breeding and showing standpoint. Aside from this one criticism, Washington made great headway toward eventually assuming rank with Wilmington and Devon.

Wilmington was handicapped by three days of spring rain, but Miss Rood did everything

possible to make the beautiful "Meadows on the Brandywine" estate comfortable for exhibitors and spectators, despite the unfortunate weather. Tractors were at hand to pull ring-side cars out of the mud and buses carried exhibitors and officials to the luncheons offered them by Miss Rood. Possibly, as a whole, Wilmington lacked a little of the quality of the past, due to the absence of some of the larger stables, but still it ranks as the outstanding hunter show in America. If we had friends visiting us from Ireland or England, we would choose this show to take them to. Here they would see the types of Thoroughbred and half-bred most popular as hunters in different sections of America, and they would see these horses work under ideal conditions.

THERE might be more classes for hunters under saddle, at the same time demanding that these entries show over fences, at Wilmington. And that brings us to a great stride taken by the American Horse Shows Association's hunter committee in adding a preliminary hunter championship class at all shows. As almost all followers of shows know, the championship during the last few years has been decided by the horse winning the most points. Each first, second and third counting so much. This new preliminary championship class calls for the four highest point winners to show under the saddle and the judges to judge them on manners, way of moving, and conformation. The (Continued on page 44)



Miss Mary V. Fisher on Bucconeer, o winner ot Devon




Mrs. Edgor Scott on Bond Street, ot Wilmington



The four-in-hond class ot Devon; because the show this year was o doy shorter o night session was held

CARL KLEIN PHOTOS



Off the deep end

IT DOESN'T, OF COURSE, surprise you that we who make Four Roses think it the most magnificent whiskey ever bottled. Nor is it hard to understand — once you have tasted this matchless whiskey — why so many others sincerely share our enthusiasm. In short, we venture to say that if you are not among those who consider Four Roses the finest whiskey in America, it's simply because you haven't tried it. In that case — won't you?

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SPEAKING of cultivation on the contour, as we were last month, they have invented a new sort of compass for tractors now. It is called a "grade meter." A simple dial about the size of an alarm clock with a single hand, the device has not yet been brought into commercial production. But there is nothing essentially elaborate or expensive about it; and it may become a standard part of tractor equipment as the practice of plowing on the contour spreads.

L. H. Schoenleber and his associates in field experiments at the Clarinda, Iowa, station of the United States Soil Conservation Service, who invented the grade meter say that it operates sensitively and accurately on even the bumpiest tractor. With the meter mounted rigidly on the tractor before the eyes of the operator, all he need do is steer a course that keeps the indicator-needle pointing at zero, straight up. Any deviation is indicated by needle swings to the right and left. In some ways, the experimenters at Clarinda believe, the contour-pattern of cultivation so established is better than the pattern more rigidly laid down with a surveyor's level.

"Contour lines laid out with a level," they say, in a recent issue of "Agricultural Engineering," "often have sharp curves or bends caused by uneven slopes, waterways or ground surfaces. When farming operations are performed on these lines, the sharp curves or bends are smoothed out, and deviations from the true contour result. Contour lines laid out with a grade meter mounted on a tractor automatically smooth out such bends. . . . An average farmer can lay out a mile and a half of contour lines in an hour."

DEMONSTRATION

Just before leaving upland Carolina and crossing the Great Smokies into Tennessee last month, I saw a heaven-sent demonstration of the virtue of contour tillage; and it was beautiful to see. On a slow train, toiling upland all of a scorching afternoon, we ran just before dusk into a smashing thunderstorm. For perhaps three minutes the rain came down at a rate which completely veiled the windows on my side of the train. Then it let up abruptly and the sun shone through a cloud bank at a long angle. I stood up in that grimy smoking compartment and went to the window.

Every cultivator-scratch showed a slender arc; every terrace-line and outlet channel was like a still, curved stream. And the crops stood green and fresh, drinking their fill.

The conductor of the train came over to where I was standing by the window and spoke with satisfaction.

FIELD NOTES FROM THE SOUTH

"Look how it's soaking in there. That's where it does the good!"

MINING THE LAND

It was, I think, Dr. O. E. Baker, in one of his pamphlets on population pressures, who remarked that with more land than Japan our southern Allegheny region is supporting six million people rather badly, whereas Japan, on a lesser area has been made to support sixty million people rather well. Those at least are approximately correct figures.

No one can for long travel in our southeastern cotton country without noting signs of appalling population pressure on wornout or nearly worn-

abandoned because of gulying in the past five years."

At Columbia, South Carolina, James Derieux, associate editor of "The State," told me of one farm family so poor, because their soil was poor, that the only heat they had last winter in what remains of a fine old mansion was the kitchen stove. But the house is so big and open to the wind, and the stove is so small, that the three people in this family had to draw three chairs up close to the stove, almost touching it, and make a sort of tent across their backs with a single blanket, to keep warm.

Soil decadence, human decadence: you see plenty of that wherever cotton blossoms blow, and cotton rules

and the biggest is the Funeral Parlor. And all over town, in stores and offices, this same enterprising mortician advertises his ministrations with just about the biggest and most gaudily colored art calendar you ever saw. It is a picture of two men on a hay-wagon, with thunderclouds looming behind them. They are hurrying the team, racing from the storm. And the title of the picture is "The Last Load."

"All flesh is grass," said the prophet. Dr. H. A. Morgan, Chairman of the Board of the Tennessee Valley Authority, with offices at Knoxville, says Amen to that. Born in Canada seventy-two years ago, Dr. Morgan has lived and worked for more than fifty years in the South.

We talked for three hours. The South, he holds, has enormous assets—"basic assets, the asset of temperature, of water." But: "We have allowed these assets almost to destroy us, by eroding our soil." The answer? "Cover crops, especially winter cover; legumes, grass! And to get that grass, good thick rewarding stands of it, build soil: build soil with lime and phosphate, phosphate and lime!"

Dr. Morgan sees all life as a transfer of energy of the sun through plants to man. On a recent tour to inspect new stands of bluegrass, "I want you to get your mind on what that grass is," he told a group of farmers. "It's energy!" Then he took them back, in his talk, to the days of treadmills, when grass-fed oxen visibly provided power. And finally he turned their minds forward to a time when, with slopes protected, soil restored and streams harnessed for civilized pursuits, "You will look at this valley, and know this country for a good country; and all of you will feel the difference in your minds and bones," old Dr. Morgan said.

"WE LIVE BETTER"

Apart from the towering new beauty of the dams, changes in the Tennessee Valley are not as yet spectacular; but they are visible and real. I rode for half a day through hill country where some of the fields are so steep that, "It's wonder the seed holds on," as the local saying goes. But the cornfields are moving down toward the bottoms now; grass is creeping up to heal hurt slopes; houseyards show more pride; gardens increase. I saw only two farm houses that had been painted; money is still fearfully short in those hills. "We haven't got any more money than we had, but we live better," I was told, time and again. And I did see at least a hundred houses where a roof had been patched, a porch straightened, or fly-screens put at the windows. Human erosion in the Tennessee Valley is letting up.

RUSSELL LORD

Friend of the land

Raised in Maryland, Russell Lord studied ugriculture at Cornell and was graduated at 25 (after serving with the American field artillery in France) with the war class of 1920. The next years he spent traveling around Ohio as agricultural extension editor of the State University; occasionally he lectured in the school of journalism there.

In his thirties he became an associate editor of "Farm and Fireside" and a free lance writer and editor in New York. In March of 1933, with a New Deal proclaimed for agriculture, he went to Washington to do a piece about it and ended by joining up as aide to Secretary Henry Wallace.

Russell Lord spent two years, off



and on, traveling, reading and writing "To Hold This Soil" for the Soil Conservation Service—a book we recommend without reservation. Now he is editing a book by 14 sociologists in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, a critical study of subsistence homesteads called "A Place on Earth" which he describes as "really not half as dull as you might think."

out soil. And it is curious also to note, in general, that the thinner and more beaten down the soil is, the higher is the birth-rate there.

I talked with a member of southern agricultural leaders about this. With headlines as they are, and so much talk about rushing more raw materials to the Allies, the matter is much on their minds. "What bothers me most," Dr. T. S. Buie told me in South Carolina, "is that for all the progress we make on our demonstration and district areas, great stretches of land in between keep on being beaten down into wasteland, under need. Here around Spartanburg, for instance, we have land that five years ago supported people—not well, but supported them. It won't support people now. It is abandoned. I drove out six roads last Sunday, just to see; and I found within the incorporated area of Spartanburg, on all six roads, fields that have been

the land. But the signs of an agricultural renovation greatly outnumber signs of desolation in our Old South today. You see more grass, and better grass; more vegetable gardens, and a marked retreat from corn (which on hillsides can be as nasty a soil-wrecker as cotton), toward the thick-sown small grains. Derieux tells me that the wheat acreage of South Carolina has increased from around 200,000 acres to around 2,000,000 acres in the past ten years. Much of this wheat is used as stock feed or ground at local mills for bread at home. "It's a soil-saver, and a man-builder, not just another cash crop, to mine the land," Derieux said.

ASSETS

In a certain town of the Great Smokies, the handsomest building



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Country Life presents a new department as basic and simple, as profoundly significant, and as keenly interesting as its title:

SOIL AND MAN

It is edited by Russell Lord, author, educator, consultant to the United States Department of Agriculture, a man uniquely suited by background, experience and literary merit for this important work. ☪ It deals with a subject which has suddenly become more vitally important to every responsible American than ever before—the conservation of our natural wealth—our minerals, farms, forests and pastures, our flocks, herds, fisheries, wild game—*our people*.

Country Life is Edited for Responsible Americans...for the people of means and influence in every community, who for three hundred years have made America great. ☪ The purpose of this new department is to awaken those who are most influential among us to the need for immediate action in holding what we have in such generous abundance. To encourage these leaders through the pages of their magazine, to try, insofar as it is possible in a world intent on waste and destruction, to maintain inviolate our American way of life.

PETER VISCHER, *Editor and Publisher*

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TROPHIES OTHER THAN

THIS, I am glad to say, is the last of the articles or, to be exact, the dull if possibly helpful lists of suggestions which lend themselves particularly well as trophies.

Though to a few these suggestions may come at an opportune time and though the articles listed are the pick in each price group as to originality and quality, yet the world being what it is at the present time, such information as this seems cruelly irrelevant.

With the September issue this department is happily to be permitted to return to the country.

True country people, whatever their economic status, possess a bond of shared affections and interests and an ability simply and effectively to deal with reality, which makes living an absorbingly interesting, if none too easy, business. So, starting in the fall the wisdom, the humor, the courage as well as the foolishness, the fears and the faults and the vital interests of those of us who live in the country will appear in these pages.

Meanwhile, here are the prizes definitely connected with competitive events, which list completes the articles on Trophies Other Than Silver.

WOMEN'S GOLF PRIZES

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue and 45th Street

Women's striped golf umbrella. \$6.

M.M. Importing Co., 400 Park Avenue
Briggs imported umbrella—ladies size. \$22.

Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd Street
Ladies 13" kit or club bag of cowhide, lined in red morocco. All hand sewn. \$45.

Brooks Bros., Madison Avenue and 44th Street

The classic Brooks sweater—in all colors. Pull overs. \$12.50. Cardigans. \$14.

M.M. Importing Co., 400 Park Avenue
Calf cigarette boxes 3¾" x 5". Enamel top on which is painted and fired the Club's emblem. Well done and effective looking. \$25 to \$35.

BRIDGE PRIZES: I

Cowtan & Tout, 515 Madison Avenue
The finest of all bridge tables. Made entirely by hand and made to last a life time, yet so light in weight that a small child can carry it. Painted black with gold border, and covered in fine quality black satin. Allow one week for order. \$45.

Au Panier Fleuri, 762 Madison Avenue
The best bridge lamp found.

Standing bridge lamp, shaft of pine, moulded to simulate bamboo, dull "pickled" finish which harmonizes with both antique and modern furniture, light enough to be easily moved, yet sufficiently weighted and well balanced to be substantial. It is 63" high, including reflector globe, and the price is \$22 without shade.

Au Panier Fleuri is justly famed for the quality, artistry and beauty of its lamp shades. So well made are these that I can personally vouch for their outlasting all other shades by five to ten years.

The shade which has found greatest favor for this bridge lamp is an "all over cut paper shade, nut brown in color," and smart as smart can be is the whole effect. This shade \$19. Others \$9.50 and up.

SAILING

Under \$20

Abercrombie & Fitch Co., Madison Avenue and 45th Street

Tray, mahogany frame, rope bound, brass cleat handles, with any chart desired placed under its glass top. \$14. A man's prize.

"Protest" sailing set. Well constructed mahogany box, bearing colored ensigns on lid, containing wind indicating arrow, 4 boats about 3" long, with movable booms, and 3 buoys. \$7.50.

Stainless steel chart case, 36" long. Could be engraved. A useful and good looking prize. \$10.

Meyers, Inc., 1521 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The "Ute" storm weather outfit, light weight, waterproof trousers (or skirt) and jacket with detachable hood. It weighs nothing, is absolutely impervious to water, and gives years of hard service. \$19.50.

The Sporting Gallery & Bookshop, Inc., 38 East 52nd Street

Calf cigarette box with any desired boat class, model set, under glass of box top. \$20-up.

Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue
Fred Cozzens Yachting Prints, 1883—large folios. \$15 to \$25—unframed.

Over \$20

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue and 45th Street

Chelsea boat clocks. \$25 to \$125. Hygrometer, thermometer and barometer on mahogany base. \$25.

E. Gubelin, 336 Park Avenue

Wrist stop-watch, gold case. Has second hand, split second hand, and recording hand. \$125.

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In summer, you'll find there's no place in the world for a "hot" set of tennis like the cool Alleghanies at White Sulphur Springs! Here you have the mountains plus a resort with a private club, an efficient staff of instructors and five green Har-Tru courts—the very finest of facilities to enjoy the game. The same holds true for other sports, as well—swimming, golf, riding, and flying... truly all-around "ace" service. Rates, too, are unbeatable for value! Write for complete information.

The Greenbrier and Cottages
L. R. Johnston, General Manager

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS west va.

SILVER (Concluded)

E. B. Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue

The least expensive and yet serviceable binocular is the French Rayos 8 x 30. With leather case. \$30.

One of the best in this practical size, but lighter in weight with hand-grip shape and the finest quality lenses is the Bausch & Lomb binocular at \$82.

Binoculars of greater power and magnification are to be had at cor-

work is well known by sportsmen and sportswomen. Miss Megargee paints in oils on black glass or ivory. Her usual commissions are done in one of three prescribed sizes. Dog's head in circular maple frame, 4" diameter, \$25. Full length portrait, framed, 6" diameter, \$30. Full length portrait in oval frame, squared with ebony edged with "gold." \$45.

John C. Atherton, % The Sporting

BETTY BABCOCK

In September she turns to country doings

The Honorary Hunt Secretary of the Meadow Brook Hounds and ex M.F.H. of the Monmouth County Hounds has four daughters, an unquenchable vitality and an interest in nearly everything, with children and hunting leading in that order. Among other things, she is President, Board of Education of the Woodbury, L. I. Grade Schools; Trustee, Woodbury Methodist Church; Director, Brearley School, N. Y.; ex-Chairman, Schools Committee, Child Study Association of America; ex-Governor, the Colony Club; illustrator, Harry T. Peters, "Just Hunting"; contributor, hunting articles to "Polo"; "Horse and Horseman" and COUNTRY LIFE since 1930.

In addition to writing these ar-



ticles, Mrs. Babcock also edits "The Young Sportsman" page of this magazine, and is sporting mentor to the youthful enthusiasts who seek her advice.

respondingly higher prices, but the 8 x 30, Bausch & Lomb is the glass considered most serviceable for sailing skippers by E. B. Meyrowitz.

If the likely winner of some small yacht club class has won year in, year out, and the committee on prizes feels desperate, Arthur Ackermann & Son, 50 East 57th Street, has a silver boatswain's whistle made in England in 1840, the gift of which will certainly stagger the winner. \$35.

FIELD TRIALS

Cross Roads of Sport, 15 East 54th Street

Wood carvings of dogs by James A. King, painted by hand. Mr. King knows dogs, and his subjects are well modelled, and in a manner that breathes life into these miniature pieces. There are two sizes 4" x 4" for spaniels, terriers, etc., and 6" x 6" for setters, pointers, Labradors, etc. I have no hesitancy in recommending this artist's work. The small size carvings are \$32.50, the larger \$40.

Mildred J. Megargee, 16 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Portrait painter of dogs, whose

Gallery & Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street

Mr. Atherton is a portrait painter of dogs, and paints in water colors. Can more be said than that. I long to have my assorted pack sit for him. His price is \$75 at present.

St. James Galleries, 19 East 53rd Street

Aline Ellis porcelains. A few field spaniels at \$115 each. English setter \$100. Golden Labrador \$100. All 5" high x 6½" long.

Philip Suval, 823 Madison Avenue

Aline Ellis porcelains. Two field spaniels 5" x 6½". \$110 each.

Cross Roads of Sport, 15 East 54th Street

Lamps so original in conception, so delightful in composition, and so cleverly constructed by George B. Turrell, that any sportsman, sportswoman and sporting child would find them irresistible, are to be found in this shop.

"The Duck Decoy Shop" is a delicious and ridiculous lamp base. The base is \$50. The shade which reposes upon an electrified tree trunk is of imitation deer hide, and costs \$12.

BETTY BABCOCK



Old English Silver

Mr. Guille shows above an outstanding Old English Silver Tea Set assembled from examples made in London during the George III period. Tea Pot and Stand, 1806 by Chas. Chesterman: Hot Water Jug, 1797 by John Wakelin and Robert Garrard: Cream Jug, 1803 by J. Munns: Sugar Basket, 1800 by David and Robert Hennell: Tray, 1802 by Thos. Hannan and John Crouch. Other sets of varied size and importance are now on view.

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VISCHER PRODUCTS CO., 423 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

July



This attractive flower bowl, one of the many California pottery bowls made by Gladding McBean, is blue inside and white on the outside. 14" long. \$2.50. The unusual figure is terra cotta, with a blue robe and green leaf. \$3. Gump's, 250 Post Street, San Francisco, California.



If you are called upon to make a July wedding gift, here is a helpful suggestion. An antique Oriental Lowestoft tureen, made in China for the French market in the year 1775. Richly decorated, and as rare as it is beautiful. \$110. From Sarah Potter Conover, Inc., 746 Madison Avenue, New York.



For country wear during the summer months, these fine Cashmere sweaters are ideal. They are available in grey, light blue, navy, maroon, natural, dark brown or dark green. Slip-on style, with sleeves, \$18.50. Without sleeves, \$15. The buttoned model, with sleeves, \$26.50. Without, \$17.50. A. Sulka & Co., 661 Fifth Avenue, New York.



A charming addition to a bedroom in a country home is this copy of a Queen Anne wall light fixture. It is beautifully finished in walnut, with antique painted taffeta decoration. Equipped for use with electric-light bulbs, or supplied for use with candles. \$85. One of a collection of reproductions of fixtures at Mary Howard, Inc., 123 East 57th Street, New York.



The vogue of St. Francis and the Birds as a subject for garden ornaments grows steadily in popularity. Bird-baths, bird-houses and other garden objects now appropriately depict the saintly figure. Here is an outstanding example—a St. Francis bird-bath, beautifully wrought in lead. It stands 19 inches high, and the price is \$35. From the collection of ornaments at The Florentine Craftsmen, 540 First Avenue, New York.

in the Shops



The new material, Lucite, in combination with crystal, is most effectively used for centerpieces. Here is an example, in the form of scales. It stands 13" high, with a 12" beam of Lucite. Base and flower containers of crystal. \$5. From B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.



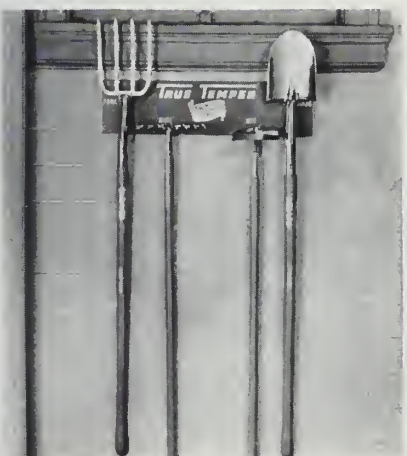
Two novelties, useful as gifts to a sportsman, are shown here. The Riding Boot lighter is realistically covered in tan or black leather. 6" high. \$12.50. The leather-covered, cedar-lined cigarette box, has a Paul Brown sketch. In calf, \$12. Pigskin, \$17. From Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Avenue, New York.



The Windikator is an ingenious precision instrument, easily held, combining an accurate compass with instant indication of direction and velocity of the wind. Indispensable for yachtsmen. Model A registers 0 to 30 and Model B, 0 to 60 miles per hour. 4" long, weight 1 3/4 oz. \$5.00. Abercrombie & Fitch Co., Madison Avenue.



Now with the elusive summer season at last definitely launched, the urge is felt for long, cool drinks on shaded lawns or terraces. What could be more satisfying than service from lovely, dark green decanters, antique English, beautifully cut, and to make them more exciting, bearing mystic identification numbers of 7 and 8. The Questers. 455 East 57th Street.



The demand for lighter-weight garden tools for the use of women and junior gardeners is effectively met with this set of feather-weight implements, made of stainless steel, with coral-finished handles. Each is long enough for comfortable use. Will not break, bend or tarnish. The set of rake, fork, shovel and hoe, costs \$15. Individual tools, \$5. From Stump & Walter, Inc., 132 Church Street, New York.

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COUNTRY LIFE

August issue

Cellar and Pantry • BY CROSBY GAIGE

THE racing months have padded on swift feet. Winter's snows are far behind and summer's flush has followed fast on spring. Thus in halting prose this department announces its first birthday. "This is my birthday; as this very day was Cassius born."

Properly considered, birthdays are pleasant events and a cake with just one candle is better than one with none at all. I know of no better way of celebrating one's nativity than with a proper dinner party. I shall present as a model of such a feast the menu of the most interesting dinner that I have recently attended, and I will follow the menu with suggestions as to the preparation of some of the individual dishes. This was a "Spice for Flavor Dinner," given at the Hotel Astor by The American Spice Trade Association. Some hundred or more editors and writers who daily deal with food were present and their approval of the fare was ample praise. Here, for the record, is the chronicle of a summer meal that achieved a rare and perfect balance between food and wine.

THE MENU

ASSORTED HORS D'OEUVRES
Perrier-Jouët, English Cuveé

CLEAR GREEN TURTLE SOUP
Celery Olives

CURRY OF LOBSTER AND CRABMEAT
Served with shredded cocoanut, chopped candied ginger and chutney.
Hermitage Blanc, 1929, Clos de Mure de Larnage

BONED SQUAB
With stuffing spiced with Poultry Seasoning
Pommes Lorette with Paprika
Spiced Cherries
Musigny, Comte de Vogüé, 1934. Estate bottled, Château de Musigny

ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE

COFFEE ICE CREAM FLAVORED WITH CINNAMON
Speculas Cookies

MOCHA
Kings' Ginger Liqueur
Pimento Dram

THE RECIPES

Assorted Canapes

TARTLET OF MUSHROOMS

3 peeled mushrooms, cut fine
1 teaspoon butter
Dash of lemon
5 teaspoons cream sauce
Pinch of salt
Pinch of mace
1 teaspoon grated Parmesan cheese

Cook mushrooms in butter; add lemon juice and 1 tablespoon cream sauce; add salt and mace and cook 3-5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fill into tartlets and divide equally

A DINNER, AND ITS RECIPES

on top of each tartlet remaining cream sauce. Sprinkle with cheese and brown under broiler. Serves 6.

MEXICAN CHILI PASTE IN PASTRY PUFFS

Mash ripe avocado and blend with salt, pepper, onion salt and chili powder to taste. Add a little lemon juice to preserve color. Serve in tiny cream puff shells, on potato chips, or on squares of thinly-sliced bread.

SMOKED SALMON CANAPES

Color sweet butter lightly with paprika, spread on thin toast squares and top with a thin slice of smoked salmon. Sprinkle with coarsely ground pepper.

brown; then add apple, egg-plant, onion, etc., and cook until done. Then add flour, curry-powder, bouillon, white wine, bay-leaf and season with pepper to taste. Let the whole reduce on a slow fire until it thickens (about one hour), strain and add to it one cup of cream. Mix curry-sauce with the lobster and crabmeat and boil for one minute before serving. *Note:* One tablespoon of curry-powder is sufficient for a mild flavor. Use one and one-half tablespoons of curry-powder to increase flavor.

STUFFING FOR ROAST SQUAB (Enough for 6 persons)

½ pound of sausage meat
½ teaspoon of chopped chives

CROSBY GAIGE

Country Life's Gastronomical Mentor

In introducing the conductor of this department the editors of COUNTRY LIFE, with becoming modesty, feel that they cannot better the words of Lucius Beebe, who once wrote of him: "Distiller of rare perfumes,

horticulturist of skill, student of the classical humanities, Broadway producer of note for three decades, designer of fine books and collector of manuscripts and literary items of first importance, machinist and wood carving enthusiast, cattle breeder, member of the Bibliographical Society of London and Associate of l'Union de Sommeliers de Paris, amateur gourmet No. 1, Crosby Gaige is a legend of Longacre Square and one of Manhattan's authentically distinguished men about the boulevards. He is one of the moving spirits of the Wine and Food Society and a perpetuator of the culinary traditions of Brillat-Savarin, Vatel and Escoffier."



CURRIED LOBSTER AND CRAB

For six persons, butter a sauce-pan, put in 10 ounces of fresh-cooked lobster and 16 ounces of cooked or canned crabmeat, cover with parchment paper and place in a medium oven for about four minutes.

CURRY SAUCE

1 apple
2 thick slices of egg-plant
2 tomatoes
1 large peeled onion
1 teaspoon of chopped parsley
4 ounces of celery (all above to be roughly chopped)
Salt and pepper.
2 ounces of flour
2 cups of bouillon
1 cup of heavy cream
6 ounces of white wine
1 bay-leaf
1½ tablespoons of curry-powder.

Melt in a sauce-pan six ounces of butter without letting the butter

¼ teaspoon of chervil
1 tablespoon of bread crumbs
1 pinch of salt, white pepper, nutmeg
½ teaspoon of poultry seasoning
Soak bread crumbs in bouillon; add above ingredients and mix the whole into proper consistency.

COFFEE AND CINNAMON ICE CREAM

Make mixture for coffee ice cream in usual manner and for six servings add scant one-half teaspoon of freshly ground cinnamon and blend well.

SPECIALITÉ DE LA MAISON

From the office of Gabriel Lugot, Executive Chef of the Waldorf-Astoria, comes, as an especial favor to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, this recipe for Crabmeat Louis. It is a dish that is a daily and much appreciated specialty in the famous Men's Bar at that hotel. Lewis, the benign doyen of the Bar, puts on

his best Glamis Castle company manners when Crabmeat Louis is served and hovers about just as he used to hover when the present Queen of England, then a little girl, was served her porridge. Here is the recipe slightly altered for home consumption:

CRAB LOUIS

Take a sufficient quantity of good crabmeat, either cooked or canned, and season with freshly chopped herbs such as chives, chervil, tarragon, and parsley. Put crab in center of a bed of finely-shredded romaine, lettuce, or escarolle—in proportion of ⅔ salad to ⅓ crabmeat. Before serving mix well with sauce made up as follows: ⅔ mayonnaise, ⅓ catsup, ⅓ chili sauce, a good dash of each of the following—A-1 sauce, Escoffier Sauce Robert, Worcestershire Sauce and Walnut Catsup.

THE BEAN

For more years than I would like to admit the editor of this department has had rising in his soul an acute annoyance with the string bean. Countless billions of these unfortunate legumes are planted and harvested every season. Southern mischief-makers have taken up their cultivation so that even in winter there is no surcease from the limp messes of dull, green ensilage that are boiled to death in orthodox fashion and deposited depressingly upon the plates of long-suffering mankind.

One fine Saturday afternoon when guests were coming to dinner and I had for the moment assumed personal command of the kitchen I decided to deal differently and drastically with a basket of unemployed string beans that were just about to go on relief or otherwise become a public nuisance. Here follows an accurate account of this culinary revolution:

I boiled the beans in slightly salted and slightly sugared water with a few sprigs of mint for about half an hour. In an ample stainless-steel stewpan I melted four ounces of butter and in this I cut up a half dozen scallions, tops and all, and let them simmer until soft. Then in went the cooked beans and a pint of milk, a touch more of salt and a generous sprinkling of freshly ground pepper. I let the mixture come nearly to the boiling point, but not quite. At this point I added a cup of cream and a couple of thinly sliced mushrooms and let the pot simmer gently over a slow fire until the mushrooms were done. The final blessing was a slight sprinkling of grated, Parmesan cheese.

Serve beans cooked this way in individual dishes with plenty of the sauce. Use a spoon instead of a fork as a means of conveyance and be sure to give proper thanks for this emancipation of the *haricot*.

MUSIC IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from page 15)

start while attending the local school.

On Long Island a young couple who hadn't touched an instrument since their 'teens have bought a fiddle and accordion to accompany their daughter's violin playing, and they too entertain their neighbors.

But try any of this in a city apartment and neighbors will not be so friendly. In the great open spaces, however, there are no families up-stairs or down to complain if you call a domestic orchestra rehearsal, and music has grown where freed from the confines of city life.

One real musician in a family makes a big difference. Esther Root Adams, for instance, hiding modestly behind the fame of her witty husband, the F. P. A. of "The Conning Tower" and "Information, Please," has managed to raise four children and run a real estate business in Weston, Conn., without ever neglecting her piano. Occasionally, she plays four-handed with Deems Taylor or Harry Kaufman, of the concert stage, and she encourages her boys and her husband to make music with her in whatever way suits them best. Mrs. Adams is the grand-daughter of George Root, who wrote some famous American songs, including "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and "There's Music in the Air." So her taste is liberal, with due regard for versatility.

F. P. A. himself is adequate on the harmonica, with leanings toward the concertina and xylophone. He is the best dead-pan singer of "The Little Lost Child" on the Lyons Plain Road (which is a fairly long road), and he can play a tune on his front teeth with a pencil.

Of the Adams youngsters, Tim seems to be the most musical, and he is now concentrating on the clarinet, with Artie Shaw as his hero. Anthony, known as "Tat," has fooled around with a trumpet, and both boys like to join the father-and-son team of the George Murrays, who play slide-trombones quite loudly and confidently.

Then there is the Drinker family, living in rural Pennsylvania, and developing a significant home-made music in spite of a Quaker background and the absence of any outstanding talents. Harry Drinker is a successful lawyer, but gets his chief pleasure on Sunday evenings when he gathers a group of musical amateurs in his country home and conducts them in the vocal classics of Bach, Brahms and Palestrina, all read at sight. He goes in for instrumental chamber music also, and can always get together at least a string quartet, and possibly a small orchestra, by borrowing some of the children of his sister, Catherine Drinker Bowen, who lives next door, and has written the lives of Tschaikowsky and the Rubinstains, as well as that stimulating book, "Friends and Fiddlers." Harry Drinker's contribution to the literature on music is a well written and scholarly booklet concerning the chamber music of Brahms.

Thomas Hart Benton, the painter, who finds his country life in Missouri, specializes in the folk music of America, and interprets it mostly by way of the harmonica and the recorder, an old-fashioned end-blown flute, which is becoming increasingly popular with amateur musicians all over the United States. Benton has taught his wife and son to play both instruments, and if someone will provide an accompaniment on the guitar which is always at hand, the Bentons will show you something that is authentic and delightful.

Hendrik Willem van Loon is a rough and ready fiddler, with an extra violin in his case for a possible harmonizing enthusiast. One of his favorite accompanists was the late Montague Glass, creator of "Potash and Perlmutter," who played the piano entirely by ear and with quite remarkable results.

Mrs. Stuart Chase, wife of the economist, is in such demand as a viola-player that she now rehearses with four different orchestras and fills in with string quartets and sonata teams in her spare time. She tells of one young man who drove a truck in the small hours of the night, slept and studied by day, and spent his evenings playing in any instrumental group within reach. Mrs. Chase also had the pleasure of discovering that Raymond Gram Swing was a composer, and gave the first performance to his violin sonata, which was later played in public concerts and over the air.

DOWN in the quiet isolation of New Jersey, Prof. Einstein likes to play his violin, with Princeton's University Library ready to supply him all the music that he needs. He is mostly self-taught, and deprecatory as to his ability, but he has taken part in charity concerts for war refugees, and those who accompany him find that he possesses an instinctive musicianship. "I can count trillions," he says, plaintively, "but find it very difficult to count four."

For the rural musician who has difficulty in finding just the right companionship in his struggles toward self-expression, the phonograph has now come forward with some highly practical co-operation. Columbia Recordings have issued a series of Add-a-Part records, which will supply any musical amateur with the parts that he may not be able to find among his available friends.

The records cover a variety of chamber music,—quintets, quartets and trios,—and the missing part, to be contributed by the human performer, may be a first or second violin, cello or piano. The record sounds the A, to be sure that you are in tune with the professionals who are to play with you. The printed notes are before you, and the record beats one measure of time before you start. If anything goes wrong, you simply turn back the record and try again. It is a wonderful solution of the problems of the self-conscious amateur. He can struggle through parts of the Schumann or Brahms quintets at the piano, without blushing for his lack

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of technique. He can add his timid violin to the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mozart without worrying about the quality of his tone. The Add-a-Part records have solved the problem of ensemble performance for many a country musician.

Actually both the phonograph and the radio seem to be used more practically and intelligently in the country than in the city, where time for leisurely listening is always limited. The rural music-lover settles down to hear a good record all the way through, perhaps with a score in his mind, or a printed analysis that gives him the outstanding themes. He turns back at the end of a movement if he wants to emphasize a certain passage in his memory. He subdues the volume, if he wishes, so that the music comes to him intimately and quietly, free from nerve-racking noises.

If radio is his last resort, he can similarly organize his listening. He prepares for a Toscanini broadcast as no urban dweller possibly could, acquainting himself with the music to be played and its backgrounds. In time he is able to make comparisons and appraisals and to draw conclusions of a sort that might be foreign even to confirmed concert-goers.

Music in the country has its advantages, and not the least of these is the total absence of self-consciousness and its attendant evils of pose and hypocrisy. If people feel like playing or singing, they do so, without worrying about comment or criticism. If they want to listen to a first class professional performance, they get it in comfort by way of the phonograph or radio, at a considerable saving of time, effort and money.

The country music-lover is likely to come closer to a sincere and honest enjoyment of music, both as a participant and as a listener, than the urban experts and connoisseurs can possibly hope to achieve. The mere difference between slacks and shirt-sleeves and the formalities of evening dress would seem to create a mood that is unaffectedly receptive, far removed from the artificialities of city life that we call civilization.

CROW SHOOTING

(Continued from page 18)

nothin', but I'd like to git me a few good dead crows to hang up in my cornfield."

"How many?"

"Well, I guess I c'n use all you fellers'll git today."

So we left him and, during the afternoon, by dint of much yelling and squalling and undignified conduct we reduced 79 crows to possession. These we placed in three large paper sacks which we then hid in the garage. It was warm and after a day or two of lying-in-state these sacks were whistling like peanut roasters.

In that condition we loaded them into the rear of an open car and sought our neighbor's premises. A cautious survey having disclosed no one in view, we slipped into high and swooped down like Valkyries

with our sacks full of dead heroes on that defenseless home. Seventy-nine dead crows will make a very considerable showing scattered over a ball park; on Harry's small front lawn they made a solid sable mantle as we hastily emptied our sacks, got into the car, got the car in high and departed from the scene of the outrage.

WHEN we returned that evening the crows had disappeared. Harry came out to greet us affably and exchange comment on current topics. He said never a word about those crows and we could only guess, as we drove on, with what agonies and retchings the removal had been accomplished. We met again on several occasions with no better success. Harry was his kindly, humorous self, interested and interesting, but with never a reference to that awful charnel pit.

Then one day as we were leaving after one of these chats, he glanced at us, one grave glance, and said:

"Next time, gentlemen, next time I b'lieve two will be ample, thank ye."

An owl decoy will get results if it is used on a flyway or near one of the great roosts, but we found it laborious to go about climbing trees with a stuffed owl. Undignified, too, for gentlemen supposed to have attained a certain amount of poise, decorum, and gravity. You can't go traveling around with a stuffed owl in your hand without inviting comment and inquiry, and it's even worse with a live owl.

We had a live one once which we purchased for a considerable sum in the expectation of unlimited crow shooting. We are kindly men in a way, and suffered some qualms for what we thought would be Bubo's dislike of being tied to a limb with a storm of crows wheeling and charging at him. But Bubo, we found, was not one to ask favors or grant them. All he asked was two wicked claws and a savage beak full of living flesh, preferably our own. He had his wish often enough despite the armor of heavy gloves. When the owl got his grip the victim would dance and curse while his friend took the pliers from the car and pulled each talon clear by main strength. There was always a good chance that our feathered playmate, finding one hold broken, would clamp down like a steel trap in another place. Climbing a tree with Bubo was something of an adventure. He was an incurable hypochondriac and we finally gave him up.

Then someone brought us two young red-shouldered hawks, brother and sister, and again we had visions of crow shooting luxury. But Sister ate Brother completely up one night and gave us an unblinking, fratricidal glare when we went to feed the couple next morning. Sister had few really kindly qualities in her nature. She was no easier to approach than an ancient war chariot trimmed with sickles, blades, spikes, and hooks. Certainly she was no girl at all to take for a petting party on a limb of a tree fifty feet off the ground. Her attachments were many and none

of them amorous, and we finally gave over our attempts to win that fierce heart of hers.

I am not one of those who believe that the destruction of every last crow is a consummation devoutly to be wished. I feel that I would miss him perhaps more than any other non-game bird. His voice is not beautiful but it has a bold and cheering quality when his ragged squadrons come up from the Southland in the teeth of a bitter March wind. Is he a murderer because he robs birds' nests and spears the fledglings? Nature, for her own inscrutable purposes, forces him to such conduct, and in the long run you may be sure that the wild society of the woods and fields is better off for it. We are too apt to invest crows, snakes, owls and other predatory creatures with evil traits of character which are to be found only in ourselves. We curse the crow at the robin's nest and sell a shipload of scrap iron to our fellow men who will, we know, make bombs from it to drop on others of our fellow men. We are always engaged in some murderous or adulterous or thieving business, but the crow even at his unwillful worst is up to mischief for only one of the twelve months of the year. I like him for his courage, for his complete self-reliance, and for the sense of robust humor that I am sure he has.

In comparison with other birds, crows have become overabundant. They have flourished and multiplied on the adversities which diminished other beasts and fowl, and so successfully that it is necessary to reduce their numbers. But I'm for doing it decently with a shotgun or rifle. If here and there it is required that entire colonies of crows be exterminated by bombs or poison, let us leave the dirty task to experienced, qualified men paid to do the thing efficiently and as humanely as may be.

The shotgun, the rifle, the decoy, and the crow call will never bring about the extermination of this wise bird, but they may help to make it unnecessary to invoke scientific mass slaughter to keep the crow within bounds.

WATER-LOGGED

(Continued from page 25)

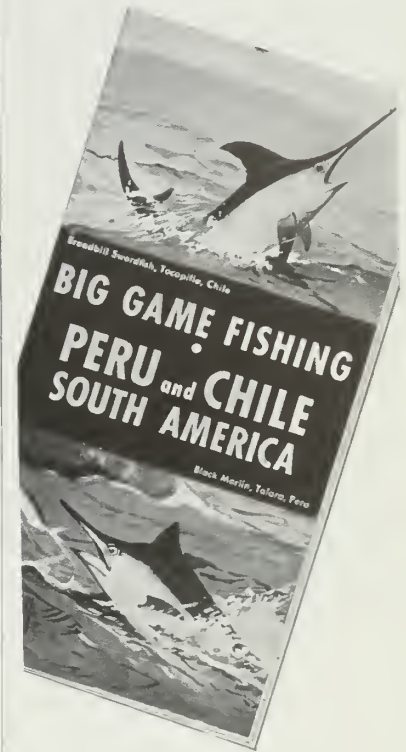
obligingly remained stationary for the first hour, or so, which allowed us time to eat our supper in comparative comfort. Archie refused to eat, moped about and looked as though his last friend had deserted him. From time to time he had unpleasant ideas which always meant work for the rest of us. His first was to send A. Jr. ashore to try to find someone who could pull us off. He had this idea just as A. was sitting down to supper and, as we could only count on a couple of hours more daylight, fairly snatched his plate away and hurried him off. The island proved to be deserted.

We were just beginning to enjoy our stationary position, when violent motion seized the boat. The books were hurled to the floor, the kitchen things rattled about, and general confusion reigned. I divided what money

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I could find among the children, in case we were picked up singly, put on my pearls and wrist watch, and prepared for death by drowning—a fate which had never been far from my mind.

Archie continued to try experiments, such as turning on and off the engine, and putting up the jib, and we were told off to push the tiller around while he held the sail at strange angles. Don't ask me why he thought this would help. I don't know—I can tell you that it was far from restful. Sometimes we skipped along a few feet, sometimes we strained and flapped, but remained where we were. Towards one o'clock, during one of these times when we were humoring father by experimenting with the jib, we quite suddenly leaped forward and, even to Archie's surprise, found ourselves free and once again slipping through open water.

WE had figured out the course very carefully while yet there was daylight and, now, with a burst of activity, leapt each to his appointed job. One held the tiller, one held a flash light to the compass, another a light to the chart, others were kept busy making little trips to bring things up from the cabin, while Archie flew around giving orders to anyone who paused for breath, or looked at all comfortable. It was bitter cold and very wet. A couple of hours passed, during which we kept up our spirits by reciting poems about heroic deeds and those who did not fear to die. I was told off to watch for buoys. At one moment and quite unexpectedly, I saw a large float looming up on our bow. With the utmost presence of mind I emitted a feminine scream, which fortunately resulted in the man at the tiller doing the right thing, and we veered quickly off.

Another hour and a long break-water appeared, then an hour of weaving in and out between buoys at the entrance of Nantucket's tricky little harbor and, at last, the inner lighthouse and the lights of many little boats at their moorings. The village clocks were just striking five, security and peace enfolded us. We threw ourselves onto our beds. Just before I dropped off, I murmured to one of the children that we must wake up by four the next afternoon as Father had to take the five o'clock ferry to New York.

In what seemed a few minutes, I was awakened by the clattering of dishes. I reached for my watch. It was eight-thirty. "I'll have breakfast ready in a few minutes," Archie called out cheerily. "Wasn't that a bully day yesterday?" I closed my eyes, and, right there and then, made up my mind that Nantucket was to be my port of debarkation.

After breakfast the world looked brighter and I was able to admire the delightful little harbor. Large and small craft were anchored all around us, while dinghies with sails of every imaginable color circled in the distance. We caught little glimpses of the town, which looked inviting and homelike, and made me long to go ashore, but we had to put the boat

in order and clean up, so it was not until the afternoon that I could satisfy my curiosity.

If ever, in the course of one of those painful evenings when parlor games are played, I am asked to name the ten most enchanting places in the world, Nantucket will certainly be among mine. I loved it from the moment I set foot ashore. There is a gallant quality about it, as though it reflected the spirit of the old whaling days and the fishermen who built it, many of whom lost their lives trying to wrest a living from the sea. It has remained untouched and unique in a changing world; old cobblestones still cover the main street, which runs between tall elms up a little hill to the old court house. As you walk up, you catch glimpses of such pleasant homes, bright flowers and charming old doorways that it is hard to keep a straight course, and not be enticed first down one side street and then another. We wandered around until it was time for Archie to take the ferry. As he left, he pressed into my hand a list of repairs to be made to the boat. I thanked him kindly.

I went back to the club, got in touch with the nearest shipyard and told them they could have the boat the first thing in the morning. I then returned to the boat and, to the amazement of the children started packing, explaining that urgent business had come up, which would take me away the next day.

We passed an uneventful night, and the next morning I moved my bags and myself to the yacht club and from there, by taxi, to the ferry dock. A few minutes before the ferry pulled out, A. Jr. came running up, quite out of breath, and called up the side to me that our boat had had to be hauled out and was "miles up on the ways." He wanted to know what was to become of them and where they were to sleep until Father returned. The whistle blew and I had just time to call back. "Why not try the cockpit!"

ALBACORA!

(Continued from page 23)

chair I found, to my amazement, that I was unable to put on more than one-quarter turn of the star drag wheel tension of the 12/0 Vom Hofe reel that Mrs. Farrington had put on it. The line—a 39-Ashaway—stood up beautifully.

In one hour of the hardest beating I ever gave any fish on 39-thread, I was able to raise the fish about 50 feet, all of which he got back with one surge. Surging, in fact, was all he had been doing for over eight hours. Then I would get back 25 feet on the reel, with the soaking line spitting and squeaking in my face, so tight was the drag.

From 9:15 on, I sat in the harness and rode it as we do when fighting the tuna with 54-thread off Cat Cay, and for one hour and five minutes, I gave him all I had. I never dreamed I could put so much pressure on a 39-thread line and still not break it. There was no need to be careful; it didn't make any difference

whether we got the fish or not, since it wasn't a legitimate catch. We just wanted to see him. We weren't to have that pleasure, however, for at 10:20 I broke the rod about fifteen inches from the tip—which wasn't surprising, for I thought it had done very well not to break before that. The line, however, didn't break, and Oscar, the crack mate on the Copihue grabbed it and with the aid of the captain, tried to handline the fish. They were able to hold him for fifteen minutes, then the line touched the bottom of the boat and our "grand albacora" was gone.

I wished him luck when I got out of the chair with the broken rod, for no fish I have ever seen or felt has won from me the admiration that fellow did, and if any fish ever deserved his freedom, he did. But perhaps I might have felt differently about him if he had been my fish for the entire ten hours. We arrived at the mole in Tocopilla at 3:30 in the morning.

My hat is off to that Chilean broadbill, and there are plenty of others just as large or larger than he was, with just as much gumption and strength, waiting to match their wits with the salt-water anglers of the world, who should never miss a trip to those waters for a round or two with them.

COUNTRY SEAT

(Continued from page 14)

with continuous strips of knotty spruce, have not a single moulding on their entire surface except for the cornice, which is of a very simplified kind.

The museum wing, designed to hold one of the finest privately owned collections of prints in this country, is more definitely modern in character, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs.

This wing is connected with the rest of the house by a small sitting room, known as the "book room," which provides an artistic transition from the formality of the family rooms with their fine old furniture, to the severely functional design of the gallery itself. It is one of the most interesting rooms in the house and one of the most daring, decoratively. It is done entirely in metallic finishes, with the principal surfaces of the walls a dull lead color, accented by bright copper trim.

The relationship between client and architect is frequently a difficult one. There are the prospective owners' pre-conceived ideas to be assimilated and synthesized into a harmonious whole that will make full provision for them in a fashion that does no violence to the architect's professional integrity. "Alverthorpe" is a peculiarly good example of a happy working partnership. The very complexity of the needs presented a challenge to both parties.

Wallace F. Yerkes was the associate in the design of "Alverthorpe," and the fine job of landscaping was the work of Ralph Griswold. Charles S. Leopold was the consulting engineer and J. S. Cornell & Son were the general contractors.



There was plenty to do and a great deal to undo; grass is difficult, tedious, expensive, and rather a bore, but hardest of all was the cutting down of fine, but surplus 100-year-old shade trees



GOTTSCHO PHOTOS

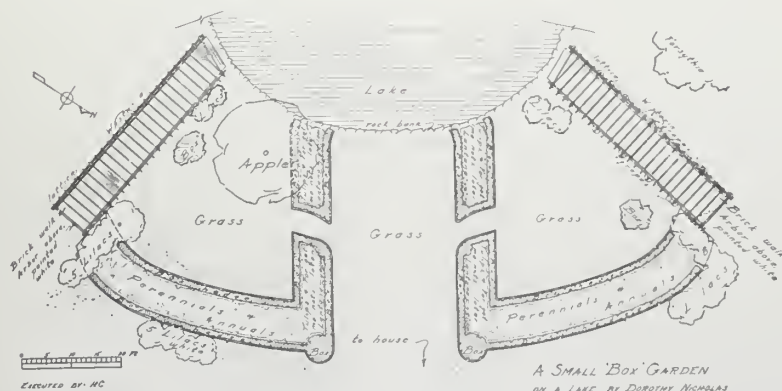
A JOB THAT CALLED FOR COURAGE AS WELL AS THOUGHT

BEAUTIFUL trees, a beautiful lawn, a two-hundred-year-old shingle farm house, a box garden, and a little lake; could one ask for more? Too easy, one might say, there could not have been anything to do, and a readymade place is no fun at all.

Such, however, was not the case. There was plenty to do, and a great deal to *undo*; not to mention having to jack the old house up while a new foundation was built, as the old was riddled with termites. As long as I have mentioned the de-

structive little creatures, it might be wise to remind everyone never to allow soil to pack against the wooden base of a house. This causes rot, sometimes followed by termites, so always leave a few inches of concrete between the wood and the ground.

Now to go back and take up step by step what had to be done to make this place as lovely as it is today. First, the tree problem. There were too many trees, too many big shade trees. They made the house dismal and damp. To take out fine century-



Sizeable detailed blue-prints may be obtained from COUNTRY LIFE

old trees is a major operation, but the only thing to do is to take an anaesthetic yourself, and get it over with. Large trees should be seen from the house with all the beauty of their form, grace, and shadow; but they should not be so close to a house that all you can see from the windows is a high trunk. In that the branches fall all over the roof, causing decay, dampness, and drip. So, on this place some big trees had to go, leaving only the finest, among which are some tuliptrees.

These are truly grand trees; why don't we see more of them? They

are hardy in any reasonable climate, they have a beautiful form, and they grow fairly quickly; altogether they are a valuable asset.

All handsome trees are valuable assets, besides being one of the most beautiful objects in the world, so let us now register a vow never to plant anything but the best. Discard from your consciousness any "get-big-quick" trees, like the wretched Norway maple. If you are old, and need some shade trees, plant large—really large—American elms, and close your eyes to the cost. If you are young and have plenty of time to see things



Mrs. Nicholas has probably raised as many flowers as any one you would meet in a day's march, four children and innumerable puppies. Much of this was done between intervals of fox-hunting, golf and tennis. An enthusiastic amateur gardener, it became a habit with her friends and neighbors to ask her advice on garden problems. When, ten years ago, she turned professional, to her own great surprise and pleasure, orders for gardens seemed to roll in. Since then she has planned, planted and landscaped gardens from Maine to Florida. One of the great pleasures of her work, she says, is meeting with new and pleasant people. Editorial tribute: her copy is on time.

grow and cannot afford to close your eyes. plant small trees, but choose only the best, like American and English elms, lindens, beeches, tuliptrees, walnuts, oaks, red maples, and for certain positions, dogwoods and apples.

If only all our ancestors had been as far-sighted as the New Englanders, who planted elms along their village streets. When I drive through one of those beautiful places, I thank heaven for their kindness. Well, we will all be ancestors some day, and at present it does not look as though we were going to be allowed to leave much in the way of worldly goods, so let us at least leave some fine old trees!

THE next thing to take up on this place was the lawn. Probably everyone knows the story of the American who was visiting one of the old places in England. He was thrilled by the lawn, and talked with the head gardener about it. He explained that, having built a place in Lake Forest, he wanted the same sort of turf, and how was it accomplished?

"Very easy," answered the old gardener, "we have been rolling it and mowing it for a hundred years."

Excellent advice, but difficult to follow. So we will have to think in terms of the present, and of the U. S. A.

Grass is difficult, tedious, expensive; and rather a bore. The question has to be faced, however, because a lawn can either make or mar a place. If it is feasible, and you are building a new house with a new lawn, the best procedure is as follows. Rope off a small area around the house for the workmen. Then manure, fertilize, and lime the lawn area, and if the soil is hopelessly bad, add some good rich loam. Plow it up and plant a cover crop, like cow peas, soy beans, buck wheat, or summer rye. This should be done early in the spring. Plow this under in August, harrow several times, then sow grass seed early in September. Buy only the best lawn grass seed; inexpensive seed leads to disaster. By this pro-

cedure most of the weeds should be eradicated and the soil enriched; and if your lawn is not a "knock out," you have a right to acute depression, for you have done your best!

To renovate an old lawn, unless it is completely hopeless, do not plow it up and replant, hopefully thinking that that is the answer to weeds and crab grass. Certainly not, because all the old seeds will still be with you. No; dig out, laboriously, weeds and crab grass (August is a fine month to do this), and top dress with fine soil and fertilizer, and then reseed. There is nothing that will help your lawn like the constant and intelligent use of fertilizers and top-dressings of fine soil. This seeps down, and fortifies the roots. Do this early in the spring, and again in August or September. The answer to a fine lawn is to have the good grass so thick that there is no room for weeds and crab grass; to attain this you can never relax. It is a tiresome thought but, alas, very true. This was and is the procedure adapted on this place, and the result is very beautiful.

The box garden was planned to make you want to go through it to the pond. A straight line of box runs to the water, with a kind of garden room on either side, and a nice crooked apple tree to give shadow. All the beds are surrounded by box, with a few large bumpy bushes to give accents. In the curved borders is a planting of herbaceous material, that carries the bloom along from May to October¹. In the center beds, leading to the pond, only forget-me-nots, and tulips, followed by pale yellow lantana, are planted. This is so that the eye will not be disturbed on its way to the pond, as that is the feature that has to be accentuated.

This old place looks very mellow, and certainly as though it all just happened naturally, until we lift the curtain and see that underneath this simple perfection was thought, courage (chopping down the big trees), vigilance, and taste.

¹A blue print can be obtained from COUNTRY LIFE, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York City, upon request.

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GUNS & GAME

WAR; THE WOODCOCK; AN HONEST MAN

IT is difficult to write of pleasant scenes and pastimes when across a narrowed sea the forces of hell are storming at the very sources of our culture. Now is the season to wander along a trout stream observing the beauty and freshness of spring and to sense the eternal assurance of life renewed. But to me, as to many others, there are shadows across the pool that fade not in the sunshine, and a chill is in the fragrant air that defies the warm breeze from the South.

It must have been at this season that Noyes was inspired to write the verses beginning, "Go down to Kew in lilac-time." I wonder, as I repeat the words, if a Nazi aviator has yet succeeded in dropping half a ton of high explosive among the lilacs and returned to hand in a prideful report of the achievement to his masters, for lilacs are objects of beauty and as such are to be destroyed in the scheme of things that Hitler would force upon the world.

There is a gripping and a bitterness for many of us in the knowledge that we who learned in the previous catastrophe how to fiddle the grisly tune of war are now esteemed to have passed the age for combat service and must stand to one side while the boys go in to take our places. *We know!* To me it seems the wiser course to let the dogs of hate blunt their fangs on our tough old bones, leaving youth unhurt to raise again the structures of honor and decency, from the rubble and filth and the degradation of civilized conflict.

I find some small comfort in the knowledge that a wounded lion is infinitely more dangerous than a whole lion, and, also, that he who fences with Papa Weygand had better know all the parries.

Capt. Paul Curtis, whom we knew as a frequent contributor to the old "Country Life," is, if he is still alive and sound, serving with the Seaforth Highlanders. Good luck to him if he lives, and peace to his spirit if he goes down. He and I have shared many a grand day on other fields when there was an occasional light whiff of powder smoke in the air.

WOODCOCK

Word reaches me, and is indeed confirmed by my own observations, that our woodcock were not so seriously damaged by the frosty weather in the South as had been feared. This at least is a spot of good news to paste up on an otherwise sombre bulletin board. Investigations carried out upon the northern breeding grounds indicate that the birds are there in normal populations.

It is impossible to learn very much

about woodcock from an examination of conditions in only one or two localities. That is why there is always such a wide disparity to be noted in the reports turned in by individual gunners. While one man finds no birds at all in his covers, another observer, perhaps only a few miles distant, is having the best shooting in years. No one knows why a piece of ground is suddenly deserted by these birds after years of occupancy, but everyone knows that it does happen. I am convinced that the best time to take a woodcock census is in the early spring, when the birds are mating, and not in the autumn, when they are migrating. When birds are found on the "singing grounds" you may be sure that they'll stay there and rear their young. For a few months then the populations are comparatively stable and present a more accurate indication of conditions than is to be had later when, as I have known it to happen, the whole flight may come and go from an area in the space of two days or less.

Woodcock have been benefited, no doubt, by the reduction of the primitive eastern forest lands to agriculture and now that so many of the old hill farms of New England are being abandoned, these birds, together with the grouse, the deer and other native wildlife, find ideal environment in the deserted pastures and orchards.

VERMONT

Driving alone along a Vermont highway a few weeks ago I came upon a little old fellow plodding along with a cane, a limp and a small hand bag. I inquired if he would like a lift, and the invitation was courteously accepted. My guest was well past the allotted three score years and ten but his eyes were gray and clear and lively with interest.

"Be you a-goin' as fur as Rutland, Mister?" he asked.

"Now that's fortunate, fer I hev got to git to Springfield today 'one way or 'nother an' this will be a great help, an' no mistake."

We talked of trout fishing and other matters for a time and then he spoke of the urgency of his business in Springfield.

"I jest have to be there," said he, "an' I been wishin' that I didn't have to go an' lose time from my work, an' then, by 'mighty, day before yesterday I cut my foot with the axe sos't I can't work for a week anyhow. So now I c'n go jest as well as not. Danged lucky piece of business, take it all around."

It didn't seem so to me, but I said nothing to disturb a philosophy so serene.

BY COL. H. P. SHELDON

"Fore you come along four cars passed me goin' my way an' nobody in 'em but the driver, but didn't no one of 'em offer me a ride. Can't say I blame 'em, however. Folks is kinder scairt to pick up strangers—'fraid o' gittin' robbed or murdered."

"Well," I remarked, "I don't pick up just anyone, but you looked like an honest man."

His clothes were old and shabby,

Golden Bantam will fool a duck, or whether ducks will regard rubber corn with the same dubiety that we humans have for the varnished wax-work hams and roasts and fowl currently on display in the windows of delicatessen shops throughout the land. These are matters still to be put to proof in the field and in the courts. The findings may be awaited with equanimity but I think we will



COL. H. P. SHELDON

A handy man with a gun

Let the Colonel tell his own story: "Born at Fair Haven, Vt., where the family has lived for six generations. We were farmer folk, living in one of the loveliest spots

on earth. Shooting and fishing were my greatest joys, but my indulgence was limited because my average annual income amounted to about \$1.25. My erudition was acknowledged when Norwich University conferred a degree upon me. Finally chose the Army for a career, and went about getting my commission the hard way—peeling spuds and shagging a Springfield. Overseas as a machine gun officer in 1917, and lasted very well until October 4, 1918, when I was the victim of a violent incident that left me with a gimp in my off hind leg. Resigned from the Army soon after leaving the hospital, very proud that I was Post Commandant at Fort Ethan Allen, where I had peeled the spuds and shagged the Springfield. Wrote a good deal and became increasingly interested in wildlife conservation. Served as Fish and Game Commissioner of Vermont for six years and resigned to join the staff of the U. S. Biological Survey, where I am located at present. I live in Falls Church, Va., and all honest folk are welcome at my hearth."

and I felt certain that after a lifetime of hard work and deprivation upon some stony hill farm he had little to show in the way of material possessions. But he had something fine and splendid, nevertheless, something that he had cherished and guarded for 70 long years. He showed it to me now, with a prideful flash in his gray eyes.

"I be one," said he.

GOLD BRICK

I am told that it is now possible to purchase rubber imitations of corn on the cob. It is intended to be used in place of real corn to bait wild ducks to the blind. The use of corn or other grain for this purpose is, as everyone knows, forbidden by Federal regulation. So someone has germinated the idea that if you can make a duck think he's being baited without actually offering him anything nutritious you can coax him in and kill him without exposing any part of your posterior anatomy to Uncle Sam's paddle. Maybe you can. —I don't know. You will probably have to wait until the duck-shooting season to find out.

I don't know whether rubberized

do well to rise and give the inventor of rubber corn the tribute of a minute of silence. He has lighted upon the fundamental and basic principle of American democracy at work. He may make something very good out of it, too, before (1) gunners find that the ducks won't come in to rubber, or (2) that they will come in to rubber and Uncle Sam says "rubber corn is out."

Perhaps we shouldn't expect ducks to be any smarter than human beings and we, being as we are, the noblest work of God, have occasionally been flimflammed by some damned shyster, or other who has offered us something that wasn't so digestible as it looked to be. It will grieve me nevertheless if our black ducks, mallards, teal and widgeon turn out to be no wiser, after all, than we are. It would be discouraging in such a world.

But it is the principle of the idea that I would salute now—that splendid way we have of enacting a law for our own good, by the will of the majority, and then turning our ingenuity to the task of discovering, or inventing, a way to flout it. By so doing we've always managed so far, at least, to have our laws and our fun, too.

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Edited by PETER VISCHER

THE rebuilding of the magazine COUNTRY LIFE has been, and is, a fascinating task.

Most people think of it as an amalgamation of the historic "Country Life" and a fanatical magazine called "Horse & Horseman," passionately devoted to the subject from which it took its name. A few of those who enjoyed the gay wanderings of what was then "Country Life" rather objected to the more forceful intrusion of the horses; a few "Horse & Horseman" addicts—in some cases subscribers back to the days of "Polo"—frankly resented anything that was not entirely devoted to horses.

Actually, the amalgamation was more complicated. It was an honest alliance of what was best in "Country Life," shunning the dilettantism that had been permitted to enter its spirit, not only with "Horse & Horseman" but also with "The Sportsman." The combination promised to be a happy one.

"Country Life" had the wonderful all-inclusive name, completely descriptive of the subject we're interested in. It had forty-odd years of honorable background, an appreciation of the philosophy of those who live in the country. Too, it was by no means oblivious to the part that sport plays in that life. It did, though, hesitate to take sport with the serious and the practical application that we do today.

"The Sportsman" established a reputation among those who could afford to live as they liked—which was, perhaps, its undoing in this democratic world. It dealt importantly with the unique interests of those who can shoot in the South, fish in the North, race abroad . . . do as they please. It understood, too, that "under all sport lies the land."

"Horse and Horseman" was an accurate, genuine, vigilant publication like none other in the world: dishwater to anyone who didn't care about horses but as important as breakfast to that curious intense group of men and women—and children, don't forget—whose lives may truly be said to revolve about these particular animals that are so much the heart and center of country living.

"Country Life" had the broad conception of voluntary living on the land. "The Sportsman" brought the glint to their eyes, filled their leisure hours with pleasures denied, unhappily, to most people. "Horse & Horseman" added a touch of earnestness to the one hobby about which living in the country really centers, a hobby so extraordinarily expansive and expensive that it takes on the aspect of Big Business.

The above preamble is inspired by the result of a new questionnaire we recently sent out to find out what the readers of COUNTRY LIFE today are really interested in. It was, in brief, a questionnaire that went to quite a cross-section of our subscribers to find out which departments in this book are read with the greatest intensity.

Now, questionnaires are a damned nuisance; we know it. But we know no better way to find out what the public reaction is to what we're doing, and we crave our readers' indulgence, at reasonable intervals, on that score. After all, to be alive a magazine must be the response to a demand, food for a hunger.

FRANKLY, we knew what the subscribers to "Horse & Horseman" were interested in—but there were only 12,044 of these. We knew, more or less, what the readers of "The Sportsman" were supposed to be interested in—but there never were more than 27,010 of these and the turnover among them was enough to turn a circulation manager's hair gray. The truth is that we didn't really know what the readers of "Country Life"—and there were 22,146 of these at the peak—were interested in and if we had known it wouldn't have helped much because we were changing the magazine so, taking it back so hurriedly to first principles.¹

Well, anyway, when we succeeded in stabilizing the circulation of the new COUNTRY LIFE at above 41,000 net paid—and doing it without difficulty—we thought we had acquired a real family. And that it might be a good time to find out how we're doing in their opinion.

So we sent out the questionnaire.

READERS of this department will be interested to hear that there is a greater interest in horses among COUNTRY LIFE subscribers than in any other subject. "The Sportsman's

¹ Long before the "Country Life" of recent memory became a sort of gay and ephemeral "Vanity Fair" it was really a magazine devoted to country living. Its first editor, in 1901, was the great Liberty Hyde Bailey. In his first issue he said:

"There is a growing interest in country life: this journal would be its representative.

"The interest in country life is various. Many persons are drawn to it because it is release from the city. Sooner or later every busy man longs for a quiet nook in the country where he may be at peace. He wants a country residence. Every year the outflux to the country is greater and farther reaching. The city may not satisfy the soul.

"To others, country life is nature for nature's sake. It is contact with living and growing things. The spirit of nature-love, under one name or another, is taking firm hold on our people. It is the spirit of pleasant inquiry, of intellectual enthusiasm, of moral uplift. Its associations are with things that are clean and true.

"Others, by choice or chance, are permanent country residents. They are farmers or horti-

Diary." the wonderful gardening articles by Dorothy Nicholas (her husband, incidentally, was a master of both the Meadow Brook and the Harford, showing once again the close affinity between horses and country living), the excellent livestock department edited by George Turrell, all piled up big votes. But the horse department led by a wide margin.

This has, to my mind, a two-fold significance. For one thing, it makes honest and simple writings on the horse available to a much wider audience than ever before (41,000 as against 12,000) and may thus make an increasing number of friends for horses. In the second place, it means that the magazine is permitted to expand by an improvement in world conditions, if any, it will be in the field of the horse that the greatest expansion will be made.

There is no reason why COUNTRY LIFE should not become the biggest, strongest, staunchest and sanest horse magazine in history, enhancing rather than detracting from its quality as a magazine devoted to all important phases of country living.

But enough of that. Let's see what there is in the news this month, over and above the racing, polo and horse show summaries published elsewhere.

BELATED HONORS

IF there's anything we hate in this magazine it's mistakes. And we've made two perfectly silly errors to which we wish to make public correction. Both happen to be in the field of steeplechasing, in which we have a deep and abiding interest. (And which, needless to say, we are delighted to see improving at such a rapid rate.)

In the first place, we said that Blockade had never won any race other than the Maryland Hunt Cup. Sorry. Our own "Record of Hunt Race Meetings," published annually by this organization, shows that he won the Grand National Point to

culturists, or they are professional or business men who live in villages and rural cities. Spread out a map of North America. Note the mere dots that represent the cities; contrast the immense expanses of the country.

"Only when we love the country is country life worth the living. Contentment and satisfaction of soul are beyond all questions of pecuniary reward. Ultimately, they dominate all things. We would clasp hands with every person who loves the country, and we would engender that love in persons who love it not; and thus would we come into sympathy with all mankind. . . .

"We would preach the sermon of the out-of-doors, where men are free. We would lead the way to the place where there is room, and where there are sweet, fresh winds. We would relieve the cramped and pent-up life with visions of things that every one may have for only the trouble of opening his eyes. We would tell him where the wild geranium blows and what it means. To the person who resides permanently in the country, we would give a broader view and a closer intimacy with what he has. We would show him the dandelion. We

Point on April 22, 1939, beating five other horses by no less than fifteen lengths. Our thanks to Walter W. Craigie, of Richmond, Va., for bringing this error to our attention.

The second error to which we wish to make confession appeared in the new edition of the "Record of Hunt Race Meetings." In this book we acclaimed Sidney Watters, Jr., as the leading amateur rider of 1939 with 10 wins out of 29 starts. Now it turns out that the particular Hamilton of the many riding Hamiltons who won the Caldwell Vase at White-marsh on September 23 was Dick and not R. C., as we had it. Giving credit where credit is due, this means that the leading amateur of 1939 was R. P. Hamilton and our hat, even if late, is off to him.

GET 'EM YOUNG

MOST race-tracks have rules supposed to keep children out, but hundreds of Baltimore children speak of Pimlico as their own playground. Come spring they expect their Sunday trip to Pimlico just as surely as they expect their visit to the zoo and their annual trek to the circus. Shepherded by equally interested parents, the eager children see all the backstage sights of the famous Maryland Jockey Club course when there is pre-season activity.

Many of these inquisitive youngsters, who will make up the racing public of tomorrow, start their visits at the ages of two or three, actually some years before they can take in what's going on. However, this early training has some effect as a bystander can tell from the knowing questions asked by the ten- to twelve-year-old boys and girls. Whether they're in the stands watching early workouts or back stable watching unloading of horses, they have the vernacular, the interest which comes from years of association with a beloved activity.

Wide-eyed little girls and keen-

would put him into harmony with his environment.

"We intend that our work shall be more than sentiment. We believe that we have also an economic and social mission. The cities are congested; the country has room. We would check the influx into the cities by opening the eyes of the country man to see the country. We would show him his advantages. The abjectly poor live in the cities. One does not starve in the country. . . .

"What, then, is our field? To extend and emphasize the interest in country life; to point the way to nature; to portray the beauty of the land that lies beneath the open sky. to lure to health and relaxation; to stay the congestion of the city; to raise the tone of American farming; to offer specific help and advice to the home-maker, the vacation-seeker, the gardener, the farmer, the nature-teacher, the naturalist; to take account of current rural events, to record progress, and to make note of the literature; to make the country the complement of the city; to sound some sweet and joyous note that shall relieve the tension of our eager lives."

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Ch.c. by POMPEY—FOXIM by JIM GAFFNEY
Ch.c. by POMPEY—RIVA by WRACK
B.c. by TINTAGEL—RAYNHAM ROSE by STIMULUS
Ch.f. by TINTAGEL—BROWN ROSE by BROWN PRINCE II
Ch.f. by STIMULUS—PLUCKY POLLY
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Bay Colt by OMAHA—BLIND LANE

BLIND LANE won the Frivolity and Canarsie Stakes, Beldame and Homeland Handicaps, also second in Latonia Oaks, third in Arlington Oaks, etc., and is dam of the winner Joe D.

The second dam, SILVER LANE, won the Beldame Handicap, and is dam of five winners.

The third dam, MEDORA 2nd, produced the stake winners LITTLE CHIEF, DAVID BONE, SIR ASHLEY, PARDEE and BEATRICE, and several other winners and producers.

(Continued from page 26)

horse winning this class receives five additional points towards his championship which, after this preliminary is over, is nothing but mathematical scoring done in the official stand. Suppose that Kate comes into the preliminary class with fourteen points, and Bess comes in with eleven. Bess shows herself to be a tractable, well-mannered, good moving hunter, and Kate looks like a merry-go-round horse. Bess adds five points to her eleven and Kate is not in the ribbon. This is a big step that has been much needed in the hunter division.

Another big stride in the right direction would be for the hunter committee this year to introduce a ruling that all hunters shown in under-saddle classes, with the exception of green classes, must complete the hunter course twice. At present we have several morning glories that come out for model and hunter-under-saddle classes and are not seen again during the show.

CHAMPION at Wilmington was the beautifully moving Illuminator, shown this year by Miss Patricia Bolling. They should give this horse a chance over brush some day. He is by Big Blaze, a good son of Campfire, and out of Problematical, a daughter of Man o' War. Not only Illuminator's breeding but his way of moving make one feel that he might be really brilliant over fences. Reserve to Illuminator was the Espino gelding, Orphan Boy, a horse that was seen on the show circuit for the first time last year. Owned and ridden throughout the show by Miss Ann Miller, Orphan Boy appeared to have developed a great deal over the past winter.

Another horse of particular interest at Wilmington was the Woodson Hancocks' good working hunter champion, Bond Street. This horse has improved steadily as his showing career has progressed. Bond Street looks, acts, and goes as a hunter should. On Friday morning within an hour, Bond Street won both the hunter stake and the working hunter's stake, ably ridden by Mrs. Edgar Scott.

Devon followed fast on the heels of Wilmington, and the big Pennsylvania show provided the hunter people a slight breathing spell, as the program was well sprinkled with events for harness and saddle horses. The days were threatening and at night the rain came, but Devon was ready for the disagreeable conditions with the new Wanamaker oval, well drained and giving excellent footing even in the worst of the going. Because the show was a day shorter than usual this year, Devon held a night session.

The lighting at night was good and the ring was very clear, but noise from the dynamo furnishing the light was terrific and undoubtedly had a lot to do with unnerving horses and putting them on edge. The public, too, was unpleasantly aware of the dynamo. If this problem of lighting could be better arranged, the night

eyed little boys dressed in their Sunday best, cling to the protecting hands of fathers and mothers as they stroll along the front of the Pimlico grandstands watching the off-day workouts.

Through the tunnel ways under the stands stream visitors headed for the stables where there's a bustle of activity from 5:30 until after 10 when the track is closed for workouts. Here not only are the horses cooling out but new arrivals are being brought by van to the stalls from which they will go out to try for victory on the track. The children know that they must be careful not to get in the way of horses hoofs or of the busy men working around the stables, for though the Maryland Jockey Club is cordial to these Sunday visitors no rowdiness or foolishness is allowed to interfere with the day's work. Standing at attention, all eyes for what's going on, the children take in everything from the stable pets which range from goats to kittens, to the most minute details of unloading. The van drivers would feel neglected if their trucks were not surrounded by a juvenile audience when they pull up at a stable entrance. The efficiency of the van crew is fully appreciated by the onlookers who know when the run-way will be put down, the side rails up, the horses unloaded.

These tiny spectators know that the bucket of mud is for padding the feet after a workout, that the white rags are for bandages, that the big bundles of straw are taken out of the van stalls and put on the stall floors before the horses are unloaded. In fact, there's a lot of general information on the details of running a racing stable in the heads of these youngsters, who because of their early training and devotion to Pimlico will grow up to be intelligent, informed and enthusiastic fans of the Sport of Kings.

FOREIGN STALLIONS

WHAT will happen to British and French stallions in the present terrible emergency is impossible to predict. And yet, despite the chaotic conditions, no less than five horses are even now being advertised in England at 400 guinea stud fees, or the equivalent of \$2,000, with the usual additional "one guinea to the groom."

They are the invaluable unbeaten Italian-bred Donatello II, by Blenheim out of Delleana, by Clarissimus; Lord Derby's Hyperion and the great Fairway and his son, the Earl of Rosebery's Blue Peter, who might have won the Triple Crown but for the war; Foxhunter, by Foxlaw out of Trimestral, by William the Third. The wonderful French racers, Bois Roussel and Mieuxce, are among those standing at 300 guineas.

Not only that, but the owners of British mares were being asked to send them across the Channel to the court of Patachon, a son of that Aethelstan now standing in Maryland, who was making his second season at Sannerville at a fee of 2,000 fr.!



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- Chestnut Colt by Omaha—AMBLE
- Chestnut Filly by Diavolo—GALLANT LADY
- Bay Filly by Jacopo—BROAD RIPPLE
- Chestnut Filly by Omaha—MY RISK
- Bay Filly by Tintagel—JULEPTIME
- Brown Filly by Tintagel—HIGHLAND DELL
- Bay Filly by Pompey—PEGGY BYRNE

sessions should, in the future, prove very profitable for the Bryn Mawr hospital, beneficiary of Devon.

Devon is one of the few shows to have a green hunter champion and we felt strongly that either the wording or the specification of the classes that must be won to enable a horse to become eligible should be changed. When the four highest point winners came in, we felt that several excellent green horses of championship caliber were not there. So we looked up to see what made a horse eligible and found that a first or second in any of five green classes sufficed. Two of the classes were for performance and way of going only. The other three were for light-weights, middle-weights, and heavy-weights. Needless to say, no horse could show in more than one of these last three classes. This put a premium on jumping ability, while we feel in green classes the emphasis definitely should be on suitability, conformation, and way of moving rather than merely getting over a fence clean.

WE did not like seeing a colt as good as Bryn Dus Farm's Jitney Jingle not there. This colt, to our way of thinking, is an excellent prospect. He had a good performance for a young horse in the green jumper class. Maybe a bit over careful, but we don't mind that. And he would definitely have been in the ribbons if conformation had counted because the judges liked him well enough to give him the light-weight model class. Another horse worthy of more consideration than the judges were able to give him, owing to the wording of the classes, was W. Haggin Perry's Scotch Wood. This four-year-old won the model heavy-weight, the four-year-old and under saddle class and was second in the green heavy-weight with a nice performance. The first two classes not counting toward the championship, he was only eligible on the one second, and of course he was defeated on points by horses that had won the two green open classes.

The Thoroughbred broodmare class at Devon holds rather a record, as the same mare, Miss Muriel Cleland's Frock by Negofol, has won it for the past five years.

After working so brilliantly as executive at Washington and Wilmington Miss Rood showed that she had not been idle as far as her own stable was concerned. She took the green championship with her five-year-old Dan 4th horse, Saldan, and reserve with her six-year-old Silver Play, which accounted for the ladies' green and side saddle class, the green jumper, and was third in the green light-weight. This nice young horse was also reserve ladies' champion. Saldan in addition took the green light-weight and the five- and six-year-old class to be shown under saddle.

The championship went to the consistent Bond Street, who started his winning ways in the model middle-weight and went on to take five other classes, and also the ladies' championship. Behind him was the good bay mare Alas, raised and shown by Chucks Wood Farm. A very nice

type of jumping mare, she has fulfilled all the enthusiastic prophecies made for her when she was green champion at this same show two years ago. Illuminator must have been waiting for the money to be down as his one win here was the \$1,000 stake in which he was given a superb ride by Miss Patricia Bolling. Mrs. Ruben had nice pace and performance to take the coveted Dilwyn Farm Challenge Bowl for hunt teams.

Tuxedo, in contrast to Wilmington and Devon, had fine weather for their interesting two-day show. Classes for 3-gaited and 5-gaited saddle horses were included on the program, and the competition in these events was keen, but although the saddle contingent was well represented at Tuxedo, nevertheless the hunters dominated the picture.

Winner of the Hunter Conformation Championship was the seven-year-old chestnut gelding, Fanette, owned and ridden by Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke. This clever hunter also took the first day's event for hunters ridden by amateurs over the outside course. Miss Kood did well again with the familiar grey half-bred Dublin Venture and Vassal Star, the latter winning the preliminary Working Hunter Championship and taking reserve to Stepside in the final. Foggy Morn, that had won the Grand Jumper Championship at West Point, came right back to repeat at Tuxedo. Ridden by Joe Green, Mrs. Schlusemeyer's gelding fenced brilliantly, but it was only by virtue of a third ribbon in the Open Jumpers event that he was able to win top honors. Fort Meyer's Clipped Wings and Maytop Stable's Golden Brew both finished ahead of him in this event, but Foggy Morn's total points were sufficient to crown him the winner in the final summaries. This was a very hotly contested event, and there had to be a draw for the reserve between Golden Brew, Modernistic, Lady, and Brookside. Golden Brew was the lucky one to gain the rosette.

As we write this last paragraph, the two-year-olds that are bound to furnish material for ensuing articles are already parading at Upperville. Following their debut, there will be a mid-summer lull, interrupted from time to time by the hot weather shows along the Connecticut coast line.

SEWICKLEY had the biggest and best show of the last 20 years. There were six hunt teams, Rolling Rock Hunt taking the event with its bay team, with Sewickley Hunt's grey team second.

There are certain improvements indicated at Sewickley; it needs a hunter stake, a separate open jumper championship, it badly needs an outside course.

Apparently Mrs. Combs' Invasion can't be defeated, except when she puts her mare Captivation in the same class with him. Invasion is over 15.2 and has most unusually flashy action for a harness horse, but when Captivation who is under 15.2 comes in the ring the judges give it to her. In the harness pony division the Texans took the Yankees, Pinehurst's King's Creation winning the stake

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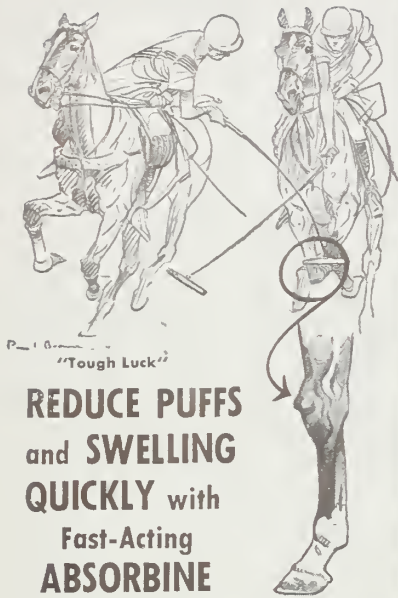
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Miss Mary Fisher's Flirtation Walk was champion over Miss Virginia Penfield's Star Flower in the 5-gaited saddle division. Mrs. Weil's Vanity made just one appearance and earned one more blue. Miss Fisher's Buccaneer followed a Devon win and was over Mrs. Weil's larger Moreland Maid in the stake.

At Sewickley there seems to be more cross entering of jumpers in hunter classes and hunters in jumper classes than at most shows. Royalist from John Lawrence's Hartwood Farms won the stake over Crispin Oglebay's Question.

Tribute should be paid to Dixiana's Stella Bourmont, winner of the model 3-gaited, and the ladies classes. to Miss Fisher's Halleluiah Peavine model 5-gaited gelding, and to Miss Judy King's model harness pony, Lincroft Coquette.

Holystone won the hunter championship with Field Marshall in reserve. You'd be surprised how much disturbance that caused, but the beleaguered judges, by producing the Thirty-nine Articles of Faith of the American Horse Shows Association were able to justify their award. Those who saw only Saturday afternoon's performance couldn't understand how the judges did it. Those who saw all three days and knew that the championship is now awarded mathematically on points just grumbled at the rule.

Miss Jane Flaccus' Prince Devon won the model middle-weight and was second in local hunters and usually in the ribbons. Rolling Rock's big bay, Wilpen, was model heavy-weight; Winmill was winning heavy-weight over jumps, and Melton II was winning middle- or heavy-weight Thoroughbred. F. M. S.

RACING

(Continued from page 17)

first defeat in New York and Corydon came to the front. Then came the Metropolitan in which Eight Thirty met defeat, and then the Acorn and Oaks in which Damaged Goods, the filly that no one had heard of, came through to beat the best of them.

Then there was the steeplechasing that showed a really remarkable improvement. Can you imagine what people would have said about you if two years ago you had made a prediction that there would be a great Red Cross Day at Belmont Park in 1940 and that two jumpers would play the leading roles? That is what happened when Ossabaw and Annibal met and the latter won after a thrilling race. This reporter thought that there would be 20,000 people at least on the day of the special between Annibal and Ossabaw, but the crowd was slightly under 12,000. It was a little disappointing to some people, but it was around that time that we all suddenly realized that racing in New York under mutuels or books, or both, was an old story.

Then there was the afternoon of the Belmont Stakes and a great horse race in which Bimelech proved himself the master of the three-year-olds.

There was a horse race and a program that topped three weeks of racing, but the crowd was 26,000 when some thought it should have been 50,000.

Now, the crowd on the afternoon of the Belmont Stakes, as well as on the opening day of the Aqueduct meeting on June 10, made us all wonder on what we had based opinions of what crowds and attendances might come to in New York under mutuels. Does it strike you that we were influenced a little by reports of 90,000 at the Kentucky Derby, 70,000 at the Santa Anita Handicap, 50,000 at the Massachusetts Handicap and so on? I'm afraid that I was, and now I am beginning to wonder a little if the attendance figures at out-of-town tracks are blown up a little or more, or if New York is just a town that can take its racing or leave it alone.

THE crowd at Aqueduct the opening day was 9,060. That's about the way it was at Belmont during the week, although the programs were much higher in quality. Like Belmont, Aqueduct was done over rather completely to meet the demands of mutuel betting. A lot of money was spent at the two tracks, and one imagines that it will be some time before it all comes back unless business suddenly picks up. It certainly must be discouraging to those who thought that one could get rich quickly just by opening a mutuel track in New York.

Aqueduct, now a mile track, is the sort of place where you can hear, smell and even almost touch the horses. Belmont Park is huge, and you certainly can't hear or smell the Thoroughbreds. The attendance at Aqueduct, I imagine, is going to be about what it was at Belmont, which makes all of us who yelped for an elimination of the Widener Course and the cutting down of the fine big track look just a little foolish. Running a race track is hardly the business of the reporters who write about the horses, but if running Belmont Park were my job I think I would go slowly about making any radical changes.

The public, they say, likes little tracks, but a few years ago the same public liked Eskimo Pies and yo-yos. I no longer am convinced that attendance at Belmont is comparatively light because of the size of the track and its distance from the city; rather I have come to think that New York has a great many people who like to have a bet on the horses once in a while, but not so many who are willing to take the time and trouble to come to the races, especially on big days where the big push is on. As to week-days, we are beginning to learn that most of the people in New York have a living to make, the same as the people in other towns, and apparently they can't make it at the race-course.

There has been some talk that bookmaking has been going on and so has kept down the mutuel totals. I have seen lots of bookmakers and their clerks around, but I thought that they looked innocent enough until one of them, speaking of Aque-

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duct, smilingly admitted that the books would walk away with the track before the meeting was over. The pari-mutuel law places the responsibility for bookmaking squarely on the shoulders of the track operators.¹ Maybe some of them ought to have a look around. Or maybe the law should be changed to have mutuels, and some licensed books. It's a debatable subject, but one happily that should not cause you and me any loss of sleep.

The exploits of the runners at Belmont Park were so fine in some instances that we in New York tended to forget that there was important racing going on elsewhere, some of which was quite as good as we were enjoying.

There was the meeting at Hollywood Park in California, and a finish in the Premiere Handicap (\$10,000 added) that brought Capt. Cal, Son of War, Lassator and Bulwark to the finish noses apart in that order.

There was good racing at Delaware, too, which saw Blensign once again prove himself a top class two-year-old and He Did win the Wilmington Handicap (\$4,000 added), and set himself for a triumph in the Queens County Handicap at Aqueduct on the opening day.

There was good racing at these and other tracks, but even while it was going on many people at those courses were keeping one eye cocked on New York and the important developments that were taking place here.

¹ There's plenty of bookmaking by telephone, too, and I don't know who's responsible for that.

THE AMATEUR RETURNS

(Continued from page 21)

players has long given the game admirable support.

The Open Championship and the Monty Waterbury Memorial tournament annually held for high-goal teams will once more be held at the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island in the fall. Apparently four teams will be seen in action: a Bostwick Field team tentatively consisting of Pete Bostwick, Bobby and Ebby Gerry, and that brilliant young player, Alan Corey, in place of Eric Tyrrell-Martin at back; a team to be built around Michael Phipps and Winston Guest; a team on which Stewart Iglehart, Jr., wants to give another excellent young player, George Mead, Jr., a chance at high-goal polo; and a Western side captained by Charles Wrightsman with Cecil Smith as its star.

As polo players know, the Open and the Monty Waterbury tournaments are the only ones still played on an eight-chukker basis, all the other events in the country having been cut to six in an effort to make the game less of a strain both on the heart and on the pocketbook. A strenuous effort was made this year to have even the big tournaments cut to six periods but it did not succeed; possibly if the Open had been shortened from what used to be considered normal to what is now considered normal, more teams would

have been formed to enter it. As it is, only comparatively few players with sufficient ability to play in the Open have enough time or enough ponies or enough inclination to prepare for an eight-chukker test.

ACCORDING to the records of the United States Polo Association there are a few less players in the country than there were last year, but even the officials of the association know that its figures are not reliable. And this matter has a curious background.

In the old days, every club in the association was assessed \$25 a year for its membership. But this the fair-minded officers of the association rightly considered a hardship on the smaller clubs and too easy on an organization like Meadow Brook, with more than 50 playing members. Furthermore, the system tended to cause clubs to combine so that a single fee would cover all their privileges; why, there was a Texas club at one time that had members a thousand miles away!

The association then decided to charge clubs \$5 per member, which seems fair enough. But now polo players don't want to pay the \$5 until just before they play in a tournament and if they don't think they are going to play tournament polo, in which they have to have the association's recognition, they won't pay at all. But that doesn't mean they're not playing polo!

Actually, I believe there are more men playing polo in this country today than ever before—and getting more pleasure out of it.² Polo is going on and on in this country. There is no need to be discouraged about it.

² For example, we just heard of the first polo match ever to be played in Kildeer, N. D., the Arabian Club of Kildeer beating the Queen City Club of Dickinson, 3 to 0. None of the players appear on the roster of the U. S. P. A.

DO NOT READ NOW ANSWERS

to questions on page 52

1. Brook or Speckled; Rain-bow, Brown; also Cutthroat, Dolly Varden, Golden, Steel-head.
2. Yes, any strange sound frightens them.
3. Insects of all kinds, both surface and underwater insects.
4. Yes, he will taste better when cooked.
5. Clean, cold streams and lakes.
6. Wet fly, fished beneath the water, and dry fly fished floating on the surface.
7. The action of the trout breaking the surface in an attempt to catch some insect.
8. The wicker basket slung over the shoulder, used for carrying the fish you have caught.
9. In the early morning and towards sundown.
10. Yes, he should be killed immediately if you are to keep him.

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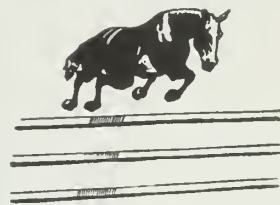
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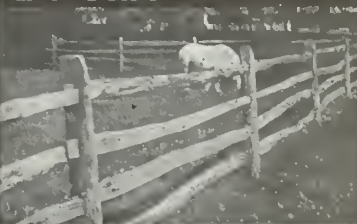
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GUERNSEY SALES; JERSEY MEETING

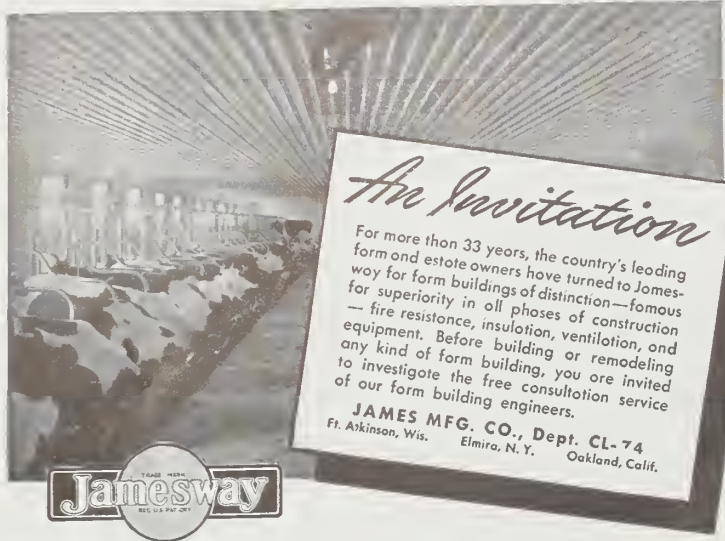
UNQUESTIONABLY \$2500 is a mighty fine price for a cow of any breed in these troubled times! Yet that price was paid at the recent Coventry Guernsey Sale. As a matter of fact, in spite of frequent bad weather and the depressing war news that has prevailed, several of the spring cattle auctions produced extraordinarily good results. Notable among these successful sales were the last three of the five Herrick-Merryman-managed Guernsey auctions: The Quail Roost Maxim, Franchester Dispersal, and 15th Annual Coventry.

The first of these events, in chronological order, was the Quail Roost. It was held at George Watts Hill's Quail Roost Guernsey Farm, at Rougemont, N. C., and was attended by about 1000 representative dairy cattle people from all over the South.

Tops among the females was Bes-sie's Faithful, consigned by H. E. Boswell of Burkeville, Va., and purchased by R. M. Geisy, Jr., of Columbus, O., for \$1150.

Another substantial price, \$1125, was paid by A. L. Brown of Concord, N. C., for Ruayne Hermes Rosebud. The fourth to go over the \$1000 mark was Quail Roost Patient Rose, bought by A. Mistr and Sons, of Richmond, Va., for \$1025. Patient Rose is a double granddaughter of High Point Prince Maxim.

The Franchester Dispersal was held at the late Chester C. Bolton's Franchester Farm, Ravenna, O. Before the sale his son, Charles Bolton, selected 30 head of the best females to continue the Franchester herd. Therefore the cows in milk were pretty well picked over before the sale started, and this, plus the war



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The cattle sold went out into nine states and the Bahamas.

This was something new in consignment sales. In the first place, the average price was \$442, the highest ever obtained at a Guernsey sale in the South, and if this department's figures are correct, the third highest Guernsey average at any sale so far this year. The total was \$21,800.

Moreover, every animal at this auction was related. Each one of the 49 head—they came from 11 farms—was a descendant of High Point Prince Maxim, one of the greatest of Guernsey sires. Of course this relationship didn't just happen by accident. Hill invited consignments from breeders using Maxim blood and consigned 19 head himself.

Several individuals at this sale, four to be exact, went over the \$1000 mark. Top price was given for the bull Rose Maxim, a son of Maxim of Burkeville, and out of Quail Roost Maxim's May Rose. He was purchased for \$1200 by M. F. Shore, Cycle, N. C.

news and bad weather, was reflected in the prices. Nevertheless the 129 averaged \$262.90, and the total was \$33,915.

Byron Miller, Bethany-Homestead Farms, Honesdale, Pa., was the purchaser of the top bull, Franchester Shah. He paid \$2000.

John S. Ames, who paid the big price for McDonald Farm's Belladonna at the later Coventry Sale paid \$1000 by a mailed bid for the beautiful August calf of Franchester Waterwitch. Waterwitch is one of the best individuals selected by Charles Bolton. She is out of the great McDonald Farm's show cow, Franchester Farms Bachante.

Ames also bought Franchester Wistful for \$700, and her daughter, Franchester Priscilla, for \$500. Wistful is by Governor of Grassy Grove out of a good daughter of Franchester Sheik.

Homer Biery, well known for his excellent string of trotting horses, and also for his Biery Guernsey Farm at Franklyn, Pa., purchased seven



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BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

head, including the great foundation cow, Franchester Sapphire. Other big buyers were Mrs. E. M. Bricker of Northville, Mich., who purchased six head, and Howard H. Colby of Romeo, Mich., who selected seven.

The last of these sales was the 15th annual edition of the Coventry, held as usual at Trenton, N. J. The offering this year was 47 head: three bulls, 28 cows, and 16 heifers. They were knocked down for a total price of \$21,525, and though it was a day of dark news from Europe the average was \$551.92.

This was the sale where the big price of \$2500 was paid. The cow in question was McDonald Farm's Belladonna and as stated above, the purchaser was John S. Ames, owner of the famous Langwater Farms, North Easton, Mass. Ames, represented by F. C. Shaw, finally got her after a spirited bidding contest with A. L. Brown of Clear Springs Farm, Concord, N. C., and H. S. Taylor representing Sen. Peter Gerry, Lake Delaware Farms, Delhi, N. Y.

William Niedler, Rosewald Farm, Hillsboro, N. H., purchased six outstanding females for a total of \$3850 to breed to his great bull Mussolini. Phil J. Baur, Witchwood Farm, Montgomeryville, Pa., and E. C. Riley of Lumberville, Pa., purchased four each.

Byron S. Miller, Bethany-Homestead Farms, selected three of the tops in Rockingham Princess Marilyn (\$1000); Blakefort Delphine (\$1050), and McDonald Farm's Daybright (\$700).

Animals went to New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maryland.

JERSEYS

The Jersey people have had big doings, too. As this goes to press they have just finished their annual meeting, held for the first time at Louisville, Ky., and they announce that Ira G. Payne of East Schodack, N. Y., is the new president of their American Jersey Cattle Club. The newly elected directors are Sen. Perry B. Gaines, W. W. Trout, Rex Reed, Judge J. G. Adams, and Prof. Charles N. Shephardson.

Among the speakers at their meeting was Sen. Gaines, retiring president of the club, and as stated above, now a director.

He warned against "undue discrimination in appraising the market value of good cattle bred in the United States or Canada as compared to values placed upon animals of similar quality and bloodlines imported from the Island of Jersey."

Jerseys brought from their tiny native island in the English Channel where the breed originated centuries ago, frequently command higher prices than American-breds. How-

ever, Gaines urged proper recognition of the latter if they are of equal merit as producers and in the show ring.

"American Jersey cattle breeders should evaluate an animal for its intrinsic worth, and not because of its origin," said Gaines, who is, incidentally, one of the outstanding breeders of Jerseys in this country.

Reporting on the status of the breed in America, Lewis J. Morley, the executive secretary of the Club, said that 48,078 head of purebred Jerseys were registered last year, and 25,049 head were officially transferred to new owners. A lot of the latter were purchased to establish new herds, as 7352 new breeding institutions came into being in this country last year.

The National Sale of Jerseys and the Kentucky Jersey Cattle Clubs' Sale were part of the program of the annual meeting, though these sales were held at Lexington and not Louisville. A total of 93 head was offered, approximately half of which were heifers, and there was an attendance of about 1500.

THE National sale which had 51 head consigned by breeders from all over the United States, was held on the afternoon of the day following the meeting. The Kentucky sale was held the following evening.

Right Royal Rosebud 3rd, a four-year-old bred and consigned by the estate of R. E. Fort, Nashville, Tenn., topped the National sale at the price of \$900. The buyer was J. C. Hall, owner of Hallmark Farm, Kansas City, Mo. Fairy Tattletale, a cow bred and consigned by the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station at Lexington, sold second highest, going to Herbert Farrell of Crieve Hall Farm, Nashville, Tenn., for \$725.

The total of 51 head were sold for \$17,175, making the National Sale average \$336.76 per head.

In the Kentucky Club Sale 42 head sold for \$7045, an average of \$167.74. Practically all of these cattle were immature producers bred in Kentucky. Royal's Beautiful Princess, bred and consigned by R. C. Tway, Louisville, was top heifer in this sale, going for \$450 to Ralph L. Smith of Stanley, Kansas.

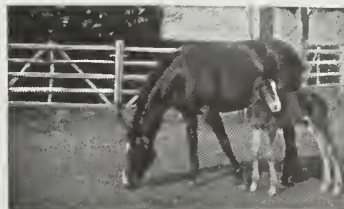
Jersey Creamline, Inc., also met in Louisville. This organization supervises the production and distribution of milk from purebred Jerseys under a registered trade mark.

An interesting program of tours, visits to breeding farms, and social events were enjoyed by the Jersey men attending the meetings and Sen. Gaines held open house for the visiting breeders at his own famous River-view Farm at Carrollton, Ky., as did R. C. Tway, at his Plainview Farms at Lexington, one of the largest Jersey establishments of the South.



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A DOG'S VALUE

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As a notable example of this a case involving a celebrated dog with which this writer is personally familiar may

money in connection with the dog. There were none. The owner was happy, instead, that he had been with his favorite dog until the end. Such people really keep alive the best traditions of sportsmanship.

At the present time the two most famous dogs in this country are not for sale. They are James M. Austin's imported smooth foxterrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler and Herman E. Melenthin's home-bred cocker spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie. The first named is the greatest best in show winner of any dog of any breed in kennel annals with 53 such successes to his



VINTON P. BREESE
—who wrote this article

Sartorially magnificent, a joy to the eyes of the spectators, who cheered his red waistcoat at the last Morris and Essex, Vinton Peter Breese is one of the outstanding judges in the country and since 1900 has officiated at more than 300 dog shows. He began his own dog breeding operations at the age of 16 and has since owned dogs of some twenty different breeds. He is a frequent contributor to COUNTRY LIFE.

be cited. In 1918, when, with another judge and a referee, we officiated jointly in the selection of best dog in show at the Westminster Kennel Club fixture in old Madison Square Garden, we two judges could not agree as to which of two dogs, a bullterrier and a Pekingese, was the more deserving of the prize. I preferred the former, and my colleague the latter, and the referee was summoned to decide the deadlock with the result that the bullterrier won.

THIS dog was Ch. Haymarket Faultless owned by R. Humphrey Elliott of Ottawa, Canada. Immediately after numerous mounting offers were made for the dog, which was the best of his breed seen up to that time and could rank with the best today, but to no avail. Finally, a Chicago fancier bid \$5,000, the highest price ever offered for a bullterrier, but was likewise refused with the reply that the dog was not for sale at any price and this despite the fact that his owner was a man of very moderate means.

It is reliably reported that one owner refused an offer of \$7,500 for a particularly noted dog and, as fate would have it, a few weeks afterward the dog died suddenly. It might have been expected that there would be lamentations over the loss of the

credit and is his owner's personal pal and constant companion, a very real and regular dog in the home or afield, in addition to his pre-eminence in the show ring. Many offers have been made for this terrier, including a fabulous sum by an Indian potentate.

The second named dog holds the unique distinction of having won best in show at Morris and Essex, 1939, and Westminster, 1940, the only dog of any breed ever to accomplish this dual towering triumph and is rated by experts the best of his breed ever seen. Likewise many huge offers have been made for him.

The foregoing are just a few of the many instances of dogs which are absolutely above price but, beyond illustrating that offers well up into fabulous figures may be made for such super-dogs, they furnish no very definite idea of the actual monetary value of first class show specimens in general. Concerning the latter it is quite the usual occurrence for such to change owners at from one to two and three thousand dollars, while occasionally five thousand is paid for a dog which has proven to be an out and out "flier."

Big prices, up in the thousands, paid for dogs are by no means a matter of recent years but, to this writer's own knowledge, date back four decades or more and pertain



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BY VINTON P. BREESE



Mrs. Hoyt's poodle Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, best-in-show, Morris & Essex, May 25; from portrait by S. Edwin Megargee, courtesy United States Lines

particularly to bulldogs, collies, fox-terriers, pointers, setters and a few other breeds. Perhaps the most widely heralded of the early big price dogs was Richard Croker, Jr.'s, "\$5,000 bulldog," Ch. Rodney Stone. Whether or not this exact sum was paid for the one dog is not definitely known, but it is known that the younger Croker, in addition to the aforementioned, purchased a number of dogs including Ch. Bromley Crib, Ch. Persimmon, Ch. Petramosse and others at an outlay of more than double the reputed price of Rodney Stone at the turn of the century.

At the same time Joseph B. Vandergrift was paying up in the thousands for such famous bulldogs as Ch. Katerfelto, Ch. Mersham Jock, Ch. Portland, Ch. Housewife, Ch. Woodcote Bright Eyes and others. Shortly after Thomas W. Lawson entered the sport on a similar scale with the purchase of Ch. Fashion, Ch. Thackery Soda, Ch. La Roche and others. Incidentally he offered this writer \$1,500 for a bulldog just past puppyhood, was refused—and the dog died a few months later.

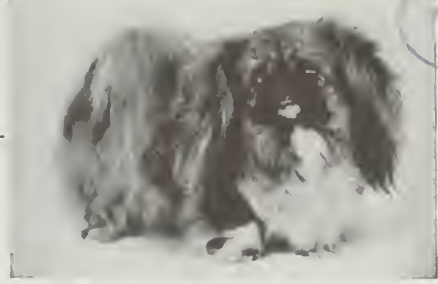
Heretofore comment has been confined to prices commanded by top-notch show specimens so now let us consider the average person desirous of purchasing a well bred and representative dog of its breed. Usually a puppy is what is wanted, so that the new owner may have the pleasure of rearing and training it along lines to his liking. Generally speaking, any pedigree puppy of typical parentage among the smaller and medium sized breeds is worth at least fifty dollars, and among the large breeds up to a hundred dollars, as the cost of producing them very nearly approximates these sums. Of course this pertains only to moderately good

puppies and not to the pick of litters, or show prospects. If the latter is wanted, prices for youngsters rapidly rise up into the hundreds of dollars.

Occasionally bargains in dogs may be found at the shows. For instance, an owner may underrate the merit of an unshown youngster, enter him with a sale price and the dog may upset the owner's estimate by winning high honors. He can then be claimed at the price stated. However, if unclaimed at the show, the owner can advance the price as he sees fit.

THE WINNERS

Morris and Essex impressions: Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's home-bred poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, re-appearing after a year of retirement due to maternal duties, showed superior style, coat and development over her heyday of 1938 when she won the A. K. C. annual award for best American-bred of all breeds and well deserved her towering triumph of best in show. Incidentally, Mrs. Hoyt scored a double in groups, winning the non-sporting with Jung Frau, and the hound with the Afghan, Ch. Rudiki of Prides Hill. Many looked in vain for the two most famous dogs in the country, James M. Austin's smooth foxterrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler, former best-in-show record holder, and Herman E. Mellenthin's cocker spaniel, Ch. My Own Brucie, best in show here last year and at Westminster this year. Both were absent due to their owners judging. Mrs. A. Biddle Duke's English setter, Ch. Maro of Maridor, in finest form, repeated his last year's best of breed win, headed the sporting group and was apparently runner-up for best in show. Pressing on in the sporting group was Robert F. Maloney's young, home-bred pointer, Herewithem Yankee Doodle, not yet at his best but with every promise of becoming a flier. Mrs. Richard S. Quigley's English-American-Canadian champion Pekingese, Derrie of Remenham, in beautiful bloom, convincingly topped the toy group. Terriers were so closely matched in merit that it appeared even among the unplaced competitors were two or three worthy of heading the group. Quite the opposite was the case in non-sporting dogs where the margin of merit among the placed dogs, while small, was apparent to the practiced eye, and Jung Frau was outstanding. American-breds headed four groups this year as against three last year.



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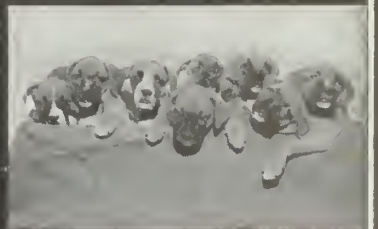
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The Young Sportsman

JOCK LAWRENCE's poem on "War" wins the five dollar prize this month for he has very simply expressed the feelings of all children and grown people in America. Of the many drawings appearing this month, Barbara Miller's bucking pony is our favorite.

For next month we hope you artists and authors will send in pictures and stories concerning summer vacations. Remember all contributors must be under 18 years, and your work must bear your name, address, age and the signature of parent or guardian as to its being original.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIRD

IT may look strange to passersby to see apples growing on the honey suckle bushes in front of our large living room window but maybe not so strange to see a large flock of bohemian waxwings with rich and spicy colors perched on the apples and having an early breakfast. And



Drawn by Barbara Miller, Washington, D. C.; aged 13



Drawn by Alice Babcock, Woodbury, L. I.; aged 12



Drawn by Esther Jahnsan, Edmonds, Wash.; aged 13

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT TROUT FISHING?

1. What are three different types of trout?
2. Is it necessary to be extremely quiet when you fish?
3. What comprises the main diet of trout?
4. Should a trout be cleaned right after he has been caught?
5. What kind of water is best for trout fishing?
6. What are the two most popular ways of catching them?
7. What is meant by a rise?
8. What is a creel?
9. What would be the better fishing times, early morning, around noon-time, or towards sundown?
10. Does a fish suffer after he has been landed?

* * *

*Give yourself 10 points for every correct answer.
50 is fair, 70 is good, and very good for anyone under 12.
80 is very good indeed and anything above proves that you are on your way to being a sportsman or sportswoman.*

Answers will be found on page 47

with them will probably be their cousins the cedar waxwings.

In the winter when snow covers the ground the waxwings sometimes find food is not so plentiful. So in scattered companies they travel, stopping one place for one meal and another for the next.

I feel it hard to get ready to go to school, because if I tiptoe to the window and pull back the curtains I can see a beautiful picture of wild birds feasting on the apples we have put out for them. But I must be very quite or with a whirl of wings as if by magic this interesting picture will disappear.

MARILYN CARTER, aged 13,
Logan, Utah.

PEARL

LAST spring my brother wanted a crow. He hunted in the wildest woods he could find (which were not very wild) for a nest with young crows. He found one and took a baby.

Pearl, as we named her, or maybe it was a he, did not get the proper food and so when her feathers came in she had hunger-streaks, which are weak places in the feather and it breaks easily.

When school let out Pearl was hopping around in a big pen. She ate tomatoes, bread soaked in milk, meat, and table scraps. We left home in the car to go to Conn. We arrived safely with three dogs, two hawks and Pearl! There were also five people in the station wagon!

Pearl spent a happy ten days in the country where she was free. She was not in very good condition and we did not know if she could make the long trip ahead. Then the day came to leave. We all piled into the car and started. We traveled for four days. Pearl was fine. I got the dog pan and filled it full of water. Then Pearl had a bath. She splashed water all over the car but had a lot of fun.

I think Pearl was the first crow to travel from Conn. to Florida. She had a pen down there and I think she enjoyed it very much. I used to take her walking on the beach in the evening and she would peck at the seaweed.

We left Clearwater, Florida, late in August and arrived safely at home. Pearl was usually kept loose around the yard. She caused a lot of trouble with me for I had a gourd garden. Pearl would peck off the young gourds and once ruined a large gourd by pecking a large hole in it. We



Drawn by Mary Bohan, Ulster Park, N. Y.; aged 14



Drawn by Pixie Marshall, Philadelphia, Pa.; aged 11

have a small pool in our back yard where Pearl would catch water-spiders.

Pearl was not scared of anything and when Dina, my dog, came up to her Pearl pecked her in the nose very hard. From then on she was master of all the dogs and she really would chase them. Flapping her feather-less wings and cawing loudly they would be driven from one end of the yard to the other. She enjoyed pulling their ears, toes, and hair and would sneak up behind one of them and tweak them unexpectedly in the ear. One day it went too far for she snatched a piece of meat from Pat, the oldest dog. He snapped at her and growled.

Pearl has been the funniest of all our pets which includes rats, mice, squirrels, opossums, hawks, pigeons, ducks, chickens and many others and I will always remember her for she had a funny character.

NANCY GREGG, AGED 13,
SCARSDALE, N. Y.

WAR

Gone are the days and nights that wandered free.

Gone are the marks and signs of liberty.

Gone are the lands so small and brave and true,

And on their thrones are dictators, heathen through and through.

Gone are the fields of wheat and rice and corn

For in their midst the battle rages on. How can we stop this dreadful thing of pain and death?

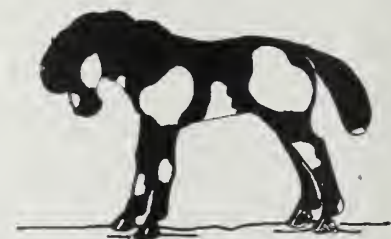
No one knows:

Not even the little fawn who scampers off to find his mother.

He is free.

He is the freest thing in all the world.

JOCK LAWRENCE, aged 11,
Southampton, L. I.



Drawn by Camilla Winship, Farmington, Conn.; aged 13



Drawn by Taady Burden, Wickenburg, Ariz.; aged 12

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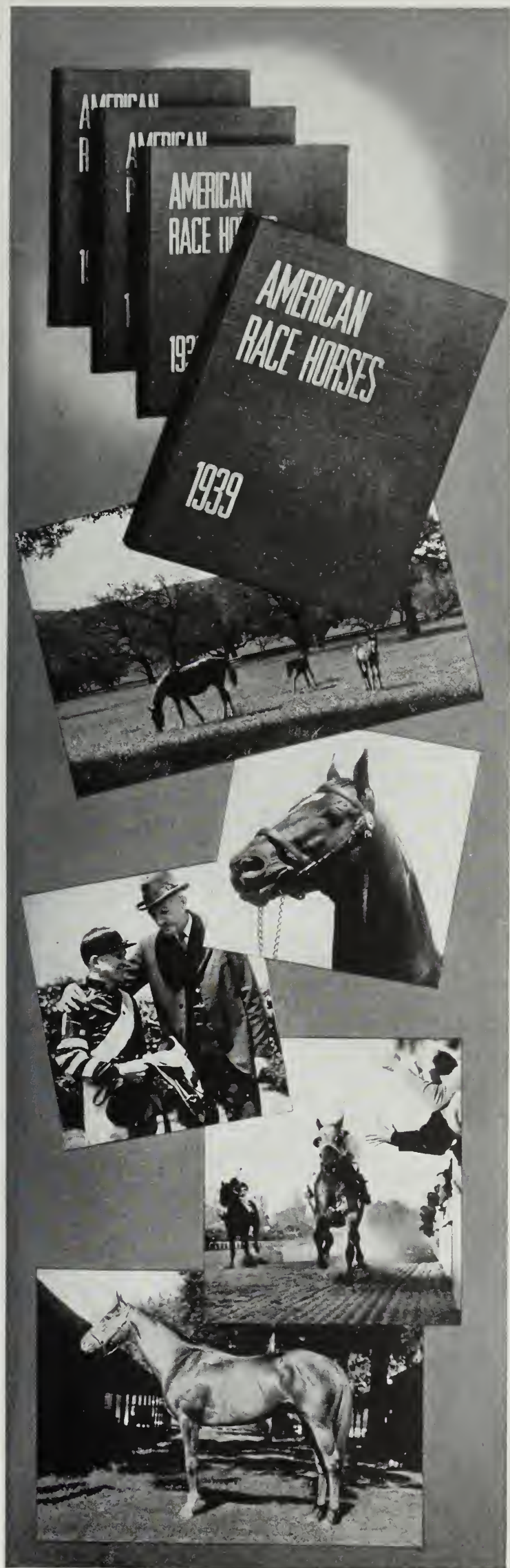
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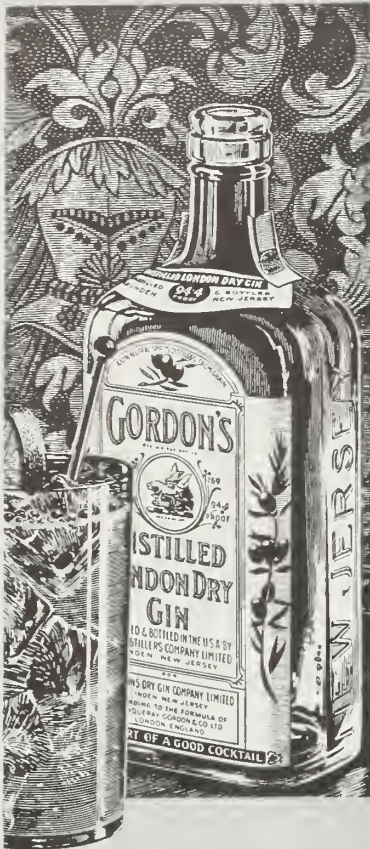
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RACING

To Aug. 3	HOLLYWOOD PARK, Inglewood, Cal.
Aug. 3-10	HAMILTON, Ont.
Aug. 3-Sept. 2	DADE PARK, Henderson, Ky.
Aug. 6-Sept. 7	DEL MAR, Cal.
Aug. 17-Sept. 2	STAMFORD PARK, Niagara Falls, Ont.
To Aug. 26	ROCKINGHAM PARK, Salem, N. H.
Aug. 26-Oct. 5	NARRAGANSETT PARK, Pawtucket, R. I.
To Aug. 31	SARATOGA, N. Y.
To Sept. 2	WASHINGTON PARK, Homewood, Ill.
Sept. 2-21	AQUEDUCT, L. I.
Sept. 1-Oct. 5	CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN'S RACING ASSN., Hawthorne, Ill.
Sept. 7-14	THORNCLIFFE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
Sept. 14-28	HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.
Sept. 21-28	WOODBINE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
Sept. 23-Oct. 5	BELMONT PARK, L. I.
Oct. 2-19	LONG BRANCH, Toronto, Ont.
Oct. 2-30	LAUREL, Md.
Oct. 7-19	JAMAICA, L. I.
Oct. 7-Nov. 2	ROCKINGHAM PARK, Salem, N. H.
Oct. 12-Dec. 7	BAY MEADOWS, San Mateo, Cal.
Oct. 21-Nov. 2	EMPIRE CITY, Yonkers, N. Y.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Sept. 7	FOXCATCHER HOUNDS, Fair Hill, Md.
Sept. 21	WHITEMARSH VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Flourtown, Pa.
Sept. 28	MEADOWBROOK STEEPLECHASE, ASSN., Westbury, L. I.
Oct. 5	HUNTINGDON VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Jenkintown, Pa.
Oct. 9	ROLLING ROCK, Ligonier, Pa.
Oct. 16 and 19	ROSE TREE, Media, Pa.
Oct. 19	MONMOUTH COUNTY, Red Bank, New Jersey.
Oct. 23 and 26	ESSEX FOX HOUNDS, Far Hills, N. J.

HORSE SHOWS

Aug. 2-3	PITTSFIELD RIDING AND POLO CLUB, Pittsfield, Mass.
To Aug. 4	SANTA BARBARA, Cal.
Aug. 8-9	BATH COUNTY, Hot Springs, Va.
Aug. 9-11	SAGAMORE, Lake George, N. Y.
Aug. 10	LITCHFIELD, Conn.
Aug. 10	BROADMOOR, Colo.
Aug. 15-16	CLARK COUNTY HORSE AND COLT, Berryville, Va.
Aug. 15-18	NORTH SHORE, Stony Brook, L. I.
Aug. 16-18	LAKE PLACID, N. Y.
Aug. 18-23	MISSOURI STATE FAIR, Sedalia, Mo.
Aug. 20-21	NORTH CONWAY, N. H.
Aug. 20-24	SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA, Abingdon, Va.
Aug. 21-24	NORTHVILLE, Mich.
Aug. 22-24	COHASSETT, Mass.
Aug. 22-24	POCONO MOUNTAINS, Mount Pocono, Pa.
Aug. 24	KESWICK HUNT CLUB, Keswick, Va.
Aug. 26-30	SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Aug. 28-29	RHINEBECK DUTCHESS COUNTY, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Aug. 28-30	HARFORD COUNTY FAIR, Bel Air, Md.
Aug. 30-31	HUNTINGDON COUNTY, Huntingdon, Pa.
Aug. 31	ORANGEBURG FAIR, Orangeburg, N. Y.
Aug. 31	SMITHTOWN, L. I.
Aug. 31	SPRING LAKE, Sea Girt, N. J.
Aug. 31	WARRENTON, Va.
Sept. 1	ORANGEBURG FAIR, Orangeburg, N. Y.
Sept. 1	GOSHEN, Conn.
Sept. 2	ALTOONA, Pa.
Sept. 6-7	GENESSEE VALLEY BREEDER'S ASS'N., Avon, N. Y.
Sept. 6-7	CECIL COUNTY BREEDER'S FAIR, Fair Hill, Md.
Sept. 7	GREENWICH, Conn.
Sept. 7	FAIRFAX, Va.
Sept. 8	SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CLUB, Old Westbury, L. I.
Sept. 10-13	BROCKTON FAIR, Brockton, Mass.
Sept. 11-14	WISSAHICKON, Whitmarsh, Pa.
Sept. 13-14	NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
Sept. 14	GIPSY TRAIL CLUB, Carmel, N. Y.
Sept. 15	LAWRENCE FARMS, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
Sept. 16-21	SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
Sept. 21	PLAINFIELD RIDING CLUB, N. J.
Sept. 22	POCANTICO HILLS, North Tarrytown, N. Y.
Sept. 25-27	HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Sept. 25-28	BRYN MAWR, Pa.
Sept. 26-29	MONTEREY COUNTY, Monterey, Cal.
Sept. 27-28	MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Sept. 28	BYRAM RIVER, Glenville, Conn.
Sept. 29-30	ST. LOUIS, Mo.

GRAND CIRCUIT TROTTING

To Aug. 3	NARRAGANSETT, R. I.
Aug. 5-10	MINEOLA, L. I.
Aug. 12-17	GOSHEN, N. Y. (Good Time Park).
Aug. 14	HAMBLETONIAN STATE, Goshen, N. Y.
Aug. 19-24	SPRINGFIELD, Ill.
Aug. 26-31	SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Sept. 2-7	INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.
Sept. 9-14	READING, Pa.
Sept. 9-14	LOUISVILLE, Ky.
Sept. 16-20	DELAWARE, Ohio.
Sept. 21-28	LEXINGTON, Ky.

RODEOS

Aug. 1-4	DAYS OF '76, Deadwood, South Dakota.
Aug. 5-10	NORTH MONTANA STATE FAIR AND RODEO, Great Falls, Mont.
Aug. 12-17	MIDLAND EMPIRE FAIR AND RODEO, Great Falls, Mont.
Aug. 17-18	SUN VALLEY, Idaho.
Aug. 18	MELVILLE, Montana.
Aug. 21-25	LASSEN COUNTY FAIR AND RODEO, Susanville, Cal.
Aug. 23-25	SAN BENITO SADDLE HORSE SHOW AND RODEO, Hollister, Cal.
Aug. 31-Sept. 2	ELLENSBURG, Wash.

DOG SHOWS

Aug. 3	LACKAWANNA KENNEL CLUB, Skytop, Pa.
Aug. 4	LAKE MOHAWK KENNEL CLUB, Sparta, N. J.
Aug. 10	BUTLER COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Butler, Pa.
Aug. 10	MOUNT DESERT KENNEL CLUB, Bar Harbor, Me.
Aug. 11	LORAIN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Lorain, Ohio.
Aug. 13	TONAWANDA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Batavia, N. Y.
Aug. 16	LAKE PLACID KENNEL CLUB, Lake Placid, N. Y.
Aug. 17	MOHAWK VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Lake George, N. Y.
Aug. 18	MCKINLEY KENNEL CLUB, Canton, Ohio.
Aug. 18	WILDWOOD KENNEL CLUB, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

(Continued on page 6)



I'll say "33 to 1"
Wins at the 19th Hole!

Blended 33 Times to Make One Great Beer

The Goodness Never Varies — because every single glass of BLUE RIBBON is a blend of 33 separate brews!

TREAT yourself to a glass today, and discover what beer flavor and beer smoothness can *really* be! For in every glass of Blue Ribbon is a *blend* of not two, or five, or twelve . . . but 33 separate brews, from 33 separate kettles.

Each brew is as fine as choicest ingredients and Pabst's 96 years of experience can make it. Then all 33 are brought together in perfect balance.

An expensive way to brew? Of course! But that's what makes Blue Ribbon America's *Premium Beer*, with a smoothness that is unique . . . and a goodness that never varies.

It's the BLEND that *Better* the Beer



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Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee



*No investment to tie up your funds...
no owner's responsibilities requiring continuous occupancy...
no domestic obligations to tie your hands...
simply the home you have always wanted to own,
minus the problems you want to avoid.*

THE TOWERS of THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

100 East 50th Street • New York

PLEASE WRITE OR CALL FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET. ELDORADO 5-3100

GILBEY'S GIN
must be Better..

it's won the whole wide world's acclaim for almost a hundred years!

The INTERNATIONAL GIN distilled by GILBEY in the United States as well as in England, Australia and Canada

90 Proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. National Distillers Products Corporation, New York City

CALENDAR (Continued from page 5)

- Aug. 21 ALLEGHANY COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Angelica, N. Y.
- Aug. 23 PROFILE KENNEL CLUB, Hampton Beach, N. H.
- Aug. 24 NORTH SHORE KENNEL CLUB, Hamilton, Mass.
- Aug. 24 RAVENNA KENNEL CLUB, Ravenna, Ohio.
- Aug. 24 STATE FAIR KENNEL CLUB, West Allis, Wisc.
- Aug. 25 CHAGRIN VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Gates Mills, Ohio.
- Aug. 25 FRAMINGHAM DISTRICT KENNEL CLUB, Framingham Center, Mass.
- Aug. 25 SAN JOAQUIN KENNEL CLUB, Stockton, Cal.
- Aug. 25 WISCONSIN KENNEL CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Aug. 31 LENOX KENNEL CLUB, Lenox, Mass.
- Sept. 1 GREAT BARRINGTON KENNEL CLUB, Great Barrington, Mass.
- Sept. 1-2 ST. PAUL KENNEL CLUB, St. Paul, Minn.
- Sept. 1-2 SPOKANE KENNEL CLUB, Spokane, Wash.
- Sept. 2 OX RIDGE KENNEL CLUB, Darien, Conn.
- Sept. 7 BRIDGEWATER KENNEL CLUB, Bridgewater, Mass.
- Sept. 7 TUXEDO KENNEL CLUB, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
- Sept. 8 WESTCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Rye, N. Y.
- Sept. 9-11 BROCKTON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Brockton, Mass.
- Sept. 14 DEVON, Pa.
- Sept. 14 MAINE KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Me.
- Sept. 15 GLENDALE KENNEL CLUB, Glendale, Cal.
- Sept. 15 MONTGOMERY COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Whitmarsh, Pa.
- Sept. 20 INTERMOUNTAIN KENNEL CLUB, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Sept. 21 EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
- Sept. 21 SOMERSET HILLS KENNEL CLUB, Far Hills, N. J.
- Sept. 22 JAXON KENNEL CLUB, Jackson, Miss.
- Sept. 22 OAKLAND KENNEL CLUB, Oakland, Cal.
- Sept. 28 SUFFOLK COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Huntington, L. I.
- Sept. 28-29 KANAWHA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Charleston, W. Va.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

- Aug. 3 LACKAWANNA KENNEL CLUB, Skytop, Pa.
- Aug. 10 MOUNT DESERT KENNEL CLUB, Bar Harbor, Me.
- Aug. 11 LORAIN COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Lorain, Ohio.
- Aug. 25 CHAGRIN VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Gates Mills, Ohio.
- Aug. 31 CHRYSLER KENNEL CLUB, Detroit, Mich.
- Sept. 1 GREAT BARRINGTON KENNEL CLUB, Great Barrington, Mass.
- Sept. 8 WEST POINT TRAINING CLUB, La Grange, Ill.
- Sept. 21 EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
- Sept. 21 SOMERSET HILLS KENNEL CLUB, Far Hills, N. J.

FIELD TRIALS (Retrievers)

- Sept. 7-8 NORTHERN RETRIEVER FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Webster, Wis.
- Sept. 21-22 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIELD TRIALS (Spaniels)

- Sept. 7-8 NORTHWEST ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB, Portland, Ore.

FIELD TRIALS (Pointer and Setter)

- Aug. 25 BRADFORD FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Bradford, Pa.
- Aug. 31 WILD LIFE BIRD DOG ASSN., Conneaut Lake, Pa.
- Sept. 7 EAST OHIO FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Mineral Ridge, Ohio.
- Sept. 7 NEW BRITAIN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, New Britain, Conn.
- Sept. 8 WILBRAHAM FISH AND GAME CLUB, Wilbraham, Mass.
- Sept. 9 ALL-AMERICA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Pierson, Man.
- Sept. 13 NEW HAMPSHIRE FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Hooksett, N. H.
- Sept. 14 CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
- Sept. 14 FIELD TRIAL CLUB OF RHODE ISLAND, Charlestown, R. I.
- Sept. 14 TRUMBULL POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Warren, Ohio.
- Sept. 21 JERSEY IRISH SETTER FIELD DOG CLUB, Pemberton, New Jersey.
- Sept. 21 NORTHERN STATES AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Solon Springs, Wis.
- Sept. 21 COOPERSTOWN FISH AND GAME CLUB, Cooperstown, N. Y.
- Sept. 21 WALLINGFORD FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Wallingford, Conn.
- Sept. 21 KEYSTONE SETTER AND POINTER CLUB, Reading, Pa.
- Sept. 21 FAYETTE COUNTY FISH AND GAME ASSN., Uniontown, Pa.
- Sept. 27 CENTRAL NEW YORK PHEASANT DOG ASSN., Lakeport, N. Y.
- Sept. 27 CAPITAL CITY FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Harrisburg, Pa.
- Sept. 27 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
- Sept. 27 OREGON FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Harrisburg, Oregon.
- Sept. 28 SEWICKLEY KENNEL CLUB, Sewickley, Pa.
- Sept. 28 ERIE FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Erie, Pa.
- Sept. 28 WOOD AND HANCOCK COUNTY BIRD DOG ASSN., Findlay, Ohio.
- Sept. 29 LUDLOW FISH AND GAME CLUB, Ludlow, Mass.

SKEET TOURNAMENTS

- Aug. 4 LINCOLN PARK TRAPS, Chicago, Ill.
- Aug. 4 CARTHAGE SKEET CLUB, Carthage, Mo.
- Aug. 4 SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
- Aug. 5 ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.
- Aug. 6-10 ONONDAGO SKEET CLUB, Syracuse, N. Y.
- Aug. 18 NORTHWEST TOWN'S SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
- Aug. 18 ARNOLD TRAIL SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Fairfield, Me.
- Aug. 18 COSMOPOLITAN GUN CLUB, Manila, P. I.
- Aug. 23-25 WASHINGTON GUN CLUB, Washington, Ind.
- Aug. 24-25 GROSSE POINTE SKEET CLUB, Grosse Pointe, Mich.
- Aug. 25 CHICAGOLAND GUN CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
- Aug. 25 NEW HAVEN GUN CLUB, New Haven, Conn.
- Aug. 25-26 ARKANSAS VALLEY GUN CLUB, Wichita, Kans.

FLOWER SHOWS

- Aug. 1 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Cut Flowers, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 2-3 NEBRASKA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Omaha, Neb.
- Aug. 3-4 WEST VIRGINIA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Grafton, W. Va.
- Aug. 4 SURREY GARDEN CLUB, Surrey, Me.
- Aug. 7-8 NORTH CAROLINA STATE FLORISTS' ASS'N., Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
- Aug. 8 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Flower Arrangements, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 9 CONNECTICUT GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Manchester, Conn.
- Aug. 9-10 BOOTHBAY REGION FLOWER SHOW, Boothbay Harbor, Me.
- Aug. 10-11 IOWA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Ames, Iowa.
- Aug. 10-11 OHIO STATE GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Cedar Point, Ohio.
- Aug. 10-11 WISCONSIN GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Columbus, Wis.
- Aug. 10-11 MARYLAND GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Hagerstown, Md.
- Aug. 10-11 UTAH GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Salt Lake City.
- Aug. 14 ISLAND FALLS GARDEN CLUB, Island Falls, Me.
- Aug. 14-15 NEW ENGLAND GLADIOLA SOCIETY AND MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Midsummer Exhibition, Boston, Mass.
- Aug. 15 COMMUNITY CLUB, Dover-Foxcroft, Me.
- Aug. 15 TOUR OF GARDENS, Manchester, Vt.
- Aug. 15 BRATTLEBORO HOSPITAL, Brattleboro, Vt.
- Aug. 15 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Gladiola Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 15-16 MICHIGAN GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Jackson, Mich.
- Aug. 16-17 INDIANA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Crown Point, Ind.
- Aug. 17 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Children's Exhibition, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 17-18 PENNSYLVANIA GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Aug. 19 GILMAN, Vt.
- Aug. 21-22 SPRINGFIELD, Vt.
- Aug. 22 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Display of Garden Flowers, Worcester, Mass.
- Aug. 22 VERGENNES, Vt.

- Aug. 22-23 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Producers of Children's Gardens, Boston, Mass.
 Aug. 22-23 EASTERN NEW YORK GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, New York World's Fair.
 Aug. 23-24 BARRE, Vt.
 Aug. 23 EASTPORT GARDEN CLUB, Annual Show, Eastport, Me.
 Aug. 23 HARPSWELL GARDEN CLUB, Harpswell, Me.
 Aug. 23-24 MAINE GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Winslow, Me.
 Aug. 23-24 LAKE PLACID CLUB, N. Y.
 Aug. 24-25 ILLINOIS GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, Springfield, Ill.
 Aug. 26-27 EMPIRE STATE GLADIOLA SOCIETY, Annual Show, State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Aug. 27 BLOOMFIELD GARDEN CLUB, Bloomfield, Me.
 Aug. 28 BRYANT POND GARDEN CLUB, Bryant Pond, Me.
 Aug. 29 BRANDON, Vt.
 Aug. 29 TURNER NATURAL HISTORY CLUB, Turner Center, Me.
 Aug. 29 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Lily Show, Worcester, Mass.

ART EXHIBITIONS

- August PERMANENT COLLECTION OF 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, CENTURY EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAINTING, Springfield Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Mass.
 August AMERICAN AND ENGLISH 18th CENTURY FURNITURE, SILVER, AND CERAMICS, ORIENTAL ART, PRINTS AND DRAWINGS, Lyman Allyn Museum, New London, Conn.
 August EXHIBITION OF DOLLS, Doll's Paradise, Worcester, Mass.
 August "THE PRESS IN AMERICA," AND "THE DOLLS AND TOYS OF YESTERDAY," New York Historical Society, N. Y.
 August PERMANENT COLLECTION, Wilmington Society of Fine Arts, Del.
 August PAINTING, DRAWING, PRINTS, AND SCULPTURE, By Members of the Faculty, Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.
 Aug.-Sept. 1 DEVELOPMENT OF THEATRE DESIGN, SPACE FOR LIVING, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
 Aug.-Sept. 2 RECENT ACCESSIONS, WORK OF STUDENTS, AMERICANA, EARLY ITALIAN PAINTINGS, ANTIQUITIES FROM DURA EUROPOS TRUMBULL PAINTINGS, TEXTILES, Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
 Aug.-Sept. 2 RENAISSANCE ARMOR, Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.
 Aug.-Sept. TWENTY CENTURIES OF MEXICAN ART, Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.
 Aug.-Sept. 7 18th ANNUAL NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Me.
 Aug.-Sept. 8 ANNUAL EXHIBITION, North Shore Arts Assn., Gloucester, Mass.
 Aug.-Sept.-12 "MAGIC IN NEW YORK," XIX CENTURY NEW YORK GOTHIC, Museum of The City of New York, N. Y.
 Aug.-Sept. 15 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Metropolitan Museum, New York.
 Aug.-Sept. 15 ESTAMPES GALANTES, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 Aug.-Sept. 15 OLD MASTERS FROM 1939 WORLD'S FAIRS, Los Angeles County Museum, Cal.
 Aug.-Sept. 22 CONEY ISLAND 1909 (photographs), Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 Aug.-Sept. 27 CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
 Aug.-Sept. 28 PHOTOGRAPHS OF OLD VERMONT HOUSES, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
 Aug.-Sept. 29 "AS OTHERS SEE US," "ANIMALS UNDER TEN INCHES," Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 Aug.-Sept. 29 OILS AND WATERCOLORS BY CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ARTISTS, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
 Aug.-Sept. 30 MIDSUMMER EXHIBITION, Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, N. H.
 Aug.-Oct. WORKS BY CHILDE HASSAM & EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York.
 Aug.-Oct. 1 PERMANENT COLLECTION, Carpenter Galleries, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.
 Aug.-Oct. 1 THUMB BOX COLLECTION OF FOREMOST AMERICAN PAINTERS, Barabizon-Plaza Art Gallery, New York.
 Aug.-Oct. 6 SHAWLS, CAPS, AND LAPETS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
 Aug.-Nov. 7 ANNUAL FOUNDER'S SHOW, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
 To Aug. 1 EXHIBITION BY INSTRUCTORS AT UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, Burlington.
 Aug. 1-14 EXHIBITION BY SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENTS, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
 Aug. 1-31 SOUTHWESTERN AND OTHER INDIAN BASKETS, Lyman Allyn Museum, New London, Conn.
 Aug. 1-Sept. 19 ARGENTINE ART, Art Assn. of Newport, R. I.
 To Aug. 3 20th ANNUAL EXHIBITION (first part), Rockport Art Assn., Rockport, Me.
 Aug. 3-Sept. 16 SECOND 1940 EXHIBITION, Gloucester Society of Artists, Gloucester, Mass.
 Aug. 4-24 SECOND 1940 EXHIBITION, Provincetown, Mass.
 Aug. 5-30 PRINTS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
 Aug. 7-Sept. 9 20th ANNUAL EXHIBITION (second part), Rockport Art Assn., Rockport, Mass.
 To Aug. 11 OILS BY DORR BOTHWELL, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
 Aug. 15-30 WATER COLORS BY KATHERINE WOOLCOTT, University of Vermont, Burlington.
 Aug. 15-Sept. 15 DR. LA VERA ANN POHL'S DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS, Neville Public Museum, Green Bay, Wis.
 Aug. 15-Sept. 30 EXHIBITION OF NORTHERN BERKSHIRE ARTISTS, Lawrence Art Museum, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.
 To Aug. 16 20 OVER-MANTEL PAINTINGS BY DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
 Aug. 19-Sept. 2 WATERCOLORS ART ASSN., of Newport, R. I.
 Aug. 19-Sept. 9 SCULPTURE ART ASSN., of Newport, R. I.
 Aug. 24-Sept. 2 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SOUTHERN VERMONT ARTISTS, Manchester, Vt.
 To Aug. 25 PAINTINGS BY KENNETH CALLAHAN, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
 To Aug. 27 39th ANNUAL SUMMER EXHIBITION, Lyme Art Assn., Old Lyme, Conn.
 Aug. 29-Sept. 7 NON-INJURY EXHIBIT, Provincetown Art Assn., Provincetown, Mass.
 To Aug. 30 GARDEN SCULPTURE, Grand Central Galleries, New York.
 Aug. 30-Sept. 15 PAINTINGS BY RUTH F. MOULD, Robert Hull Fleming Museum, Burlington, Vt.
 Aug. 31-Sept. 24 8th ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION, Lyme Art Assn., Old Lyme, Conn.
 To Aug. 30 ANTIQUE ORNAMENTS FOR MODERN GARDENS, International Art Corp., New York.

FAIRS

- Aug. 17-25 ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, Springfield.
 Aug. 17-25 WISCONSIN STATE FAIR, Milwaukee.
 Aug. 18-25 MISSOURI STATE FAIR, Sedalia.
 Aug. 21-30 IOWA STATE FAIR, Des Moines.
 Aug. 24-30 OHIO STATE FAIR, Columbus.
 Aug. 24-Sept. 2 MINNESOTA STATE FAIR, St. Paul.
 Aug. 25-Sept. 2 NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Syracuse.
 Aug. 26-30 COLORADO STATE FAIR, Pueblo.
 Aug. 28-Sept. 2 RHODE ISLAND STATE FAIR, Kingston, R. I.
 Aug. 30-Sept. 6 INDIANA STATE FAIR, Indianapolis.
 Aug. 30-Sept. 8 MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, Detroit.
 Aug. 30-Sept. 9 CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, Sacramento.
 Sept. 1-6 NEBRASKA STATE FAIR, Lincoln.
 Sept. 1-12 MARYLAND STATE FAIR, Timonium.
 Sept. 2-7 SO. DAKOTA STATE FAIR, Huron.
 Sept. 8-14 KANSAS FREE FAIR, Topeka.
 Sept. 8-14 TULSA STATE FAIR, Tulsa, Okla.
 Sept. 9-14 CLAY COUNTY FAIR, Spencer, Iowa.
 Sept. 9-14 KENTUCKY STATE FAIR, Louisville.
 Sept. 15-21 KANSAS STATE FAIR, Hutchinson.
 Sept. 15-21 EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
 Sept. 16-21 TENNESSEE STATE FAIR, Nashville.
 Sept. 21-28 OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR, Oklahoma City.
 Sept. 22-29 NEW MEXICO STATE FAIR, Albuquerque.
 Sept. 23-28 VIRGINIA STATE FAIR, Richmond.
 Sept. 29-Oct. 5 OKLAHOMA FREE FAIR, Muskogee.
 Sept. 30-Oct. 5 PANHANDLE SOUTH PLAINS FAIR, Lubbock, Tex.
 Sept. 30-Oct. 5 ALABAMA STATE FAIR, Birmingham.

(Continued on page 8)

Over the hill
and away - to Carefree
Summer Fun!



LET US SOLVE YOUR FALL APARTMENT PROBLEM NOW

At last your summer can be perfect! For the dreary prospect of fall apartment hunting need confront you no more.

Simply tell our experienced staff *today* precisely what kind of apartment you require for fall occupancy. They will help you find it. Your benefits:—a larger selection—a difficult problem settled *now*—we do the work. No last minute rush!

From our comprehensive list we particularly recommend these distinguished buildings:

791 PARK AVENUE
8 and 12 Rooms

911 PARK AVENUE
9, 10, 12 and 17 Rooms

1088 PARK AVENUE
6, 8, 9 and 12 Rooms

22 EAST 36th STREET
4 and 5 Rooms

27 EAST 62nd STREET
4 and 6 Rooms

50 EAST 72nd STREET
3, 4, 5, 6, 8 and 10 Rooms

17 EAST 84th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms



14 EAST 47TH STREET
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"THE WEST"

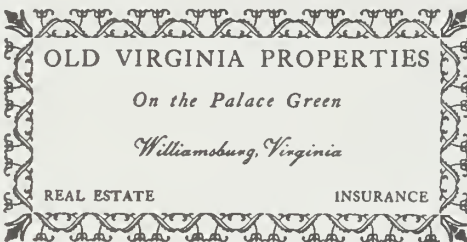
IN THESE DAYS of disturbed political and economic conditions, the call of the West grows steadily more insistent. To those in whom a love of the outdoors is inherent, and who enjoy quietude and repose, it has much to offer. In addition the West holds many opportunities for sound investments.

If you are interested communicate with Major E. G. Cullum, Santa Fe, New Mexico, who offers you valuable advice in the purchase of a ranch, no matter how large or small. And if you desire, he will help you to organize it on a sound business basis.

Major Cullum knows the West as but few do. He knows the different sections and what each has to offer as to climate, sports, recreation and business possibilities.

Somewhere in the West there is a ranch that will meet your requirements. And here is your opportunity to find it.

MAJOR E. GROVE CULLUM
Santa Fe, New Mexico



March 12, 1940

Mr. C. Kircher,
Real Estate Directory,
COUNTRY LIFE,
1270 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C.

My dear Mr. Kircher:

I know that you will be happy to hear that we were able to sell the property "PINEACRES" in Mathews County, Va. through the ad we placed in the November issue of Country Life. The sale was effected only four months after placement of the advertisement. At the present time we are having much interest evinced in "ELMINGTON" which you advertised in December and we have one client that seems particularly interested. If we close on this as well soon, I will inform you of same.

If you wish to use the above information that I have given you concerning the sale of "PINEACRES" in your publicity, I am perfectly willing that you write and I will oblige you with something more flattering than this mere statement of bald facts.

I trust that you will be glad to know of this as it must be very encouraging to know that sales are effected as quickly and as efficiently as they are through using Country Life as the advertising medium.

Very truly yours,
Lawrence S. Brigham
Lawrence S. Brigham,
OLD VIRGINIA PROPERTIES

LSB/ab

CALENDAR (Continued from page 7)

Sept. 30-Oct. 6 DAIRY CATTLE CONGRESS AND NATIONAL BELGIAN SHOW, Waterloo, Ia.

DRAFFHORSE SHOWS BELGIANS

Aug. 12-17 MIDLAND EMPIRE FAIR, Billings, Montana.
Aug. 19 ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, Springfield, Ill.*
Aug. 19 MISSOURI STATE FAIR, Sedalia, Mo.*
Aug. 21 WISCONSIN STATE FAIR, Milwaukee, Wis.*
Aug. 26-28 IOWA STATE FAIR, Des Moines.*
Aug. 26-27 OHIO STATE FAIR, Columbus.*
Aug. 26 MINNESOTA STATE FAIR, St. Paul.*
Aug. 29 NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Syracuse.*
Sept. 1-6 NEBRASKA STATE FAIR, Lincoln.
Sept. 2-7 SOUTH DAKOTA STATE FAIR, Huron.
Sept. 2-8 OREGON STATE FAIR, Salem.
Sept. 3 MARYLAND STATE FAIR, Timonium.*
Sept. 3 MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, Detroit.*
Sept. 5-6 INDIANA STATE FAIR, Indianapolis.*
Sept. 8-14 KANSAS FREE FAIR, Topeka.
Sept. 16 KANSAS STATE FAIR, Hutchinson, Kans.*
Sept. 21-28 OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR, Oklahoma City.
Sept. 22-29 NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR, Trenton.
Sept. 23-28 VIRGINIA STATE FAIR, Richmond.
Sept. 30-Oct. 6 NATIONAL BELGIAN SHOW, Waterloo, Iowa.
Oct. 4 PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL, Portland, Oregon.*
Oct. 8-12 NORTH CAROLINA STATE FAIR, Raleigh.

* Dates on which Belgians will be judged.

JERSEY SALES AND SHOWS

Aug. 7 SUMMER FIELD DAY, Virginia Jersey Cattle Club, Manassas, Va.
Aug. 24 SALE, ESTATE OF JOHN C. REED, Hockessin, Del.
Sept. 2 CONSIGNMENT SALE, South Carolina Jersey Cattle Club, Newberry, S. C.
Sept. 5 TENNESSEE PRODUCTION SHOW, Pulaski, Tenn.
Sept. 18 TRIMBLE BROS. SALE, Trimble, Ill.
Sept. 24 W. S. O'HAIR SALE, Paris, Ill.
Oct. 1-2 DAIRY CATTLE CONGRESS (Jersey judging), Waterloo, Iowa.
Oct. 8 VIRGINIA JERSEY CATTLE CLUB CONSIGNMENT SALE, Orange, Va.
Oct. 10 MISSOURI JERSEY CATTLE CLUB ANNUAL SALE, Hannibal, Mo.
Oct. 11 SALE, ESTATE OF W. N. RUTHERFORD, Cairo, Mo.
Oct. 16-17 NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW (Jersey judging), Harrisburg, Pa.
Oct. 17 KNOX COUNTY CLUB SALE, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Oct. 21 JERSEY COUNTY JERSEY CATTLE CLUB ANNUAL CONSIGNMENT SALE, Jerseyville, Ill.

AYRSHIRE SHOWS

Aug. 5-10 NORTH MONTANA STATE FAIR, Great Falls, Mont.
Aug. 12-17 CUMBERLAND FAIR, Cumberland, Md.
Aug. 12-17 GENESEE COUNTY FAIR, Batavia, New York.
Aug. 17-25 WISCONSIN STATE FAIR, Milwaukee, Wis.
Aug. 17-25 ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, Springfield.
Aug. 21-30 IOWA STATE FAIR, Des Moines.
Aug. 23-Sept. 7 CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Toronto.
Aug. 24-Sept. 2 MINNESOTA STATE FAIR, St. Paul.
Aug. 24-30 OHIO STATE FAIR, Columbus.
Aug. 25-Sept. 2 NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Syracuse.
Aug. 26-30 COLORADO STATE FAIR, Pueblo.
Aug. 30-Sept. 6 INDIANA STATE FAIR, Indianapolis.
Aug. 30-Sept. 9 CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, Sacramento.
Aug. 30-Sept. 8 MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, Detroit.
Sept. 1-6 NEBRASKA STATE FAIR, Lincoln.
Sept. 2-7 SOUTH DAKOTA STATE FAIR, Huron.
Sept. 2-7 MARYLAND STATE FAIR, Timonium.
Sept. 2-7 RUTLAND STATE FAIR, Rutland, Vt.
Sept. 2-8 OREGON STATE FAIR, Salem.
Sept. 4-8 ESSEX COUNTY FAIR, Topsfield, Mass.
Sept. 8-14 SAGINAW FAIR, Saginaw, Mich.
Sept. 8-14 BROCKTON FAIR, Brockton, Mass.
Sept. 8-15 READING FAIR, Reading, Pa.
Sept. 13-29 LOS ANGELES COUNTY FAIR, Pomona, Cal.
Sept. 15-21 EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
Sept. 15-21 KANSAS STATE FAIR, Hutchinson, Kans.
Sept. 16-22 WESTERN WASHINGTON FAIR, Puyallup, Wash.
Sept. 17-21 ALLENTOWN FAIR, Allentown, Pa.
Sept. 17-21 ROCHESTER FAIR, Rochester, N. H.
Sept. 21-28 OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR, Okla. City.
Sept. 30-Oct. 6 DAIRY CATTLE CONGRESS, Waterloo, Iowa.

GUERNSEY SALES AND SHOWS

Aug. 1 SOUTHWESTERN MICHIGAN GUERNSEY SHOW, Cassopolis Fair Grounds
Aug. 3 MAINE D. H. I. A. SHOW, Highmoor Farm, Monmouth, Me.
Aug. 6-9 CUMBERLAND COUNTY DAIRY CATTLE SHOW, Williams Grove, Pa.
Aug. 6-11 NORTHERN WISCONSIN DISTRICT FAIR, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
Aug. 7 ELKHART COUNTY SHOW, Gosben, Ind.
Aug. 7 NORTH MONTANA STATE FAIR, Great Falls, Mont.*
Aug. 12-16 CENTRAL INDIANA GUERNSEY BREEDERS ASSN., SHOW, New Bethel.
Aug. 13-14 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FAIR, Davenport, Iowa.*
Aug. 13 IONIA FREE FAIR, Ionia, Mich.*
Aug. 15 CUMBERLAND FAIR, Cumberland, Md.*
Aug. 15 VIRGINIA GUERNSEY BREEDERS ASSN. FIELD DAY, Whippernock Farm Sutherland, Va.
Aug. 15 VERMONT FIELD DAY, R. H. WHITCOMB FARM, Springfield, Vt.
Aug. 16 TRI-STATE FAIR, Superior, Wis.
Aug. 20 SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY FAIR, Stockton, Cal.*
Aug. 21 ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, Springfield, Ill.*
Aug. 22 WISCONSIN STATE FAIR, Milwaukee.*
Aug. 22 MISSOURI STATE FAIR, Sedalia, Mo.*
Aug. 23 WEST VA. DAIRYMEN'S ASSN. SALE (all breeds), Jackson Mills, W. Va.
Aug. 27 NEW HAMPSHIRE FIELD DAY, KADOCKADEE FARM, Concord, N. H.
Aug. 27 IOWA STATE FAIR, Des Moines, Iowa.*
Aug. 28 OHIO STATE FAIR, Columbus, Ohio.*
Aug. 29 CONNECTICUT FIELD DAY, Holly Farm, Simsbury, Conn.
Sept. 11 VERMONT STATE SALE
Sept. 14 VIRGINIA STATE SALE, Richmond.
Sept. 16 CONSIGNMENT SALE, Chester, South Carolina.
Sept. 21 BEECHFORD FARMS SALE, Mt. Trumper, N. Y.
Sept. 26 SOUTHEAST KANSAS SALE, Parsons, Kansas.
Sept. 27 ANNUAL SALE, SALT POINT DUTCHESS COUNTY, New York.
Sept. 28 SALE, AUBURN OR CORTLAND, Cayuga County, New York.

* Dates on which Guernseys will be judged.

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Sept. 30 NORTHWEST BREEDERS ASSN., Fargo, North Dakota.
Oct. 2 MINNESOTA STATE BREEDERS ASSN., Blue Earth, Min.
Oct. 3 SOUTHWEST IOWA BREEDERS ASSN., Atlantic, Iowa.
Oct. 7 NODAWAY COUNTY BREEDERS SALE, Maryville, Mo.
Oct. 9 MISSOURI BREEDERS SALE, Columbia, Mo.
Oct. 10 MERCER COUNTY BREEDERS ASSN., Alledo, Ill.
Oct. 11 EASTERN IOWA BREEDERS ASSN., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Oct. 11 CENTRAL IOWA BREEDERS SALE, Marshalltown, Iowa.
Oct. 14 VIRGINIA BREEDERS SALE, Warrenton, Va.
Oct. 14 CENTRAL ILLINOIS BREEDERS ASSN., Congerville, Ill.
Oct. 15 MARYLAND BREEDERS ASSN., Frederick, Md.

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(Left) The fine old Colonial with central chimney

(Below) Rock gardens and stone walls



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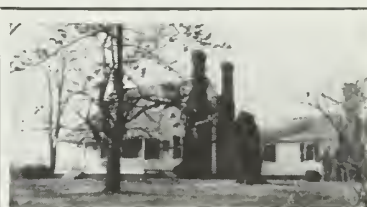
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Racing in America

Part I • by SALVATOR

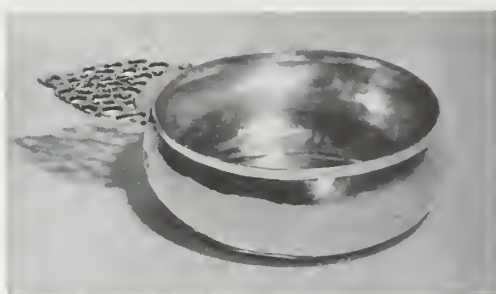


THAYER

WE are drawing near the 300th anniversary of "organized" racing in this country. It was in 1665 that Col. Nicolls, first English Governor of the Colony of New York, laid out the first race-course in the New World on Hempstead Plain, Long Island, and decreed that twice yearly a meeting should be held there. The feature event was to be a contest for a silver cup, presented by himself; the distance, "once around the course"—two miles.

Col. Nicolls, who thus began our racing, did not long remain governor of the settlement he had taken from Peter Stuyvesant at the cannon's mouth and converted from a Dutch into an English possession. He was recalled to England and other soldierly duties, to be succeeded by other functionaries until the Revolution remolded the Thirteen Colonies into a united nation going its own way, more than a hundred years later. But the race-course he laid out remained intact and the chief center of the sport for generations, for it was not until well after 1800 that finally it was blotted from the map.

Col. Nicolls had set a precedent destined to endure. Today, the chief center of racing in the United States is where he located it,



GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, YALE UNIVERSITY

The earliest extant American race trophy; 1668

and the three great plants on Long Island—Belmont Park, Aqueduct and Jamaica—lie within a few minutes' drive from the primitive oval he staked out in 1665 upon what was then called Salisbury Plain.

Racing, as the Colonel and his master, the Stuart King, Charles II, conceived it, was a pastime confined strictly to "the nobility and gentry" which the populace was allowed, as a gracious favor, to behold at Newmarket (the

name, by the way, that Col. Nicolls gave to his turf enterprise) from time to time. The contests consisted almost exclusively of matches, the contenders owned by the great lords of the court or other notables, and usually ridden by them.

The period of the colonization of North America by the British was destined to be influential in the evolution of the turf here. New England, the region of the Puritans, would have none of it—regarded it as one of Satan's godless lures toward the pit. But from New York southward along the Atlantic coast, through New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, ranged the Cavalier colonies, which cultivated it with enthusiasm.

The model set up was to prove lasting—so much so that only within the past decade (in 1934 to be exact) has it been possible for the Thoroughbreds to obtain a foothold and an audience anywhere in the New England States.

The story of the American Thoroughbred from the time the first race-course in the New World was laid out on Long Island

The way in which this has been effected provides a graphic illustration of the familiar proverb, *Autres temps, autres mœurs*: "Other times, other manners." For it has not been a burning and irrepresible desire to witness the blood horse in action that has provided a stage for him among the descendants of the Puritans, but one still more overpowering. The promoters and tax-gatherers look upon him as one of their most productive sources of dividends.

And that statement, by the way, may be said to compress three hundred years of turf history in the U. S. A. within the compass of a sentence.

Col. Nicolls' New World Newmarket, on Long Island, is described as the first attempt at "organized" racing in America. But the English colonists had previously been doing a great deal in an unorganized way in Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas.

Among the oldest legal processes that remain of record in early Virginia are an ordinance prohibiting the racing of horses through the public streets of the towns; and another, in which a member of the "lower classes" (a mere tradesman) was assessed a fine for presuming to start a horse in a race—it being laid down that this was the privilege of "gentlemen" only.

Early racing in that region was done over the "race-paths" cleared in the wilderness where the Quarter-horse, America's first indigenous speed horse, disported himself.

South Carolina claims the first Jockey Club ever formed in this country (1734), at Charleston. The Maryland Jockey Club dates to 1743. When distance racing first began to supplant quarter-racing, and the stayer replaced the sprinter, contests were decided over the main public highways, where the routes to be covered—two, three or four miles—were measured and staked off. Or else the horses covered a prescribed course, say from one given point to another, and, oftentimes, return; they ran through open fields, or around them.

The Revolution rudely disturbed the course of our turf history. It produced the first, and thus far the only, national legislation ever aimed at the sport. In 1774, the Continental Congress passed a resolution in

which the entire body of citizenry were formally requested to discontinue all public games, sports, etc., because of the gravity of the political situation.

Racing was, in this ordinance, especially aimed at. And as in an organized form it was headed by the most eminent men of the time, all except those of Tory sentiments at once complied. It was ten years before it resumed the previous tenor of its way.

During the four years of warfare practically the only part of the country where it continued was in its original *locale*, Long Island. New York City and the Island were in the possession of the British from 1776 until evacuated by them at the end of the war, in late November, 1783. Throughout this period the Newmarket course of Col. Nicolls was used as headquarters by the officers of the English army, who staged many meetings, the contenders being their chargers, ridden by themselves.

Announcements still extant show that the prizes were sometimes sums of money, sometimes cups, saddles, bridles and the like.

NOR was the sport confined to this course alone. Long Island was the military quarters of the British army of occupation, thousands of soldiers were garrisoned there, and they laid out courses and held races at many different points. There were also several tracks in New York City proper that were used.

Importation of what we now term Thoroughbred animals for racing and breeding purposes had begun as early as 1730, with Virginia and Maryland the chief depots and South Carolina not far behind. In the North, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were the leaders. In the beginning, William Penn had sought to exclude racing from his Quaker paradise, but as time passed and it became the wealthiest of the Colonies, and Philadelphia the largest city and near to New York and Baltimore, the sport made its way there and its courses became a favorite half-way meeting-ground where the champions of Maryland and Virginia engaged those from Manhattan and Jersey.

Once the Revolution ended, the turf began a period of great expansion, coincident



In Virginia a member of "the lower classes" was not permitted to enter a horse in a race

with the exploration and settlement of the continent west of the Allegheny Mountains. By 1820 the racing map consisted of the great seaboard cities along the Atlantic Coast from New York to Savannah, the fast-growing river cities a little back from it, and those inland along the Ohio and the Mississippi. The first race-courses at Washington, the nation's capital, were laid out just preceding 1800.

But a process of shifting and readjustment was taking place in the old as well as the new westerly territory. New England continued to avert her godly countenance from the Thoroughbred, though smiling covertly upon her Morgans and other harness racers. When the British army sailed away from New York, something almost like a blight began to settle upon her race meetings.

Even before the war the "Dictator of the New York Turf," Col. James DeLancey, whose family was the most powerful and the richest in the city, also the most conspicuously Tory, had sold all his race-horses, stallions and broodmares and gone to England to end his days there. The return of peace failed to produce a successor to him and gradually degeneration set in.

There was still a good deal of racing on Long Island and on the mainland, extending up the Hudson to Albany. But it lacked class and the importations of breeding stock from England fell to a dribble, while at the same time it flowed almost like a tidal wave into Maryland and Virginia, the Carolinas, and thence to Kentucky and Tennessee.

Anti-racing sentiment emerged among the leaders of social, political and business life. Col. Nicolls' Newmarket track dropped into disrepute and was abandoned. The "best people" frowned upon the sport and it fell more and more into the hands of that element which, from time immemorial, has seemed always ready to take it over and prostitute it to base uses. In Pennsylvania things went farther still, and severe repressive measures wiped the Philadelphia courses, once so famous, out of existence.

There was a temporary upsurge when American Eclipse defeated Henry, the Virginia champion, in the historic North vs. South match run over the Union Course (which had taken the place of the Newmarket) on Long Island, in 1823. Sectional pride rather than sporting enthusiasm sustained it, though the race was witnessed by what was declared to have been the largest crowd ever up to that time assembled in America at a public event.

But, while Eclipse had been bred, foaled and reared on the Island, he was by the Vir-



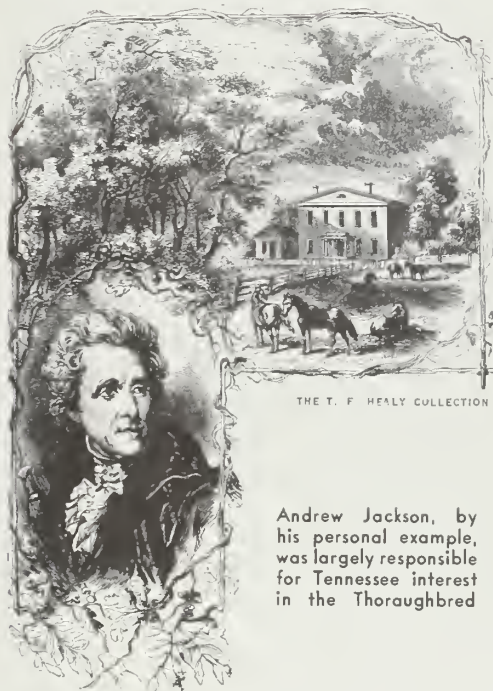
Col. Nicolls, first English governor of the Colony of New York, laid out America's first race-track on Hempstead Plains, Long Island; it remained the chief center of the sport until after 1800

ginia-bred stallion Duroc. And breeding was at such a low ebb in the North that eventually he was taken south to stand and there died, in Kentucky, at the great age of 33 years.

The defeat of her representative had a depressing effect upon the turf in Virginia. In pre-Revolutionary days it had been the great planters, the famous soldiers, statesmen and dignitaries of the Old Dominion, that had controlled and molded the sport. It was an essentially aristocratic institution, despite the avowed "democracy" of its arbiters. But after the war this condition broke up and passed away.

The law of entail was abolished and the immense estates and monetary substance of their owners could no longer be kept together. The new influx of Thoroughbreds from England was brought in mostly for speculative and commercial purposes.

Col. William R. Johnson, "the Napoleon of the Turf," the manager of Henry in the great match that he lost, was not really a Virginian, but from North Carolina, and he



Andrew Jackson, by his personal example, was largely responsible for Tennessee interest in the Thoroughbred

made the breeding, training and campaigning of race horses his *business*—something that would have been abhorrent to the old grandees, and still was to their descendants.

At Petersburg, near Richmond, he maintained his headquarters, his estate of Oak-



The historic track at Charleston, S. C., became a Union prisoner's cemetery in the 1860's

land, and with his partner, O. P. Hare, managed and controlled the Newmarket track there, which, next to Tree Hill and Broad Rock, at Richmond, was the most celebrated south of the Potomac River. But a mere adventurer to the "F. F. V.'s," his ascendancy irked them, they lost interest in the sport, and the ominous words were spoken by one high in authority: "Racing is no longer fashionable in Virginia."

IN former years hardly a town within Virginia's borders of any size but had boasted its jockey club. Now they rapidly disappeared. At the same time a similar process was going on in Maryland, the fruit of similar conditions. For a time Washington took precedence over both Baltimore and Richmond and many important matches and stake events were run there. Then decay also overtook it, a reflex of what had transpired in her main regions of support.

In 1842 the aging "Napoleon of the Turf" tried once more with Boston, the pride of Virginia, believed the best horse she ever had produced, to do what Henry had failed to. Taken to Long Island he met the northern mare, Fashion, bred and owned in New Jersey, and in another epic struggle was worsted, the old hero going down before the young mare. It was the *coup de grace* for the Virginians. The sun was setting upon "the region of the race horse."

Meanwhile the path of empire had taken its way westward. For over a quarter of a century Kentucky and Tennessee had been draining Virginia and Maryland, even reaching up into New Jersey and New York for their best blood and individuals. The ideal

resources of the Blue Grass in Kentucky and the Middle Basin in Tennessee for the rearing of bloodstock had made itself apparent.

Charleston still waved the standard for the Carolinas, with Wade Hampton as her tower of strength; still, race week there was no longer what it had been in the palmy days. But in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama new and rich territory was opening up. Down the Ohio and the Father of Waters there poured a never-ending stream of humanity and material riches, seeking new outlets as the Deep South and Far West offered illimitable opportunities for the adventurous.

In this flood, the sporting foam rose naturally to the top, with something more substantial underlying it. Fashion's defeat of Boston was unable to inaugurate a renaissance in and about New York. The mare herself was sold and went west to Ohio to end her days and rear her produce. Virginia no longer wanted Boston and he went west to Kentucky to die after no long while, but not before begetting Lexington and Lecomte.

And at the mouth of the Mississippi there rose a new turf metropolis: New Orleans, whose Metairie Course, today a burying ground, was to wax famous as the best and fastest in the U. S. A. and the chosen battleground of champions. In Kentucky, while breeding centralized in the Blue Grass with Lexington as its capital, the great racing centre was Louisville, over whose Oakland Course the two duels between Wagner and Grey Eagle rocked the nation in 1839.

Kentucky's status was peculiar. Louisville was her only city large enough to support a first-class race-course. The Blue Grass region about Lexington, rich in natural resources of soil, grass and climate, was peopled almost altogether by a race of farmer-breeders, in the main of Virginia and Maryland descent, virile, able and aggressive but more intent upon living their own lives in their own way than in the building of an urban civilization. Their horseflesh became literally an element of their being and their way with it something new in the world.

Irresistibly they drew the horses and horsemen of other states to them and merged them with themselves. The great planters of the cane-brakes and cotton-fields of the Deep South sent their choicest mares to Kentucky to breed to its stallions and kept them there indefinitely. From north of the Ohio River came an incessant demand for its best blood to lay foundations (*Continued on page 44*)



Opening day at Jerame Park in 1869; with the building of this beautiful track racing became once more the fashion in New York; it was inaugurated in 1867

BROAD-LEAF EVERGREENS

from the western woods

by ROBERT MOULTON GATKE

IN the landscape, the woodlands are the parts of the picture painted with the broad brush. From terrace or other vantage points they are enjoyed as a familiar part of a lovely picture with little thought of their essential contribution to the whole. Sometimes their place in the picture is a result of the studied effort of a landscape architect. More often it is a result of chance.

But a far different view of the woodlands comes when, by foot and bridle-path, they are enjoyed in an intimate way. Here are the shaded retreats, the lovely places where nature has suffered the least violence at the hand of man. By the law of eternal fitness of things, every woodland must be dominated by the native trees and shrubs. These must appear so natural that the most suspicious cynic would not dream that man had presumed to add or take away a single growing thing; yet, in actual fact, no part of an estate, outside the formal garden, better reflects careful planning.

The possibilities of increasing the beauty of every woodland, whether only a little clump of trees called a woodland by courtesy, or a wide stretch of forest land, are very great. Some little change may well be in the nature of judicious thinning, the opening of desired vistas, and other such structural work. However, the greatest changes come from the careful introduction of new materials.

Massed plantings of the broad-leaved evergreens, such as the native rhododendron, mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) and their kindred, can bring a breath-taking loveliness into a wooded area. In seeking kindred native material to add variety, it is not only permissible but desirable to bring native materials from other sections of the country as long as those introduced fit in like charter members of the local native club.

In selection of undercover plantings for the woodlands, it is surprising that English and Scottish estates have drawn more largely on some fine Pacific Northwest natives than have our own east coast estates. It is especially unfortunate that three outstanding contributions for this type of planting—three particularly happy with rhododendron and *Kalmia*—have not been used. These three outstanding western contributions for the eastern woodlands are the Oregon holly-grape, salal, and the giant evergreen sword fern.

Landscape gardeners have long had the opportunity to use Oregon holly-grape (*Mahonia aquifolium*) in well recognized horticultural usage, but classified as *Berberis aquifolium* by many botanists; for as long ago as 1806, when Captains Lewis and Clark returned to civilization from their path-breaking journey to the Pacific Coast, it has been known on the Atlantic coast. These pioneer explorers were so impressed with this beautiful shrub that they carried its seed on their over six months return trip from the Columbia River

region. Bernard M'Mahon, a well known horticulturist of Philadelphia (for whom the species was named), grew it for the trade.

A young Scotch gardener and botanist, David Douglas, who had been trained from boyhood under scientific gardeners on a great Scottish estate, visited America in 1823 as a representative of the London Agricultural Society. He was so pleased with the Oregon holly-grape that he sent it to England. Two years later he was himself exploring the then unknown wilderness of the Pacific Northwest and reinforced his earlier offering by collecting

seeds and sending them to England and thus bringing the price of this new shrub from about fifty dollars down to a modest price which permitted widespread use. English gardeners immediately accorded the new shrub a high place in their esteem, which has not been lost. It has been especially extensively used as a ground cover in wooded areas. Recent authoritative English writers reflect as much enthusiasm as those who first welcomed it over a century ago.

On the east coast of America the Oregon holly-grape has been used continuously since its first introduction; but never as extensively as it deserves. It is hardy at Boston, but to the northward it should have protection. To have it at its best it should be grown in the shade, although very fine shrubs are often found growing in full sun. It is not notional as to soil, although its first love is for rich humus-filled woods soil. Naturalized in the woodland, it will take excellent care of itself.

The native range of the Oregon holly-grape is from southern British Columbia well into northern California. There are two principal varieties, the tall and best-known being *Mahonia aquifolium*, and the dwarf Oregon holly-grape, *M. nervosa*. Far less desirable than the latter is *M. repens*, which has been, unfortunately, more widely planted.

IN its native haunts, the tall Oregon holly-grape is an erect shrub commonly reaching six feet in height. In cultivation on the West coast, old shrubs have passed the height of fifteen feet; but such giants are too leggy to be beautiful and should have received a drastic pruning long before they reached such a height. In eastern and mid-western gardens and woodlands, from two to four feet appears to be the more usual height. The large, handsome, evergreen leaves (six to twelve inches long) are stiff and leathery in texture and a glossy dark green in color. They have from five to nine long, ovate leaflets, ranging from one and a half to three inches long, each one resembling a large holly leaf having slender marginal spiny teeth. These leaves readily explain the "holly" in the common name. Winter cold brings rich bronze color to this foliage—often with purple coloring—which has made it a joy for winter decorations.

The blossoms, which come early (March and April in their native range) are erect racemes of little primrose-yellow flowers, which have a pleasing fragrance. These lovely flowers are followed by decorative blue-black fruits (covered with violet-colored bloom) which look like a cluster of small grapes and which accounts for the other half of the common name of the shrub.

The dwarf Oregon holly-grape (*M. Nervosa*) is a low-growing shrub, ranging from three inches to two feet. The long slender leaves have from eleven to twenty-one leaflets, each leaflet resem- (Continued on page 41)



G. C. STEPHENSON PHOTOS
The Oregon holly-grape, the giant evergreen sword fern, and salal lend themselves to eastern woods

PRAIRIE SKYSCRAPER



Jonacre Farm and the boy for whom it is being built grow up together

THEY are not really skyscrapers. Doubtless the silos of other barns are as high, but the first glimpse of the sparkling silver towers of Jonacre farm, rising up from the flat Illinois fields, is as dramatic as the first glimpse of the Empire State building from the New Jersey marshes.

Four years ago, these buildings were only nebulous ideas in the mind of Albert C. Levis, who was, at that time, a hard-working business executive in Chicago. He had not been a boy on a farm, he knew nothing whatever about one, but he wanted his young son, John Mitchell Levis 2nd, to know about farming, and he himself wanted a hobby. The hobby was gradually narrowed down to raising cows and Belgian draft horses, and the next step was to discover how best to house them. He studied for three years, everything he could find about cows and Belgian draft horses, and then he was ready to build.

The country north and west of Chicago, about an hour from the city, near Barrington and Dundee, seemed to fit his plan best, and so Jonacre began with 320 acres of this Illinois farm land. Architects turned out to be a disappointment to the scheme, because they were too unscientific. They were not, these specialists, technical enough for the scholar on dairy farming, which is what Levis had become, and he became his own designer. The James Manufacturing Company was consulted, and an engineer turned over to collaborate with him. Out of this collaboration rose the five buildings of steel, glass brick and hollow tile, which make such a dramatic interruption to the Illinois landscape. They are pure silver in color, with a trimming of sky blue, that is, the clear, piercing blue of an October sky, and they are dazzlingly beautiful either in the sunlight, or by moonlight.

There is no rising background. The build-



John Mitchell Levis 2nd and Albert C. Levis, developers of Jonacre Farm

ings are silhouetted against the landscape like figures on the seashore. Of the farm's 320 acres all but 70, and most of that woodland, are under cultivation. They produce corn, oats, soy beans, and other feed crops.

THREE of the five buildings are barns, all connected by passageways. They are insulated entirely with glass wool, and equipped with two forms of ventilation, forced, and by gravity. As a result, the barns are nearly 100 percent odorless. The interiors are of glazed tile and glass brick, and flooded with sunlight. Electricity is not only the *modus operandi*, but the *dea ex machina*, all in one. It kills flies, keeps horses and cows within bounds, and soothes the cows into better milk production. All the screens are electrified, and the constant sharp "ping," which marks a fly's electrocution, is silenced by the radio, which plays all day in the milking barn. Experiment, on Levis's part, has proven, at least to him, that not only do his cows produce better to music, but they produce better to better music, responding most happily to semi-classical selections. And, finally, electricity, through

a single wire, which surrounds every field, is the only kind of fencing used.

Curiously enough, however, in the midst of this mechanical perfection, the simplest process in the world is maintained. All the milking is done by hand. The men scrub their hands, like surgeons, for ten minutes before milking. They change into fresh, sterilized uniforms, come into the room over a threshold covered by a steel mesh mat, set into a tray of disinfectant, so that even the shoes are free of germs. And then each of these men, equipped for cleanliness by every known scientific and mechanical device, sits down to milk a cow in exactly the manner in which cows have been milked since the dawn of history. And this simple, primitive method is used because, in Levis's opinion, after a great deal of study, it is the most satisfactory.

The herd, on the morning when this information was obtained, numbered 85 pure-bred Guernseys, but, Levis explained, it might very well be increased by afternoon, because he was going to a sale. He is buying carefully, but steadily, to increase his herd, and boasted, too, of four home-grown increases within that week. The completed barns were not yet one year old, and to have assembled a herd of that size and quality within such a short period of time, is good work.

Levis did not take over a herd. He started from scratch, with nothing but three years of study behind him. He has purchased, for the most part, direct from breeders in the East and Middle-West, only occasionally from Guernsey sales. He has not shown his cattle at any important shows as yet. He feels that the herd is too recently assembled, but he is already taking a modest pride in their production record.

Almost the entire herd of Belgian draft horses, however, was purchased from Sugar



VOR. ES FIS-ER PHOTOGRAPHS

Grove Farm, in Aurora, Ill. At the time of writing, including the home-grown additions, the herd comprised 10 animals, including two American-bred stallions and three imported mares. Valceur D'Ergot, top stallion of the herd, won first place in the yearling stallion class at the 1939 Illinois State Fair, and was Reserve Junior Champion. He also took first prize in the same class at the Maryland State Fair, and was Junior Champion and Reserve Grand Champion stallion there. At the National Belgian Show, and at the International Live Stock Show he took second honors in the yearling classes.

Other prize-winning members of this fine herd include the following:

Bella de Caeneghem, who won second, third and first places in the three-year old classes at, respectively, the Illinois, Wisconsin and New York State Fairs, in 1938.

Adeline de Bruges, dam of Jonacre Colonel Farceur, second prize stallion foal at the 1939 Illinois State Fair.

Denise du Strooien Haan, winner of fourth place among the two-year olds at the 1939 International Live Stock Show.

Pioneer Juliette, second among the two-year olds at the 1939 Maryland State Fair, and seventh and eighth at, respectively, the National Belgian and International Live Stock Shows.

Jonacre Hector's Bella, second prize filly foal at the 1939 Illinois State Fair.

Jonacre Colonel Farceur, who took second place among the stallion foals at the 1939 Illinois State Fair.

Such a showing by a novice who made himself an expert in a few years of study should be of the greatest encouragement to the growing number of well-to-do Americans who are coming to realize the importance, as well as the delights, of an intelligently directed interest in the land and its produce. European conditions next winter promise to be a fearful demonstration of what violation of the soil's productivity may mean in the life of nations.

THE draft horse is returning into his own today, particularly in Middle West farming. The scientific farmer has been convinced by statistics on experiments, that, for a three hundred acre farm, or less, the horse is more efficient and more economical than the machine. The result of this has been that the farmer demands better horses. There are, consequently, a number of breeders throughout that part of the country. The standard is high, the competition keen, but Levis is taking his place on a sure footing among them.

One reason for this recognition after such a short time in the field, may be the fact that Levis is devoting all his time, his interest, and his energy to this hobby. His house is

still in town, because of the irksome fact that his son John must go to school before they can move out to the country permanently. But Levis is out of the house and on his way to the farm at about six o'clock every morning. He inspects or takes part in every smallest detail of the day's work, and does not leave until the work is over.

The farm supervisor and the farm hands live in a unit not far from the barns. One side of this is the very attractive house of the supervisor and his family; the other is the dormitory for the hands, with a big commons room, complete with radio, books, magazines, games, and comfortable chairs. They have their own dining room, but a common kitchen between this and the supervisor's dining room, connects the two units.



As dramatic as the first glimpse of the Empire State Building are the Jonacre buildings



The interiors of the barns are of glazed tile and gloss brick; they are nearly odorless



Among the fine Belgian draft horses in use on the Levis farm are many prize-winning animals

and provides the food for both establishments. There is a separate room in the dormitory for Levis, and it is frequently used, because he finds it increasingly difficult to return to the dullness of life in town, and turn his back, even over night, on the excitement of the farm. Young John, for whom the farm is named, is a close runner-up to his father in absorption in Jonacre. He is there every possible moment away from school, working with the men. His helpfulness extends, too, to his ability to pick out and identify, when his father is in doubt, any animal on the farm, within eyesight in the pasture. It is a close and interesting partnership.

This sense of excitement, which the two Levises have brought to it, is one of the reasons, too, of course, why Jonacre farm, in this short time, has become respected. This spirit, backed by sober, careful study and preparation, has given it vitality, and the knowledge absorbed before the first plans were designed, has made its foundation solid, and its steady and stable growth inevitable.

HOW NOT TO BUILD A DAM

by ROBESON BAILEY

OF all the residual instincts of childhood that rise up to pleasure and plague a man, I don't suppose any is much stronger than the instinct to dam up running water. Somewhere between the ages of four and six we begin to experiment, in the liquid spring, with wagon ruts and small gullies and ditches about the barnyard. We grow older, and traffic with sticks and stones and mud and moss in the summer brooks.

Happy the man whose dam experience stops right there. Mine didn't.

Mostly, it was my wife's uncle's fault. He is my neighbor, and owns a farm in the New England village in which we live. Through part of this farm runs a brook. It gathers its sources in a swamp, dribbles through a hardwood stand, spreads out into a second swamp. From here, it emerges a really respectable little brook, and gurgles along to debouch, some two hundred yards below, into the Nashua River. For twenty or thirty yards before its debouchment, the brook runs between high, flood-cut banks. That fact explains why all the week-ends of one whole spring of my life were wasted.

On a warm Sunday in April, my wife's uncle and I went for a walk. We stood on the banks of the Nashua, and lamented the corruption of that once-noble stream. Time was, we told ourselves, when sea-run salmon could be caught right where we stood; time was, when the river itself was as pure as the little brook whose waters we could hear singing pleasantly above us. But the mills had changed all that.

We walked on, and came to the brook. We stopped to examine a wildflower that was creeping out of the winter earth. A patch of sunlight warmed the spot where we stood, the brook gossiped engagingly of woodland matters, and the river swept on with a kind of full-bellied sighing.

Uncle moved off the path a few feet. "Come over here," he called. He stood on the high bank above the brook. The banks were only about twelve feet across here, and it was six or seven feet to the bottom, where the brook ran.

"It would be a cinch to throw a dam across here," Uncle said, as though to himself.

I looked up the brook, and visioned that channel full of water. It would be deep, and cool, for big trees bent over it. It would make a fine home for trout. And it would make a good place to swim, something we needed near our home.

"I have a big pile of inch boards," Uncle continued, still talking as though to himself. "Behind the barn. Plenty of two-by-fours, and even some four-by-fours that came out of the old barn. It would be easy to bring 'em down here in the station wagon."

I took off my shoes and socks and rolled up my pant legs. Then I scrambled down the bank, and scooped up a handful of the sandy silt from the brook's bottom. Next, I examined the banks. Then once more I looked up the channel, and visioned it full of pure water.

"Let's see," I said. "You'd drive in a couple of four-by-fours about three feet apart, on each bank. Then you'd run a framework of two-by-fours between 'em horizontally. Next, you'd drive your inch boards into the bottom as far as you could, and nail 'em to the framework. That would give you a kind of box, and you'd leave a place for the spillway a foot or so from the top. Now fill that box with this fine, impervious silt, and you'd have a dam, wouldn't you?"

I LOOKED up at him, standing on the bank above me. He grinned down. "Why, sure, I guess you would. And I shouldn't think there'd be an awful lot of work to it, either. You're welcome to any of the lumber back of the barn, and the use of the station wagon."

We talked about the project the rest of the afternoon, and drew sketches and diagrams. (Oh, we were great engineers, that April Sunday!) I knew where I could get some fine trout for stocking, and surely they'd breed in the upper reaches of the brook. Perhaps, we allowed, it would take two, but surely not more than three, week-ends to complete the job. I bubbled with enthusiasm.

That enthusiasm hardened to desperation as the weeks went by, and I discovered that there was a great deal more to building a dam than talking it and dreaming it into a trout pond and swimming pool. I shan't bother you here with the difficulties I encountered, nor tell you why I failed to finish the job in the prophesied three week-ends.

Suffice it that I lost pounds from the back breaking work, and developed, the fourth week-end, a giddiness of the head and a running of the nose that was, my wife assured me, a species of swamp fever.

But I kept at it. I pressed unsuspecting week-end guests into service; I arose at dawn on Sundays and worked until there was no light left. And finally, the last Sunday in May, I had the thing ready to stop up. We held a kind of family party for the occasion, and I confess to a great deal of pride of accomplishment as I nailed the last board in place and threw in the last shovelful of fill. The job was done at last, and if it had taken three times as long, and five times the work I had bargained for, nevertheless the pool would be worth it.

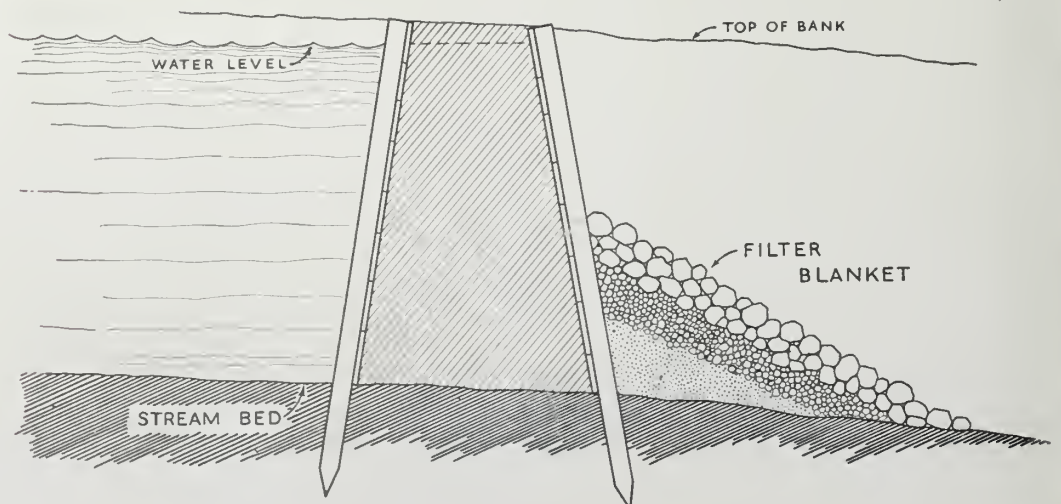
There was, of course, an enormous area to fill, and after the first few inches the rate of rise seemed painfully slow. When we came up for supper, there were about three feet of water at the dam, and I estimated that it should reach the spillway some time during the early hours of the morning. I would get up a few minutes before my regular time, and drop down for an inspection on my way to work.

The woods were alive with bird-song as I drove through them. I came to the place where we leave the car, shut off the motor, and ran over to the dam. And then I very nearly lost my recently bolted breakfast.

The dam stood there, all right, but there was simply no pool at all, no body of deep, dark, cold water. Just the same old brook I'd been working in for seven weeks. And there was a gaping, sinister hole through the bottom of the dam!

It is necessary now to go back to that April Sunday when Uncle made his suggestion. My wife agreed it would be lovely to have a swimming pool so near the house, but advised me to consult a friend of ours who is an expert on dams, a man so expert, in fact, that he spends his life supervising their construction. I scoffed at the idea. "Any fool can do a simple little job like this," I told her. "Why, I'd be ashamed to ask him. It just takes a little hard work and some common sense."

She said nothing further at the time, and even when I reported the first failure, bless her, she didn't say "I told you so!" She merely repeated her advice, and I, stubborn fool, repeated my scoffing. I'd made some mistake I could correct myself, and I wouldn't think of getting hold of our friend the engineer until the dam (*Continued on page 36*)



THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

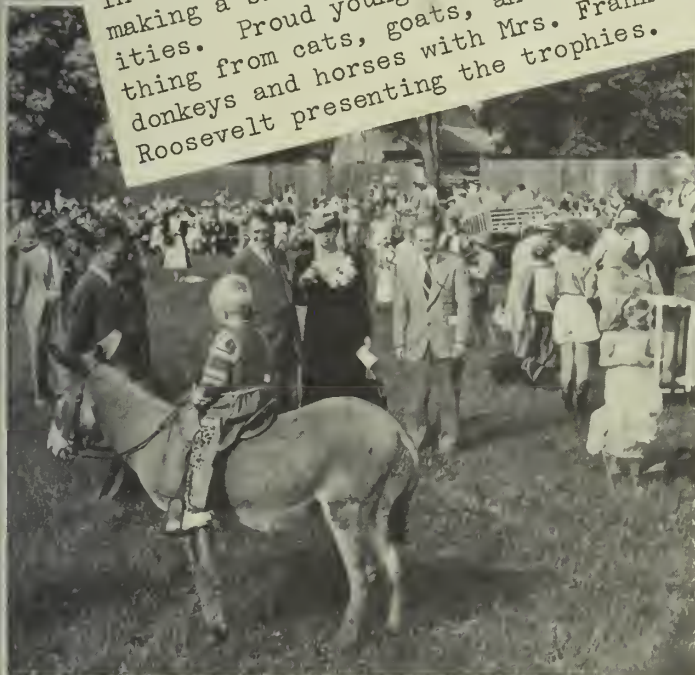
June 30, 1940

Sunday,

It sends a tingle up your spine when you find a community that really takes an interest in its kids! You should have been at the pet show held at Brookdale Farm, home of such great Thoroughbreds as Top Flight, Sysonby, and Regret, just outside Red Bank, New Jersey. Here a small group of responsible citizens, led by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thompson, Jr., put on such a show as you couldn't imagine, with the triple purpose of interesting youngsters in the care of animals, making a sizeable profit for local charities. Proud youngsters exhibited everything from cats, goats, and pigs, to donkeys and horses with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt presenting the trophies.



Katherine Talcott trained a baby crow, thought up this costume, won a prize from Mrs. Roosevelt



Neilson Edwards, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Peter Vischer, editor of Country Life, judging



Betty and Carl Hornbostel brought their pet raccoon and pet skunk and won awards for unusual pets



Peggy and Jack Walsh's Dalmatian family contended in the mother and children class



The pets got acquainted, too! Lawrence Johnson and Daniel Covert with dogs that made a big hit

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

July 17, 1940

Wednesday,

Have just seen a remote mountain lake "bombed" from the air with a tankful of fingerling trout! Conservationists no longer have to depend on slow pack trains to transport trout into back country lakes for restocking. Now, the fish are put in a specially constructed tank in a plane. Then they are quickly flown into country that might take days to reach by horse. When the desired lake is reached a valve is released at an altitude of about 500 feet, water comes out in a cloud of spray, and the fish go fluttering down to land absolutely unhurt in their new home. Today it took four seconds to release the fish and in a few minutes the plane was back at the airport for another load.



Lakes such as these, high in the Rockies, can easily be stocked from the air



The wriggling fingerlings being transferred from tank-truck to the tank in the plane



This 40-gallon tank in the plane can carry 5,000 five or six inch trout at one time



The plane with its load of trout on the way to an otherwise inaccessible lake



There they go! A cloud of trout and water is emitted from the dump-valve 500 feet above the lake

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

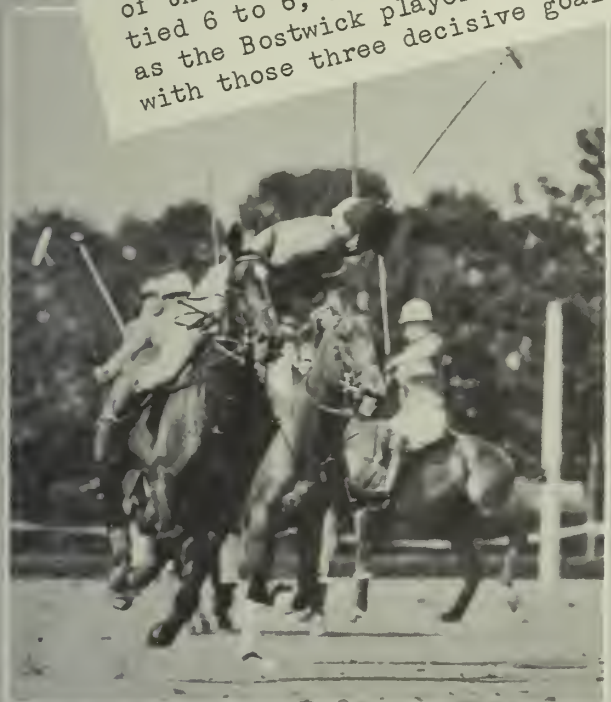
Sunday,

July 14, 1940

High goal polo came back into its own here at Meadow Brook today when eight of the country's best players staged a dramatic game for the benefit of the Red Cross; a sizeable crowd turned out and some \$8,000 were collected. It was a wonderful day and the bright green turf of International Field was without a blemish; no hoof had touched it since last September. Pete Bostwick was the hero of the day, leading his Bostwick Field team to a 9 to 6 victory, pounding through six of their goals himself. The last chukker was the great moment of the game. The two teams went out tied 6 to 6, and the crowd went wild as the Bostwick players came through with those three decisive goals.



E. T. Gerry, J. P. Mills, and R. L. Gerry, Jr., riding down the ball on International Field



Billy Post about to make a spectacular backhand shot



Mrs. James Curtis and Mrs. Louis Stoddard



Betty Bacher and Bruce McVitty, Jr., before the game



R. L. Gerry, Jr., of Bostwick Field with Jimmy Mills of Meadow Brook in hot pursuit



Cecil Smith, Bostwick Field, and Billy Post, Meadow Brook, on the boards

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

July 15, 1940

Monday,

Indicative of the tremendous interest in Obedience Test work which has sprung up throughout the country the last few years, are the groups of people who meet regularly to train their dogs under the guidance of an expert. One of the oldest and most important of these groups meets every Monday evening in the summer on the polo field of Mrs. Hartley Dodge's Madison, N. J., estate -- scene of the Morris and Essex show. These meetings are under the able tutelage of John Simson. Dogs are entered in the novice class and as they progress they are promoted into more advanced classes until they are fully trained for competition in the Obedience Test trials which are held in conjunction with many dog shows.



This German shepherd is being trained by his mistress to take the broad jump



An advanced student goes over the high hurdle with a dumbbell



Walking "at heel" beside his trainer is one of the duties that these obedience-trained dogs are taught to perform



They must also "stay put" until called by name; some of these dogs are beginners and still have leashes on to remind them



John Simson jumps over this pupil to show control

Birds in your Covers

by H. WILLIAM MAIER

"SUPPOSE I had a country place, a hundred or two hundred acres or so." I asked the Experienced Game Breeder, "could I stock it with pheasant or quail or Chukar partridge?"

"Sure you could," he said. "And I could sell you the birds to stock it with."

Well, I asked, would it be an expensive thing to do, and would it take an inordinate amount of my time, and would I get enough out of it to justify the expenditure of time and money?

"That depends," he said, "on three or four things."

First, how was I planning to use it? Was it to be a real game preserve, with large parties of sportsmen shooting every weekend? Was I thinking of running field trials? If so, two hundred acres wouldn't support the number of birds I'd need; I should have to release more birds every week during the season.

"No," I said, "all I want is to have some birds in my covers. Birds to run my dogs on, and a little shooting for myself and a few friends during the open season."

That settled that point. Second, what kind of land was it? If I was practising "clean" farming there would be some times of the year, at least, when game birds would be unable to find food and cover, and they would stray. If, on the other hand, my hundred or two hundred acres contained a little of everything, then I had a natural game area.

"A little of everything?" I asked.

Some wooded hillsides, a stream, a bit of swamp, with plenty of skunk cabbage, some land planted to corn and some to grain crops, and some seed-producing shrubs, and lots of thickets and low-growing evergreens.

"Let's suppose," I said, "that I have some of that, but not all."

"At the very least," he replied, "you must have the thickets and the grain crops and the shrubs, and they must be fairly near each other. Are you going to be on the place all the time? Or will you have a man there, and how much time will you or the man be able to give to it?"

"Well—"

"Or," he interrupted, "will you have neighbors interested in shooting, who might be willing to chip in toward the hire of a man? One smart young fellow could patrol a thousand or more acres easily, shooting predators. And he could do a lot of other things, like winter feeding and building shelters."

"Let's say that either I or the caretaker will be there all the time. Neither of us will be able to put the care of the game ahead of everything else, but one or the other of us will usually have some time to give to it."

"That's clear," he said, "and more or less typical, I guess."

Now, one more question: What kind of birds did I want?

"What kind would be best?"

It was largely a matter of taste, though either bobwhite quail or pheasants, would of course, be the best bet.

It might pay, however, to find out how well the two species had done in the neighborhood, and to choose the one that had thriven best. Chukar partridge? They look very promising as birds for American covers, and so do Hungarians, but they're still pretty expensive, and we'll know more about them after another five years of experimenting.

I didn't know which species had done best in the neighborhood.

"All right, we'll let that go for now. Most of the rules will apply equally well to both anyway."

Now we had our problem outlined: one or two hundred acres of potentially good bird cover to be used for more or less casual private shooting. A man on the place all the time who could give only a part of his time to the care of the birds.

Under these circumstances it would be foolish to try to breed or raise my own birds: much easier and surer to buy them from a hatchery.¹ The choice of the hatchery is important. Other things being equal, it would be wise to choose a nearby one, thereby avoiding the risks to the birds of spending several days in shipping crates. But I was to be sure that the hatchery was one of established reputation. Discuss the matter with the hatchery manager, and put in your order for early fall delivery. The birds will be shipped when ten or twelve weeks old.

IT would be a waste of money, the Experienced Game Breeder thought, to try to maintain more than one bird to four acres. Quail, 10 to 12 weeks old, cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00 apiece; pheasants, at the same age, \$1.75 to \$2.00. A maximum of \$50.00, then, for stocking 100 acres, or \$100.00 for 200 acres.

The birds will arrive early in the fall and can be released immediately. Observance of a few rules in releasing them can make a big difference in the success of the stocking. Types of containers in which they are shipped will vary, but any good container will have either a flap or a sliding door through which the birds can be released. If quail come in

crates with no such doors, it would be wise to transfer them to cardboard cartons in one edge of which a flap door, about 2" x 4", has been cut, ten or fewer birds to a carton. A similar arrangement might also be used for pheasants, with a slightly larger door and two or four birds to the carton, or an end of the crate might be loosened so that it can be removed readily in the field. The thing to remember is that the birds should be able to walk out of the box.

The spots where the birds are to be released should be selected ahead of time. Good secluded cover is the primary requirement: thickets that are really thick, covering plenty of area, with two-way exits to help the birds escape their enemies. A good feeding of grain scattered about will entice them to stay nearby.

Carry the carton to the selected cover and face it toward the thicket, with a trail of feed running from the door to the thicket. Open the door and cover it with the hand until the birds have stopped fluttering. Then quietly remove the hand and go away. Do not try to frighten them out by kicking the box. Do not let them fly out if you can prevent it. Do not, above all, pick them out with your hands and throw them into the air. The birds will come out, one by one, cautiously, and either run into the cover or start to feed, which is as it should be.

Even two hundred acres is a pretty small area to expect birds to stay in. Some of them will wander off the land—perhaps 25%, perhaps 50%, depending on how carefully you have prepared the land for them and how much luck you have. Furthermore, you will have to expect a considerable loss from predators: at 10 to 12 weeks they are still young birds, feathered, and capable of finding their own food, but not so adept at escaping enemies as they will be later.

"But—if you were willing to go to some extra trouble, you (Continued on page 52)

¹ To those interested in stocking large areas or in raising game for sale, the following pamphlets are recommended: "Pheasant Breeding Manual," "Quail Breeding Manual," single copies of which may be obtained free from More Game Birds in America, A Foundation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Also "Propagation of Upland Game Birds," Farmers Bulletin No. 1613, Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 106.



Birds arrive early in the fall and can be released at once; about one bird to every four acres is best

COUNTRY LIFE PHOTO



VOR ES FISHER

Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank at the table in her work-room

The Butternuts

WHERE COUNTRY LIFE IS LIVED WITH DUE
REGARD FOR MIND AND SPIRIT

by EMILY KIMBROUGH

ARRIVE at about one o'clock. House, explains Arthur, belongs to great friends of his—charming people—Mrs. F. writes novels—sister won Pulitzer prize with another novel. At this I interject Yes, Yes, I met her the other day—and feel like a dear old friend of the family.

“House, says Arthur all over again—at which I perceive that I must have interrupted him before he'd finished, and suddenly remember that Robert has occasionally complained of this—House belongs to Mr. and Mrs. F. and has been left entirely unaltered since it was first built in 1874, furniture and all. It is, in fact, practically a Museum Piece.”

This is E. M. Delafield's recital in “The Provincial Lady in America” of a Sunday lunch at The Butternuts. The Butternuts is the big, dark brown house at Lake Geneva, Wis., into which Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank moved in 1903, and left exactly as it had been built in 1874 by Mr. Fairbank's father. Miss Delafield's account continues:

“Discover this to be indeed no over-statement, and am enchanted with house, which is completely Victorian, and has fretwood brackets in every available corner, and a great deal of furniture. Am kindly welcomed and taken upstairs to leave my coat and take off my hat. Spend the time instead in looking at gilt clock under glass shade, wool and bead mats, and colored pictures of little girls in pinafores playing with large white kittens. Have to be retrieved by hostess's daughter, who explains that she thought I might have lost my way. I apologize and hope that I'm not late for lunch. This fear turns out to be groundless, as luncheon party—about thirty-five people—assembles by degrees on porch, and drinks cocktails, and nobody sits down to lunch until

three o'clock. . . . Lunch over at about four o'clock—can understand why tea, as a meal, does not exist in the U.S.A.—and we return to the porch.”

It is not surprising that everyone who has been to The Butternuts should recognize it here, because the description is flawless, but it might surprise Miss Delafield to know the number of people who read her book, who had been to this house. The number of people who have not read her book, but have still been there might be less courteous to compute, but equally staggering in figures.

THERE are always people at The Butternuts all summer long. The Fairbank family, which lives in Chicago in the winter, has spent every summer there, except two, since 1903. Lake Geneva is 75 miles from Chicago, but it is not at all remarkable that Miss Delafield should have motored there for lunch, because distinguished visitors to Chicago are always taken to the Fairbank's, either in town in the winter, or to Lake Geneva in the summer. The guest book, to which pages have been added until it is now six inches thick, goes back to early days, and names of the founders of Chicago decorate its pages. Other names—more or less illustrious—together with decorations by artists or cartoonists and

somewhat ribald comment in verse, bring it down to 1940.

A Victorian museum piece, perfect as it is, is not enough, however, to bring as many guests as one summer's guest book entries show. Nor is the reason for their coming made strikingly clear when you ask Mrs. Fairbank what people do at The Butternuts.

“I don't think we do anything,” she says, trying very hard to be helpful. “There is a tennis court, and some of the young ones play, but not very much. There used to be a croquet set, but I don't know whatever became of it. There's swimming of course, but I think most of the time we just talk. Isn't that awful,” she interrupts herself to apologize, “I'm sure I ought to provide more things to do, but we never seem to get around to them. There's always so much talk.”

The reason for the seventy-five mile drive for lunch is there, of course. The entire Fairbank family has genius about people. They love people, famous, insignificant, who are good at talking or being talked to. And the

talk is so good that no one wants to play tennis or croquet, lest he miss something.

Ask Mrs. Fairbank's sister, Margaret Ayer Barnes, that Pulitzer prize winner, toward whom Miss Delafield felt like an old family friend, and she will hurl herself at once into a discussion and analysis of life and conversation at The Butternuts.

“It is very different from most houseparties in the East, and very typical of the Middle West,” she begins, and then she really swings into her stride.

“When I think of houseparties at The Butternuts,” she says, “I think of a pleasant background of leisure and serenity, and of groups of people, often oddly assorted, but always congenial—perhaps congenial because oddly assorted—sitting by night in front of the fire, and by day on those sunny porch steps, and talking endlessly for the love of it, about everything and anything on God's green earth. Laughter does really spring from the mind there—nobody slips on a banana peel, or puts jello in a fellow guest's drawn bath—and perhaps it is because that old house impresses its own atmosphere on the people who gather there.”

They do swim in the lake, she agrees, and there is, by the way, a collection of glorious Victorian bathing suits, which they sometimes

wear but—"and this is the point—they are there because they always *have* been there, like the steel engravings and the golden oak, not because they've been purposely collected."

They do not, however, all of them swim, and that is another mark of the Fairbank feeling for people. Mrs. Fairbank was showing someone a snapshot taken by one of the guests on a previous Sunday morning.

"I'm afraid it's very revealing of me as a hostess," she said, "but there never was a more typical Sunday morning group on this porch. Every single person doing something quite different, and no two people having any communication with each other."

That, of course, was fairly early Sunday morning. Talk would begin later, and that is why lunch would be at three or after.

AT dinner there are apt to be speeches, or poems, and "little Janet" boasts gleefully that it is a fine sight to watch twenty or thirty guests tramping up and down the lawn, porch, and parlor before dinner, "coping with the muse."

"Little Janet," the daughter of the house, approaches the typical Fairbank height, which counts six feet as its mean. She had been studying singing in Germany until recent events brought her home, and when she is at The Butternuts, there is always a great deal of music. Sometimes they play six hand arrangements at the piano, out of an old, family music book. One night when the Chicago Orchestra's conductor Frederick Stock was playing the middle part, he made the bass player transpose half a tone down, and the right hands up, and beamed with pleasure when they all agreed that it was stupendous. "Schtravinski," he said.

All the guests who were there remember for all time the night they carried the little organ from the parlor down to the end of the dock, and Frank St. Leger, the Metropolitan conductor, played most of "Rosenkavalier," and a good deal of Mozart, while Claire Dux, who created the role of Sophie in Berlin, sang it.

But when Mary Garden was there, she was just as apt to sing "The Old Oaken Bucket," because that is a family favorite, and tradition. One night, Bateman Edwards swept the entire houseparty of that week-end into doing Gilbert and Sullivan. At two, they were threatened by the guests who wanted to go to bed, so they swept right on, out of the house, put the organ in the back of one car, the singers in another, and drove round and round the lake; and the pride of that occasion is that Bateman Edwards never missed a note.

A great many authors go to The Butternuts, and furthermore read their own works at each other. "One of the reasons," someone said, "that authors have such a good time there is that they don't feel that they have to be witty. They let their hair down, nobody quotes anyone, and so everyone talks very freely, and everyone is relaxed and laughs a lot."

In Mrs. Fairbank's opinion, however, there is nothing to quote. "Anyone," she says, "who thinks that there is epigrammatic conversation at houseparties, has been to too many Behrman plays." The only kind of conversation which does not go on, is gossip, and that is also the only kind of deliberate planning toward entertainment, which Mrs. Fairbank makes. "I hate cliques and sets," is her principle, "so people are generally all mixed up, so there is never any gossip, than which I think nothing is more boring."

The driveway to the house comes up under a porte-cochere, which is to be expected, and the dining room has a bay window. So have some of the other rooms, but it is essentially Victorian that the dining room should. The house is not "ginger bread," and it is not absurd. It carries itself with great dignity, perhaps because it is so very large that it surmounts the fretwork, or perhaps because it is so well-proportioned, with no pretense to symmetry, that it commands respect and appreciation.

From the porte-cochere entrance, the hall passes a "parlor" on the right, an extra guest room on the left, and widens in the very cen-

ter of the house, to make the meeting place, at the foot of the stairs, and in front of the fireplace, for cocktails before dinner. Beyond the widening, the hall extends between the dining room on the left, and a sitting room on the right.

It is very difficult to keep on the path of the house itself, because so many things happen in it. However, back of the sitting room which is across the hall from the dining room,



At the top are some of the famous Fairbank cat prints; below is Miss Janet Fairbank's bed-room



The lawn ends at the lake; the trees are the delights of every window's outlook

there is another sitting room. It is inaccurate to designate any one of them as a library, because there are a great many books in nearly every room in the house. But the first sitting room is where the women gather after dinner, until the men come in, and the sitting room behind it is where everyone goes for tea, and where Mrs. Fairbank writes. And that combination is quite typical too.

The drawing room is not a drawing room. It is the parlor, its ceiling and its atmosphere, as Mrs. Fairbank says with rapture, "pure, pure Eastlake."

Someone must know how many bedrooms there are upstairs, and where they are, but the knowledge requires a titanic grasp of figures and diagrams. Some of the rooms are grouped in friendly sequence, others open separately from the hall in splendid isolation. Out of them, thirty or so people can descend to dinner, leaving the nursery wing untouched. When such weeks-ends (Continued on page 53)

THE ANCIENT SPORT OF HARNESS RACING FACES NEW CONDITIONS

by EVAN SHIPMAN

GREAT changes are taking place this year within the conservative harness sport that has stubbornly resisted all change since its inception back in the 1830's. The trotters and pacers persisted in heat racing and auction pool betting long after these relics of the 19th century had been discarded by the Thoroughbred turf.

Harness horsemen maintained, and not without reason, that innovations with the runners usually tended toward a commercialization of the sport—that the primary consideration of breeding better horses was too often forgotten in an unseemly haste to make racing attractive to those who had no further concern with horses than the cashing of a two dollar bet. Naturally, there were recriminations on both sides. The Thoroughbred horseman pretended to despise the harness sport as merely a game for farmers, and the men who followed the trotters were quick to retaliate by calling Thoroughbred racing a pretext to attract get-rich-quick gamblers unable to afford their losses. Deeply interested in both branches of the sport, and attempting to maintain an impartial attitude, I still feel that, in general, the trotters had the best of the argument. Too often, the man who sincerely cares for the Thoroughbred horse is apt to point to tracks like Belmont Park or Keeneland, forgetting that these non-profit making organizations are in nowise representative of a sport that has been increasingly eager to absorb profits and increasingly ready to neglect the horsemen who make these profits possible.

But no matter how praiseworthy, the quixotic attempt on the part of the trotting sport to hold aloof from modern methods was inevitably doomed to failure. The old patronage, which was as familiar with the horse as present-day spectators are with the automobile, gave way to a generation that had no practical knowledge of what they were witnessing—cared for it, if at all, as a spectacle, and often deprecated it because, they said, "It takes the horses too long to get off in the first place, and when they do get off, we can't bet on them." Naturally, dyed-in-the-wool harness horsemen resented this attitude. While enough of the old-timers were still alive to support the game, they could afford to scoff at public indifference. I have seen meetings, held at little tracks back in the hills, such as the one at Avon, Conn., that offered as many as four \$10,000 stakes for a week's racing and where the betting in the pool tent—this betting, mind you, was only among the initiated—amounted to over \$50,000 a day.

The public was accommodated by a broken down little stand that would barely seat five hundred people, and that stand was often only half filled. "How," you may ask, "Could such a meeting possibly pay for itself?" The answer is that the meeting was paid for by

the owners of the various entries. Those rich races were sweeps-stakes, and whatever profit the association derived came from the six percent they took from the betting in the pool tent. But times have changed radically since Avon was a spring gathering place for harness horsemen. Many of the old-timers, who so liberally supported the rich stakes, have died; others have had to curtail their activities during the depression years; and still more, in New England at least, have followed the trend toward the runners—by abandoning their stables of stake trotters and pacers to race claiming platers at the new tracks.

Something had to be done, and done fast, if trotting was not to be relegated to the attic. Features of the sport that have been defended against all criticism for years had



THAYER

to be sacrificed if harness racing was to compete on an equal basis with other sports more inclined to cater to modern taste. First to go was the old system of starting the horses. Complaints against the flying start, with the word given at the stand by a starter, have not been limited to outsiders. Those within the sport have long known that when horses in big races are forced to score fifty minutes or an hour before getting away, something is seriously wrong with the system. The trainers and drivers of trotters are not a docile group of men. They never took kindly to authority. They had big reputations and plenty of self-esteem, and since the death of Frank Walker, there have been few Grand Circuit starters able to control them. After experimenting with various types of barrier, the Grand Circuit officials finally decided to adopt the McNamara, and stewards from the different cities giving meetings agreed that this year all races on the circuit should be started from this barrier.

Last August, at the Goshen Good Time meeting, the McNamara barrier was used for the first time, getting all the fields away, except in the Hambletonian. Those in favor of this new method of starting could not have hoped for a better demonstration of the barrier's efficiency. The horses scored fourteen times before they finally got away for the first heat of the Hambletonian. Those fourteen times meant that the field traveled at least two unnecessary miles at close to racing speed, and also the big crowd was kept waiting a good twenty-five minutes before the horses were on their way. In marked contrast, the McNamara barrier got all fields off, without exception, in just fourteen seconds. There was only one disqualification during the entire week and very few ragged starts, even though both horses and drivers were totally green to the new system. Horsemen and public were left to ponder the vast difference between fourteen seconds and fourteen scores. They both got the point.

In operation, the McNamara barrier is extremely simple. One hundred feet above the wire is a rope attached to a pulley arrangement. A series of strings marking the place for each horse to come down dangle from the rope. After a couple of warming up scores, the starter warns the field; the field proceeds in order under the barrier, which is lowered. The horses have sixty feet in which to turn slowly and come down in position while a gramophone record counts to fourteen. The last count is "go" and the barrier springs and the field is off. If any driver beats the start, the field is recalled. Last year at Goshen, the horse beating the barrier was automatically disqualified, but that penalty was felt to be too severe. Modified now, the driver is set down and a new driver chosen by the judges. In this way, neither the horse nor those who have backed him need suffer for a driver's impatience. This is an obvious improvement.

Possibly many of us have been expecting too much of this valuable innovation. It is not a cure-all, and the human element of authority in the stand is still important. When the barrier was used this spring at Ohio and Indiana half-mile tracks, there were many drivers set down for flagrant disregard of the rules. In fact their conduct looked like a concerted attempt to discredit the barrier, but when racing shifted to the Grand Circuit, where penalties are not to be trifled with, conditions changed overnight. At both Indianapolis and Toledo, there were very few complaints against unruly drivers. Hardly a man was set down and the fields got away as well as they had at Goshen last summer. The point seems to be that although the barrier is a valuable mechanical device for speeding the starts, still it cannot be depended on unless there is firm discipline imposed from the (Continued on page 46)



FRESH WATER SAILOR

*The oldest organized yachting in America
is on the Great Lakes*

by J. JULIUS FANTA

SINCE its earliest days, Great Lakes yachting has kept pace with its salt water cousin. Early in the last century, boatmen, as they were called then, utilized the magnificent expanses of the connected inland seas and, with primitive pleasure craft, fostered the love of sailing—individually—long before the days of yacht clubs and organized racing.

Five years before the founding of the New York Yacht Club, the Detroit Boat Club was organized in 1839. It is perhaps the oldest yachting group in America. Sailing, as a privately sponsored sport, started at Toronto in 1832, and 20 years later the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, twice challenger of the America's Cup, was founded as the Toronto Boat Club. Swarms of Chicago's fleet sailed beyond reach of that city's great fire of 1871; and the founding of the Chicago Yacht Club in 1875 was predicated on a gala revival of sailing, and was the outgrowth of "clique" racing. Club fleets grew so rapidly on Lake Ontario that "confederated" club regattas prompted organizing the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, in 1884.

As fresh water yachting flourished in the '80's, it developed against the picturesque background of primitive harbors, sandy shores and forested bluffs still unchanged by sky-scrapers; and week-end cruises brought yachtsmen within the sound of Indian drums, rolling and beating. Undreamed of in those days were the present harbors protected by long breakwaters, which not only provide ideal yacht anchorage facilities but also racing fairways, seldom molested by storms, for small classes.

Great Lakes yachting is not something new and different, but really a counterpart of that in the East. One variation is that the sailing "grounds" lie in the shadow of sky-scrapers, which huddle the lake-fronts of large cities—Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Rochester, Buffalo and the like. Another is that the Great Lakes are a vast drinking fountain from which refreshing water may be scooped up anywhere, except near large cities.

Proverbial is the legend of the eastern crew sailing a salt water schooner up the Great Lakes with depleted butts of drinking water. Unmindful of the surface that floated them, they were plagued with thirst during a calm that prevented making port for two days.

They just weren't in the habit of dipping up a drink overside.

And the Great Lakes have contributed their share to the general development and growth of yachting through yacht designs of their own, as well as progressed by their readiness to adopt new designs as they appear elsewhere.

YACHTING on the Great Lakes is almost as broad in its scope as the sport is from Bar Harbor to Miami; the distance from Chicago to Buffalo is 890 miles by water. The area of the Great Lakes, 94,650 square miles, is what the inland yachtsmen have for a playground. The United States side of the waterway, particularly, is well-studded with cities and ports, large and small, each with one or more yacht clubs.

Their racing schedules are crowded with events that are as important to the inland sailors as those elsewhere are to ocean tars. There is hardly a week-end during the five-month season, from mid-May to mid-October, that does not keep the racing man on his toes and the spectator shielding his eyes from the water and sun glare.

Although the season is now half gone, and the ever-popular Chicago-Mackinac and Port Huron-Mackinac races, too, the remainder of the racing schedule has an equal share of major events. It is to these that the fresh water yachtsmen look forward after the grueling Mackinac races, to taper off the season. So numerous are the forthcoming events that the remaining half of the season's program overshadows the whole. One cannot go into them all, in any length, and a few must suffice to typify the significance of the rest.

Unlike the Mackinac races, whose importance took decades to establish, the Barthel Trophy race has suddenly projected itself into the limelight of the Great Lakes racing schedule. Although this event is just four years old, the nature of its races made it one of the most important on the inland seas.

First of all, the Barthel Cup series is a supreme test of seamanship, crewmanship or yachtsmanship, whichever you prefer. The only contestants are three six-man crews, the cream of the crew crops on Lakes Michigan, Erie and Ontario. Respectively, they represent the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, the Inter-Lake (Continued on page 47)



Great Lakes yachting is not something new and different, but a counterpart of the Atlantic variety

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Dining in the Country

by ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

COUNTRY dining "ain't what it used to be."

Is it because contemporary country dining assumes a gay and casual air, that did not characterize the solemn gorging of our fathers? Or is it that modern American table service, generally, permits greater flexibility?

In either case, rigid formality has gone with the past era and informal formality, so to speak, has taken its place. Perhaps, too, the dining room in the country house lends itself to this type of service far better than a city interior, true to period, which unconsciously yet definitely radiates an atmosphere of formality and restraint.

While this new and accepted way of doing things unquestionably prevails in country dining, the responsibility of serving a temptingly prepared meal, nevertheless, remains as an obligation of the hostess. Delicious food adequately proportioned should not be affected by location, other than to consider its appropriateness to the occasion, and how it applies to the activities of the day.

As an accompaniment to such a meal, the centerpiece really determines whether the mood of the table is to be formal or informal. In this there is an infinite variety, their beauty and distinction being only limited by one's imagination.

The hostess, therefore, should consider the choice of a centerpiece carefully, for even flowers express degrees of formality; if the hostess uses them in a simple table setting, she should select flowers that will harmonize with her linen and china. Petunias from the



Susie Caaper plates are imports from England

garden, for example, are very lovely in a crystal bowl; vari-colored zinnias, ageratum or bluettes mixed with something small and white may be used effectively. Roses have a tendency to be formal.

As the season advances and flowers become a luxury, bittersweet and colorful berries are attractive, or fruit that is particularly desirable for country tables. In any case, low arrangements are best.

As a substitute for flowers, a silver cup that may be a racing, hunter trial, horse show, golf or tennis trophy, makes an appropriate center decoration for the country dinner.

Likewise a silver or beautiful old English china soup tureen is appropriate, if the hostess is fortunate enough to include one among her household treasures, providing the

table is sufficiently long so that the centerpiece is not out of scale.

In setting the table, linens become the first important feature; this is fundamental. For country use, smart, colored linens will prove a practical selection.

Then, too, for the country dinner, gay, flowered block prints, bright-toned solid colors and embroidered hand woven linens may be used appropriately, even after summer has gone. In fact, preferably so, as they bring the color and cheerfulness of the departed garden back into the house.

In buying linen, I would remind the hostess that if her table linens are to give satisfaction they must represent other qualities than low price. Beauty of pattern, material and weave; appropriateness for the occasion on which they are to be used; durability and practicability above all, as to washing, are infinitely more to be considered.

IF the table-cloth is laid over a cotton-felt silence cloth, it will not only keep clean and unmussed longer but will take on a richer texture.

The adequate and correct drop of a cloth around all sides of the table should be 12 inches for a small cloth and 15 inches for a large one. In the matter of runner sets, because the combined measurement of runner and doilies is often too wide for the tabletop, the runner is frequently omitted and, in fact, in some sets is not even included when sold.

The choice between a table-cloth and a runner set should be determined by the formality of the meal. However, a cloth seems to be a more popular selection for dinner when the men of the household appear. Possibly it is because of the larger sized napkin that accompanies it, as the small runner size is an abomination in the eyes of the average man.

For more formal entertaining, the rayon damask cloths are very lovely, especially in peach and ivory. They also provide an attractive background for crystal and china.

White linen damask, which represented the height of good taste in Victorian times and the nineties, is now relegated principally to family holiday dinners, when a more conservative setting is expected.

Whether the dinner is formal or informal, ceremonious or casual, the dinner table should be candle-lighted. The friendly glow of candlelight gives to the setting a glamor to be captured in no other way and is flatteringly becoming.

In the arrangement of the candles on the table, a sense of proportion and balance should be considered, and in height they should "smile" rather than "stare" at us. Incidentally, the combination of electricity and candles should not be attempted in the dining room, as one nullifies the other. Only a bulb or two near the serving pantry door should be used.

White or ivory (Continued on page 53)



A block-printed cloth with rose, blue and white flowers on a cream ground reflects the garden

Still Life of an Idea

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS, we have clung steadfastly to the one idea of making not the *most* whiskey in America, but the *best*.

This simple precept finds its fullest expression in the surpassing excellence of the Four Roses you buy today . . . a whiskey that is not only the finest Four Roses ever bottled, but, in our opinion, the most magnificent whiskey we, or anyone else, ever made.

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THERE is one man they like to talk about, especially, the governing officials of the Tennessee Valley experiment. He is a restored and recovered migrant, anchored now to an improved place in his home state. His name is Auburn L. Robinette. He stems from one of the oldest and most respected families of those parts. The first American Robinette had a grant of 10,000 acres in southwestern Virginia. As time went on and the soil wore thin, the family migrated southwestward. Migrants were called "pioneers" then. Population pressure on the Tennessee upland increased. Farms were forced farther up steeper hills. At the end of the first World War, Auburn Robinette and his family were working a 75-acre hill farm near Wheat, Tenn. They valued the farm and its buildings at around \$5,000, and considered themselves reasonably well-to-do.

Then a combination of thinned soil and starvation prices for farm products drove the Robinettes fiercely. They offered their place for as little as \$2,500, with no takers.

The head of the house took to the road, westward. His wife and children stayed on the place, barely subsisting. The children had to be taken out of school. Robinette made his way to Montana and worked for a relative as a shepherd, sending his wages home. Then everything went to smash out there, too; and he returned to the lean hills of Tennessee. This was in 1934. The TVA program was just starting then.

Government men helped him to redesign his farm for safer culture, and especially to invigorate his grassland with phosphate and lime. They guided and helped him over from crop farming to livestock farming, mainly sheep. The children are back in school now, the house is improved, and this family of eleven is said by the officials at Knoxville to value their farm at around \$9,000 today.

This, I suppose, is a success story. But surely it is no story of cheap success. The way still is hard. Those hills and fields are as steep as ever.

UP FROM THE DIMPLE

The natives of middle Tennessee like their part of the country. "The Dimple of the Universe," they call it; and its lowlands make, indeed, a pleasant land to see in early summer. Through miles of gently lifting fields a vibrant green, your car follows improved roads in broad valleys. So also in the Valley of Kentucky, and in parts of its continuing valley of southern Ohio. It is heartening to turn from one-crop country and see so much good land well-tended under rotated mats of close-grown crops and sod. But even here things are generally better in the valleys than they are up in the hills.

A MIGRANT ANCHORED; GOOD LAND AND A HUMAN PROBLEM

The two farms that Charles Allen Smart takes care of, and describes so brilliantly in his book, "R.F.D.," are both on the better soil of Ross County, Ohio. The richer and larger farm is beautiful bottomland embraced by a loop of the slow-flowing Scioto River.

Smart's home farm, "Oak Hill" is a 60-acre plateau just out from Chillicothe, a beautiful old house built by a grandfather stands amid old groves and blue-grass meadows. The blue grass he has reclaimed from sedge by frequent clipping, liming and occasional applications of phosphate, in the past five years. He grazes sixty head of Shropshire sheep. So far, this has not overloaded his pasturage; but he expects to lighten the load as summer gets hotter and dryer.

Now, a young writing fellow who comes out of the East wearing a full beard, goes to farming, and then gets out a book about his neighbors with comment that is pretty sharp in places, might not, I surmised, be universally liked in so settled and supposedly contented a spot as Ross County, Ohio. But in this I was wrong. They like him there, and they like his wife. He has shaved off his whiskers. "They were hot," he says. And Mr. and Mrs. Smart of Route 1, have distinctly struck down roots into the common life of Ross County, Ohio.

The richer lowland farmers of Ross County are probably as firmly established in good homes on re-

warding soil as actual, resident farmers anywhere in our land. But they are far from complacent about the insecure situation of poorer farmers on rougher, submarginal land.

SURPLUS CHILDREN

Fewer city jobs are now available to draw off their surplus young. Rubber-tired tractors are pushing human young stock out of work, there on the farms. A great many farm youngsters, on rich land and lean, this nation over, are coming of age to face the fact, or the feeling, that this country has nothing for them to do. The established farmers of Ross County, Ohio, are sharply aware of this.

The Allen Smarts took me to a night meeting of a County Planning Council in the office of the County Agricultural Agent, in Chillicothe. It was a new sort of town meeting, hastily assembled to discuss new questions and do something. About ten of those present were government field workers in agriculture, vocational education, visiting nursing, or outright relief. The other twenty were resident working farmers and their wives.

Only one or two were country gentlemen, but all were well-to-do people, as farmers go. And all their talk was of how to make farming pay better on those poorer, smaller places up the notches, high in the hills. This local council had been

working on a survey of poor farm families in Ross County, families now requiring public assistance. Without naming names, the County Agent wrote the main facts about actual cases on a blackboard. This one was typical:

"Family Y farms 175 acres; has been there since 1929. The man is 45. His wife is 45. Three children, all girls; aged 12-14-16. One wants to stay. The other two want jobs but cannot find them.

"Of the 175 acres, 40 are possible cropland. Corn on this land makes only around 25 bushels to the acre. There are 40 acres of pasture. The rest is second-growth timber. Garden, poor. Buildings, poor. Stock, poor. On W.P.A."

With such data starkly presented, the meeting turned to the announced topic: Opportunities for Rural Youth. The President of the County Farm Bureau led the talk. "Well, here they are," he said. "Up against it."

"They're just as good stock as we are, most of them. But because of their situation, or for some reason or other, their families haven't been able to make things go there. They're stuck. What are we going to do about it?" the chairman asked.

The talk hammered around, hither and yon. But most of it was far more direct than talk I've heard among Washington, D. C., planners. I had to leave before the meeting ended and drive east. But they had it settled by the time I left to keep on getting the facts on this "youth situation"—"the unemployed farm young" of "the age group, 18 years to 27," there in Ross County.

They have started their survey. And the smartest thing about it is this: their council is having the survey made by the restless youngsters, aged 18 to 27, themselves. "They're getting around and meeting each other. They see a chance to work at something. It's getting them right out of their shells!" the farmer-chairman said.

It was a Saturday night. I walked to my hotel and car under the bright electric and neon signs of Chillicothe's main street or midway around 11 p. m. The street was aswarm with fine-looking country youngsters, in clean, cheap summer clothes, knocking around to kill a Saturday evening, strutting, kidding, looking for something to do.

An open-air attraction drove into Chillicothe that evening: a big olive-brown Army truck with a loud-speaker, and three trig sergeants with arm-bands marked "Recruiting." The young men milled around, keeping quite a ways off, in the main, and hollered remarks at the soldiers, and performed what they considered the military salute, to enchant the girls. The girls giggled and egged them on.

I wonder if that is the answer.



This is the re-anchored migrant; they like to talk about him in the Tennessee Valley



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THE unusual structures at Jonacre Farm near Dundee, Illinois pictured above, represent what is probably the greatest forward step ever taken in the housing of farm animals together with storage for forage and grain feeds.

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containers which are set apart from the stables. Grain feed finds a place within the containers.

There are now several hundred large and small plants of this type scattered across the nation. Many instances have been reported of destructive fires averted; of improvement in the quality of feed; of savings in time and labor, and universal satisfaction in the helpfulness of Jamesway planning counsel.

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EACH YEAR, The South of bygone days that made history and romance comes back to life for two thrilling weeks at White Sulphur Springs! Then, belles in crinoline magically reappear—gayety rules around the clock...dances, teas, music festivals and other get-togethers too numerous to mention. Features of the 1940 "Old White" and "Lee" weeks (August 18 to 31) will be a special showing of the epic movie, "Gone With The Wind," and a glamorous "Scarlet Ball"...Costumes aside, all during that time it will be like a family house-party—typical of the summer life at The Greenbrier—and you are invited. Low summer rates are in effect—so why not come now and stay through the month? Write for information.

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The Sp

HOW TO KNOW YOUR TWEEDS

WHY should tweed be the only material for country wear that pleases all women, even such opposites as the gentle creature afraid to say boo to a goose and her more stalwart sister who does say boo to the whole farmyard with devastating effect?

There must be many answers. Long wear and warmth are the most obvious, but these alone do not explain such all-inclusive popularity.

That no woman likes to see a twin of the dress, suit or coat adorning her own person on another woman, and that certain ladies under such a calamity go entirely to pieces, is a true statement of unfortunate fact. Tweeds are the one exception to this rule.

By tweeds is meant the hand woven, hand dyed wools from the Scottish Isles, which is the only material of which I know that possesses the peculiar qualities of the chameleon.

Take a bolt of the lovely Shetland tweed, combining in color brown, tan and white, fashion from it two suits, one for golden headed Miss Dimples and one for leather faced Mrs. Buttress, and instantly the great change takes place. Miss Dimples's tweed acquires golden tints, also a warmth in the brown from the rosy cheeks of its wearer, while Mrs. Buttress's tweed is sombered by the general colorlessness of the aforesaid Mrs. Buttress. So those two suits of identical tweed retain only a faint family resemblance and Mrs. Buttress and Miss Dimples are happily unaware that they are dressed alike.

The hand dyed and hand woven tweeds come almost entirely from such islands as the Shetlands, the Orkneys, the Outer Hebrides, the Aran Islands off the coast of Ireland, and the Manx tweeds from the Isle of Man.

The actual quantity produced by these islanders is naturally limited and because of this, plus the quality of the wool and the originality of the designs and colors, these islands tweeds have always had the greatest appeal to women of *chic*.

The next group of tweeds comes from Scotland itself, where in one or another of the many small woolens mills, the same kind of individual, creative work is performed as in the cottages of the islanders. The quality of these tweeds is high though, as is to be expected, the colors and designs are more standardized.

The third and last group are the imitation Scottish tweeds manufactured in great quantities in the large English woolen mills. The goods for these are often made out of re-worked wool, short staple wools, or even shoddy, yet they are extraor-

dinarily good copies of the Scottish weaves and color effects.

No woman, no matter how little she knows about tweeds, can mistake the English imitations for the lovely island tweeds unless she has lost her sense of touch.

Before listing a few of the retail houses where you can buy tweeds with perfect confidence, how Scotland came to be the leader in this specialized industry is sufficiently interesting to be noted.

Scotland, not being a fertile country, its male population, from the Dark Ages to the second half of the 18th century, lived by fighting, with sheep herding a popular diversion. The women of Scotland perforce saw little of their men and too much of the sheep, and as the art of weaving had been known since the days of the Druids and as few women have ever looked their best in animal skins, these lonely creatures denuded the sheep of their wool, spun it, dyed it and weaved it into clothing for themselves and their families.

THEN, late in the 18th century, the union with England went into effect, fighting ceased to be a means of livelihood, and suddenly there were more shepherds than sheep and only the sheep had enough to eat.

A well intentioned Government deported the shepherds by the thousands to the colonies and replaced them with deer and game. Then, in this setting, arose the great Highland estates and the fashion for these was assured when Queen Victoria purchased Balmoral. It soon became the custom of the owners and staff of these estates to be clothed in the costume of their forest, the hand woven tweed worn by the Scotsmen found living in each particular district.

As the popularity for these special tweeds spread, small local mills developed a more than local trade and, as the years have passed, the demand for these fine Scottish woolens has grown and the number of mills also.

Americans will be comforted to learn that in recent years notable progress in the manufacture of tweeds has been made by American mills and that the products of the Julius Forstmann Corporation compare very favorably in quality, color and design with Scotland's best.

Shou'd anyone long to know more about tweeds, and behold with her own eyes and feel with her own digits every conceivable quality and design, I suggest a visit to the fine old wholesale importing house of Folkard and Lawrence at 51 Madison Avenue, New York.

If purchase and not education is intended, listed below are a few of many reputable retail shops in Amer-

ica where women can buy tweeds with absolute confidence.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave. & 45th St.
 Bergdorf & Goodman Co., 5th Ave. & 58th St.
 Best & Company, 372 5th Ave.
 Bonwit Teller, Inc., 58th St. & 5th Ave.
 Lord & Taylor, 5th Ave. & 38th St.
 James McCutcheon & Co., 609 5th Ave.
 H. Milgrim & Bros., Inc., 6 W. 57th St.
 Saks Fifth Avenue, 5th Ave. & 50th St.
 British Tweeds, Inc., 727 Madison Ave.
 Tweed Shop, Inc., 528 Madison Ave.
 A. De Pinna & Co., 650 5th Ave.
 Mary Lewis Fashions, 647 5th Ave.
 Peck & Peck, 5th Ave.
 Jay Thorpe, Inc., 24 W. 57th St.
 Knox the Hatter, 440 5th Ave.
 Stein & Blaine, Inc., 13 W. 57th St.
 Henri Bendel, Inc., 10 W. 57th St.
 Hattie Carnegie, Inc., 42 E. 49th St.

BOSTON, MASS.

Wm. Filene's Sons Co., 426 Washington St.
 Jordan Marsh Company, 450 Washington St.
 R. H. Stearns Company, 140 Tremont St.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Flint & Kent, 554 Main St.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Dey Bros. & Co., Inc., 401 S. Salina St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

McCurdy & Company, Inc., 285 Main St.
 Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., 250 Main St.

DETROIT, MICH.

The J. L. Hudson Company, 1206 Woodward Ave.

CINCINNATI, O.

The Mabley & Carew Co., Carew Tower
 The H. & S. Pogue Co., 4th & Race Sts.

CLEVELAND, O.

The Halle Bros. Co., 1228 Euclid Ave.
 The Higbee Company, Public Square

The May Company, Euclid, Ontario & Prospect Aves.
 The Wm. Taylor Son & Co., 630 Euclid Ave.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mrs. Franklin, Inc., 260 S. 17th St.
 Strawbridge & Clothier, Market & 8th Sts.
 John Wanamaker, Inc., Market & 13th St.
 B. F. Dewces, 1122 Chestnut St.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The Dayton Company, 7th St. & Nicollet Ave.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Boggs & Buhl, Inc., 501 Federal St.
 Joseph Horne Company, Box 55, Stanwix & Penn Aves.

HARTFORD, CONN.

G. Fox & Company, 960 Main St.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Woodward & Lothrop, 10th & 11th, F & G, N.W.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Marshall Field & Co., 121 N. State St.
 Chas. A. Stevens & Bros., Inc., 17 N. State St.
 Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., S. State St.

MIAMI, FLA.

Burdine's, Inc., 22 E. Flagler St.

DALLAS, TEX.

Neiman-Marcus Company, Main & Ervay Sts.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Frederick & Nelson, Inc., 5th Ave. & Pine St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

I. Magnin & Company, Grant Ave. & Geary St.
 O'Connor, Moffatt & Company, Stockton & O'Farrell Sts.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Bullocks-Wilshire, Wilshire Blvd.
 BETTY BABCOCK

BETTY BABCOCK

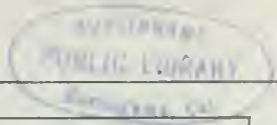
In September she turns to country doings

The Honorary Hunt Secretary of the Meadow Brook Hounds and ex M.F.H. of the Monmouth County Hounds has four daughters, an unquenchable vitality and an interest in nearly everything, with children and hunting leading in that order. Among other things, she is President, Board of Education of the Woodbury, L. I. Grade Schools; Trustee, Woodbury Methodist Church; Director, Brearley School, N. Y.; ex-Chairman, Schools Committee, Child Study Association of America; ex-Governor, the Colony Club; illustrator, Harry T. Peters, "Just Hunting"; contributor, hunting articles to "Polo"; "Horse and Horseman" and COUNTRY LIFE since 1930.

In addition to writing these ar-



ticles, Mrs. Babcock also edits "The Young Sportsman" page of this magazine, and is sporting mentor to the youthful enthusiasts who seek her advice.



Old English Silver

In the long and honorable tradition of the English Silversmith's art, one of the most notable periods is the George III (1760-1819). The Silver Dish and Cover illustrated are excellent examples of the beauty and quality so typical of that era. They were made in London in the year 1767

by Thomas Hemming.

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Old English Silver and Modern Reproductions

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WHEN the publisher of this magazine suggested to me some fourteen months ago that I conduct for him a department to be called "Cellar and Pantry" I accepted with alacrity. The task of making monthly comment on the gastronomic aspects of country life was one that had definite appeal for me. I was born in the country and although the active part of my business life was and is passed in the city I live on a farm by preference. I leave it reluctantly most mornings of the week and return to it in the evening for the rest and restoration and reassurance that dwell in country lanes.

It is only on a farm that the book of good living can be studied to its fullest extent, studied in field and garden, in barn, dairy and sheep-fold, in still-room and pantry. There the gifts of nature are at hand as the swiftly turning cycle of the year brings them to us. How well and how wisely we deal with them is a measure of our capacity and our intelligence.

The American countryside has its own cuisine, which from humble beginnings has slowly developed until today, in its highest expression, it perhaps equals any table set on earth. It has been the purpose of this department to borrow for the benefit of that table suggestions and recipes from the daily working experience of the *chefs* of the great hotels and restaurants of New York—Lugot of the Waldorf, Diat of the Ritz, Henry of "21", Theophile of the Sherry Netherlands, Edmond Berger of the Colony, to name only a few of the real masters. A curry sauce from one, a new wrinkle on a lamb stew from another, a crab salad from a third all lend variety and interest to a country menu. So here for your approval is a little piece of mischief about a summer chicken dish from Kurt Hoppe, acting *chef de cuisine*, Hotel St. Regis.

SUPREME DE VOLAILLE ST. REGIS

Remove the two half breasts from a medium sized poached chicken. Trim them carefully into half-hearts. Also cut two slices of Virginia ham into the same half-heart shapes. Cover the pieces of ham with a thin layer of dissolved aspic, and place the pieces of chicken on top of them securely.

Cover all with a light well seasoned cream sauce, into which is mixed a small amount of gelatine. Let rest in a cool place for a short time. Cover again with cream sauce, and place in icebox for at least thirty minutes.

Place small design made of circles of hard boiled egg whites, each containing a cooked button mushroom cap, and slices of ripe olives on each portion of chicken.

Cover each portion with melted aspic, twice, allowing it to settle each time, in icebox for few minutes. Then

SUMMER DELECTATIONS

place the prepared pieces on a platter intended for serving. Use a yellow leaf of lettuce underneath and small bouquets of green asparagus tips garnished with pimento. Serve in the center of a ring of diced aspic.

RUM IN AUGUST

The ancient Hindu name for sugar-cane was Sakkara. The Latins called it Saccharum. If we take the last three letters of this latter word we get rum and that, ladies and gentleman, is a very pleasant thing to have for a long, cooling drink on a hot August afternoon.

Sugar-cane originated in southern Asia, spread to most of the hotter countries of the earth and by 1520 plantations of it were flourishing in the West Indies. In these islands it found ideal soil and climate and ultimately the human capacities and genius that brought to perfection its distillation into the various types of rum that help to grace our lives today.

That galaxy of islands and isles and coasts that stream through the western Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea brings us a range of rums as varied and as interesting as the solar spectrum. They all stem from sugar-cane. They all have certain characteristics in common. They all have, however, individual qualities of color and consistency and strength and flavor and aroma that distinguish them from their neigh-

bors. They are all worth study if you have the time, the interest and the capacity. No discriminating palate could ever mistake a Bacardi from Cuba for a Planters' Punch from Jamaica. They are both good but of entirely differing characteristics. No one of taste could ever confuse the heady brilliance of Siegert's Bouquet from Trinidad with Government House, the New Deal rum from the Virgin Islands.

The British colonies in the West Indian archipelago are by far the most numerous and by similar token the British rums are the most pervasive. Britain's sailors are raised on rum. It is the pap that they get from their nursing bottles. Perhaps today this is an encouraging and heartening factor. There is nothing *ersatz* about a bottle of rum.

Grog is a mixture of rum and water and if properly made is an equal portion of each. It got its name from a pair of pants made of program, a coarse cloth woven of wool, mohair and silk, worn by Admiral Sir Edward Vernon of the British navy. On account of his trousers the sailors called him "Old Grog." Sometime in the year 1740 the Admiral retired with his fleet and with a certain amount of petulance, to Jamaica, from an unproductive attack on the city of Cartagena, in Colombia. As a restorative for dampened soul and spirit he ordered for each sailor a portion of native Jamaican rum and water. It proved to be a popular gesture. The tars

showed their appreciation by dubbing the drink "grog." After 200 years grog still goes on. The British fleet-still goes on. May it live forever!

American rums have been famous for flavor and potency since clipper ships with gleaming sails plied the seven seas. The rums of Medford and Philadelphia and New Orleans had particular and pleasant significance to our grandsires.

I am going to list some of the leading rums, their source, their producers and their importers. I am indebted to the index of "Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits and Beers," an encyclopaedic work on drinks and drinking by Harold Grossman. I was fortunate to see this book in manuscript form. It is probably in print by this time and should be in the library of every serious student of these interesting subjects.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

Barbados

- Goddard, J. N. & Sons
(Goddard)
- Alliance Distributors, N. Y.
- Lightbourn, J. E. & Co.
(Lightbourn's)
- "21" Brands Inc., N. Y.
- Mount Gay Distilleries
(Eclipse)
- Saccone, Speed & Jenney Inc.,
N. Y.
- Parravincino, V.
(Punch & Judy)
- R. C. Williams & Co., N. Y.
- Stansfeld, Scott & Co.
(Cockade)
- Bellows & Co. Inc., N. Y.

Demerara

- Booker Bros., McConnell & Co.
(Booker's)
- West Shore Wine & Liquor
Co., N. Y.
- Hedges & Butler
(Hedges & Butler)
- House of McAteer, N. Y.
- Lemon Hart & Son
(Lemon Hart)
- Julius Wile Sons & Co., N. Y.
- Portal, Dingwall & Norris
(Bellows)
- Bellows & Co. Inc., N. Y.

Jamaica

- Berry Bros.
(Berry's)
- Alliance Distributors, N. Y.
- Charley, Edwin
(Charley's Royal Reserve)
- "21" Brands Inc., N. Y.
- Burke, E. & J. Ltd.
(Burke's)
- E. & J. Burke Ltd., N. Y.
- Finzi, Daniel & Co.
(Finzi)
- Park Benziger & Co., N. Y.
- Grange Hill Estates
(Grange Hill)
- Kraus Bros. & Co., N. Y.
- Hedges & Butler
(Hedges & Butler)



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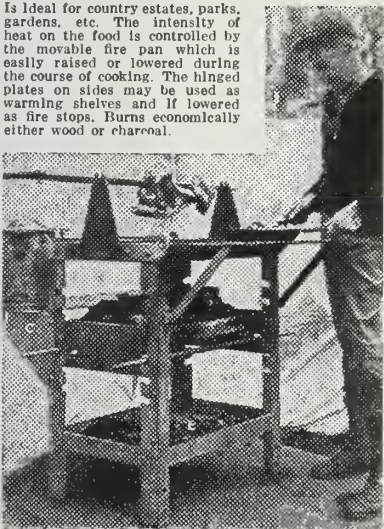
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Portal, Dingwall & Norris
(Bellows)
Bellows & Co. Inc., N. Y.
White, Henry & Co.
(Ned Heart)
National Distillers Prod., N. Y.
Wray, J. & Nephew
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Collado, Ramon del
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MARTINIQUE (French)

Bardinet, Les Fils de P.
(Negrita)
Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.
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Rhums
(St. Martin)
Kraus Bros & Co., N. Y.
Marie Brizard & Roger
(Charleston)
Park & Tilford Import, N. Y.
Foucauld & Co.
(Port Anna)
Equitable Trading Co., N. Y.
Lambert, Ernest & Cie
(St. James)
Dean Liquor Distributors,
N. Y.

PUERTO RICO

Bacardi Corp. of America
(Bacardi)
Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.
Barcelo Marques & Co.
(Riondo)
West Shore Wine & Liq., N. Y.
Brugal & Co.
(Brugal)
Park & Tilford Import, N. Y.
Carioca, Compania Ron Distileria
(Carioca)
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, N. Y.
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Canada Dry Ginger Ale, N. Y.
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(Martin)
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National Liquor Co. Inc.
(Ron Rey)
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Nieves & Cia
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Meyer & Lange, N. Y.
Puerto Rico Distilling Co.
(Ronrico)
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Serralles, Distileria, Inc.
(Don "Q")
National Distillers, N. Y.
UNITED STATES
American Distilling Co.
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Caldwell, A. & G. J., Inc.
(Caldwell's)
Newburyport, Mass.
Felton & Son Inc.
(New England)
Boston, Mass.
New England Distilling Co. Inc.
(Mayflower)

Wakefield, Mass.
Siboney Distilling Corp.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Virgin Islands

Riise, A. H.
(Old St. Croix)
Henry Kelly & Sons Inc.,
N. Y.
St. Croix Sugar Cane Industries
(Cruzan)
St. Croix Sugar Cane Industries
Sales Corp., Chicago,
Illinois
Virgin Islands Co.
(Government House)
W. A. Taylor & Co.

Miscellaneous

Carbayllo, Cio Agricola, Peru
(Cartavio)
Browne Vintners Co., N. Y.
Caricuao, Licoreria, Venezuela
(Matos)
Strohmeier & Arpe, N. Y.
La Tanguay Distillery, Philippine
Is.
(Tanguay)
Austin Nichols & Co., N. Y.
La Tondena, Inc., Philippine Is.
(La Tondena)
Equitable Trading Co., N. Y.
Sarthe Distillery, Haiti
(Sarthe)
R. C. Williams & Co., N. Y.

Just in case you are not familiar with some of the more pleasant summer uses of rum I will tell you about a few dog-days *divertissements* that may contribute to your delectation or your downfall as your discretion may direct:

RUM COLLINS

The juice of half a lemon
1 teaspoonful of sugar
1 jigger of rum

Shake well with ice, strain into a Collins glass with three lumps of ice, fill glass with Club Soda, stir well.

WEST INDIAN FIZZ

The juice of half a lemon
1 teaspoonful of sugar
1 jigger of rum

Shake with cracked ice, strain into fizz glass, fill with soda.

RUM RICKEY

The juice of half a lime
1 jigger of Cuban rum
1 small bottle of Club Soda.



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Serve in a highball glass with two lumps of ice.

GREENTREE COOLER

The following is a long summer drink concocted by a famous bartender several years ago, especially for the Green Tree Fair held this year at the estate of Mrs. Payne Whitney.

Juice of half a lemon
Juice of half an orange
1 bar spoon of sugar
1 jigger of white or silver Cuban rum
A few sprigs of mint
Crushed ice

All of this is shaken vigorously in a shaker, poured into tall glasses and served immediately.

RUM SWIZZLE

Use large mixing glass.

½ wineglass rum
3 or 4 generous dashes of Angostura Bitters
½ to 1 teaspoonful of syrup, as preferred

Pour these into a tall mixing glass, add an equal quantity of cold water or cracked ice and, with a swizzle-stick, swizzle to a froth. Serve in a cocktail glass or small tumbler. If ice is used, add also a little water. In this way the foam is created more quickly and is more lasting.

PLANTERS' PUNCH

Juice of 1 lime or ½ a lemon
1 teaspoonful fine granulated sugar
1½ oz. Jamaica rum

Squeeze lime or lemon into mixing glass; add sugar, rum and scoopful of shaved ice. Shake vigorously, then pour without straining into a 10 oz. goblet or collins glass. Fill with carbonated water, stir slightly and serve with straws.

CUBA LIBRE

Squeeze the juice of ½ lime in a 10 oz. collins glass and drop in lime shell. Add 3 cubes of ice, 1½ oz. of White rum and fill glass with Coca-Cola. (As I have just returned from an excellent luncheon given by Walter Mack, President of the Pepsi-Cola Co., I might be pardoned for suggesting that Pepsi-Cola is most satisfactory in a Cuba Libre.) Serve with a stir rod. (5 hearty dashes of Angostura Bitters are sometimes added to this popular drink.)

HOW NOT TO BUILD A DAM

(Continued from page 18)

was finished and holding water, when we'd ask him out for a swim some hot day.

Three times I made repairs, and three times the water rose almost to the spillway before she went out. Then I decided that I had made the box too narrow, and the remedy would be to build wings running from the spillway to the banks, and fill in between them and the original dam. Before I could complete the wings, however, it was past the middle of September, 1938, and the rains descended and the floods came. Came, also, the hurricane, and the project, perforce, had

to be abandoned. The framework, however, still stands, testimony that I did part of my work well. But a great section of one bank has gone downriver, and the eventual labor of completing the job has been increased ten fold, which is a perfectly horrid thing to contemplate. And all this just because I would not listen to my wife's advice at the beginning. Women are wonderful creatures, and their vaunted intuition can work in devious ways, even unto the construction of a dam.

I have since learned that even had I completed the wings, my dam could not have held. Water is a mysterious force, and its circumvention can result from neither a simple nor a brutal assault upon it. You need craft, and guile!

I broke down, finally, and consulted our friend the engineer. He listened to me with patience and amusement, and consoled me somewhat by telling me that a great dam, somewhere out west, had gone out for precisely the same reason mine had failed. Then he gave me some extremely valuable information about dams in general, and I pass it along to you in the hope that it may be of use to you should you contemplate building one.

There are, roughly, two practical ways of building a small earth dam. One of them is to dump in fill until you have built a barrier across the stream which will be at least six times as wide as it is high. In other words, if you want a seven-foot head of water, as I did, your dam will have to be forty-two feet thick, and that's an awful lot of thickness. In my case, it would have taken up almost half my pool.

The other method is to proceed about as I did, but with the addition of one essential feature. That feature is something called a filter blanket, and is built on the downstream side of the dam. This sounded silly to me, until our friend explained what we didn't know about currents and water pressures.

What I hadn't realized is that the action of water against a dam is something far more complicated than a simple push. It is, rather, more like a series of small borings. These borings will seek out the weak places in your dam, and nibble away at them like termites. Eventually, they will break through, carrying the material of the dam with them: a moist place will appear on the outside of the dam, then a dribble, and presto—*le deluge!* If your dam is thick enough, and of the right material, the nibbles will get tired, lose their energy, and give up before they get through. But if your dam is narrow, you have to circumvent this nibbling with a filter blanket.

A filter blanket is simply another dam built up on the down-stream side of your regular one. Instead of being constructed of wood frames with earth fill between them, it is constructed of layers of sand and rock. You start with medium sand, then coarse sand, then gravel, and finally, rock. (An old stone wall is good for this.)

The function of the filter blanket

is, briefly, to let the water through (some of it) and keep the earth in. No dam of this kind can be expected to be absolutely water tight; there will be some seepage, but it will cause no harm if it does not carry particles of fill along with it. Water working through material has energy, and, in the case of a narrow dam, this energy is not dissipated before it gets through. Consequently, it will move earth particles along with it. But then it hits the coarser material of the filter blanket. Here, the weight of the coarse material prevents the earth particles from tagging along with the little, boring streams of water; the progress of the streams themselves is blocked, they lose energy, and thus become harmless seepage.

As for dimensions, the filter blanket should be about twice the thickness of the dam proper. My friend told me that a five-foot blanket would probably have been sufficient for my particular dam, but six feet would have been safer, and a necessity if I had wanted a ten, instead of a seven, foot head of water.

Other things being equal, this type of earth dam is probably the cheapest and best you can build. If, however, your stream has a good solid rock bottom, concrete would be your best bet. The ratio of the dam's thickness to the head of water desired should be not less than eighty percent; if, for example, you plan on a ten-foot head of water, you'd need a dam eight feet through at the bottom. And something of utmost importance here—be very sure that the concrete is really sealed to the rock at the bottom, that it is made monolithic with the rock. If you don't, she'll go out through the bottom. You'd better consult expert opinion before going ahead with any ambitious concrete projects.

Let's assume, then, that you've selected the site for your dam, have made arrangements for the materials and labor, and are about to take a deep breath and become an amateur engineer. Well, wait a minute. You'd better investigate the laws of your state which pertain to riparian rights. Write to your Fish and Game Commissioner, and he'll either give you the dope himself, or put you onto the proper authorities. Indeed, I am constantly surprised and pleased with the cooperative spirit and efficiency of most of the federal, state, and local agencies with which I have come into contact. Too few of us, I think, make use of the really excellent services which our various governments provide.

In general, the laws are reasonable, and I doubt if you will run into any trouble, provided your project is not too ambitious. By securing the proper permits you can almost certainly enjoy your private trout fishing at almost any time of the year.

So I haven't discouraged you, and you still want to build a dam? All right, go ahead, and good luck to you. Ask me down for a week-end, will you—*anytime after the dam is finished!*

FOR almost seventy years the National Rifle Association has been engaged upon an enterprise of vital importance to the United States of America—that of promoting instruction and training for civilians in the use of small arms, particularly the rifle and the pistol. This is a service of the greatest benefit to a nation that has never looked with favor upon the maintenance of a powerful standing army or a system of compulsory peace-time training. Thanks to the National Rifle Association we now have thousands of civilians in this country who know how to shoot and who are capable of teaching others to shoot. Perhaps we shall need their help sooner than we have been led to expect. In two tragic weeks our conception of national security has changed. Complacency has given way to awareness of potential danger. Certainly this is not the time to stir up baseless suspicions against the National Rifle Association and to charge it with disloyalty and Fifth Column activities, as has recently been done.

The attack upon the National Rifle Association appears to be based on the circumstance that a few service rifles and pistols have been found in the possession of *bund* crackwits. These arms had been sold by the U. S. Government under authorization of Section 113 of the National Defense Act to supposedly responsible citizens. That a few Government arms got into wrong hands should not lead anyone to overlook the more important fact that rifles and pistols of military type are now in the hands of thousands of loyal, patriotic Americans, thanks to Section 113, and ready for use in training other citizens and for the suppression of subversive activities if necessary. We know well enough that there is a loathsome, verminous element in our population, and we must expect to find here and there a slimy representative of it who has escaped the environs of the lavatory to mingle with decent folk. No great organization but has a few of these creatures, and it is ridiculous to assume that our armed forces, of which the National Rifle Association is potentially a part, are free of them, but anyone who uses an incident of this sort in an attempt to justify treasonable charges against the National Rifle Association is showing symptoms of a wild-eyed hysteria that must be curbed if we are to come out of this mess with the English language still the common language.

I have not always found myself in complete agreement with the staff of the National Rifle Association on minor points of methods, means, and training policies, but this I do know, there are no traitors or luke-warm patriots among these men who, in times of peace, have labored quietly and persistently to help pre-

RIFLEMEN; TRANSPLANTED GAME; SKEET CHAMPIONSHIP

pare us against the hour of our dreadful trial.

As a matter of fact, I would as soon have a *bund* member shooting at me with one of our service rifles as with one of the thousands of fine rifles produced by one arms company, and available to anyone who has the money to pay for them.

IMPORTED BIRDS

At one time or another almost every species and variety of exotic game bird has been brought to America for introduction, in the hope

ings have been lost for no other reason than that their sponsors didn't know how to handle the birds, and frequently put them down in the wrong places. The three birds that seem most likely to make a go of it in this country are the ring-necked pheasant, the Hungarian partridge, and the chukar partridge, and of these the pheasant exhibits the greatest adaptability and range. The two partridges appear to do well only in comparatively limited regions, although these may be extended as a result of research.

Sportsmen generally are enthusias-

cratic *fontinalis* is unable to tolerate taints and temperatures which are no embarrassment at all to less fastidious brown and rainbow trout, and these may often be introduced with reason and propriety.

The people coming to us from the southern European regions are notorious bird killers, as a rule, and until they have been reached by education or the law, constitute a menace to wildlife of no mean proportions. In order to reduce the slaughter of native game, plantings of pheasant are very efficacious, as I have found. To persons of this gentry, whether of native or European origin, the poundage of a bird determines its relative value, overshadowing all else. Not one of them will waste time and powder on a 6-ounce woodcock if there are any pheasant in the neighborhood. A half dozen two-dollar pheasants judiciously planted in an otherwise barren swale will hold the attention of a squad of Nihilists for weeks and keep them from doing mischief.

LORDSHIP

The 12th Annual Skeet Tournament held on Remington's famous Lordship Field in June, brought together the greatest assemblage of shooters in the history of this lively sport. I suppose there were a few gunners present who shot scores of 90 or even less than that, but there couldn't have been very many of them who shot no better than my best.

The Hilltop Team of Holliston, Mass., set an all-time record of 494 x 500, winning the team championship over the West Orange, N. J., squad, which came out with 487.

The National Telegraphic championship was won by that hard shooting squad, the Gilmore Red Lions of Santa Monica, Calif.

Robert Canfield, of Locust Valley, L. I., won the Great Eastern Championship with 100 straight, and I think I know something of how he felt as he called for his 100th target. In the exercise of morality the longer the practitioner goes straight the easier it is to continue to go straight—or so I am informed—but it's not true of target shooting. The strain imposed by an unbroken series of hits can become terrific, and especially so in competitive shooting. I daresay that there is no difference in the degree of skill possessed by any one of a dozen of those who shot against the champion. Barring fluke targets, matches are won by the contestant who can maintain a high state of concentration for the longest time, and that is why skeet and other forms of target shooting furnish not only sport, but also are excellent training in the development and use of the higher forms of human energy.



The Great Eastern Skeet Championship; Bab Canfield and Dr. Westermeier shooting

of supplementing an already extensive variety of native birds. The list is a long one and includes everything from the capercaillie on down to the migratory quail of Asia, which bird, by the way, is supposed to have been the manna of the Scriptures, the emergency ration that came in so very handily for the children of Israel. Unfortunately, or apparently so, only three species have been successfully colonized, although upwards of a million dollars have been spent by sportsmen in these transplanting operations. I say that these failures seem to be unfortunate because it is known that a good bird in its native country may acquire bad characteristics when transplanted to a strange environment, and may become a menace to native species and to crops.

For this reason the Biological Survey has set up at Patuxent, Md., an experimental station to serve, among other things, as a sort of Ellis Island for these feathered immigrants. The purpose of this research is first to prevent the entry of birds likely to be poor citizens of the Republic, and, second, to discover ways to introduce desirable species. Thousands of plant-

tic at the prospect of the successful introduction of a foreign game species, but not always. There are many who protest violently at what they consider to be an invasion of native game bird cover by a less desirable alien and, rightly or wrongly, accuse the stranger of various crimes and misdemeanors committed against the American birds. It has always been my opinion that money and effort expended to enable our native game to increase is more likely to produce good results than when used to introduce a stranger species. Yet there are other considerations that often justify attempts to bring in foreign birds.

Occasionally we humans in pursuing our busy little affairs so alter the noble lineaments of nature that no self-respecting native game bird or animal can endure the devastation. Then it is permissible to look about for some under-privileged immigrant whose existence in other oppressed lands has been so difficult that even a ruined American landscape looks to it like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Fishes, too. Deforestation and general hell-raising have spoiled thousands upon thousands of miles of gorgeous trout water. The aristocratic

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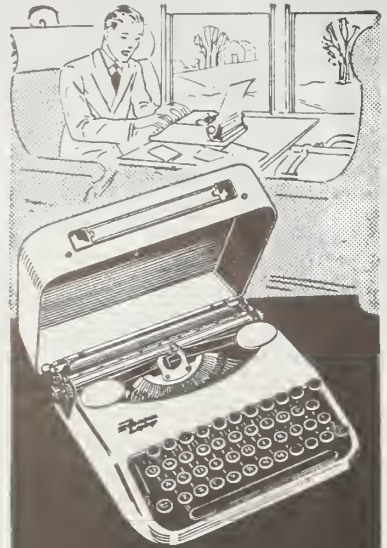


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Unbridled delight: for a small boy or small boy grown up as dude rancher. Martingale, bridle, and reins made of hand sewn cowhide, with sterling silver mountings. As authentically American as a rider of the western sage. Bridle and reins, \$13.50—martingale, \$10.95. F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 5th Ave.



Week-end encore: to insure top place on your hostess' favorite-house-guest list, take her this gay and decorative ceramic lady with candy flower headdress. Perugina follow the old adage about what exists inside a lady's head, and fill this one with an assortment of super-sweets. An altogether charming package for \$5.75. Perugina at 5th Ave. at 56th St. have a wide assortment of original and amusing candy packages to say nothing of their party ideas.



in the Shops



Getting around the corn problem: a lovely, simple crystal dish, which stands on its own feet and connives with the ingenious silver holders, in making it possible to serve and eat corn with confident composure. The dishes, \$7.50 a dozen, the picks, \$1.65 a pair. Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Ave.



Jewels by the hour: instead of numerals—minutely carved sapphires sparkle the time. Sport watch entirely of dull pink gold. The 17-jewel movement has the delicate precision achieved by Swiss craftsmen. \$100. Black Starr and Frost—Gorham, 594 5th Ave.



Wedding cake de luxe: in case you don't know of Mme. Blanche on East 57th Street, number 243—she has been designing, baking, and decorating cakes for most of the exclusive weddings for the past thirty-five years. In fact she is a tradition in the wedding cake world. Prices and design are necessarily individual, depending on the formality or informality desired. She also has an unusual variety of bridal favors to choose from, or will design ones especially for you.



Dirn . . . dl cute: Mary Lewis, classic in clothes for children, designed these two dirndls on English patterns. The blue and white check Vivella flannel in sizes 2-6, \$7.95. The cocoa brown crepe chambray in a new material that does not have to be ironed. Sizes, 7-14 at \$4.95. 647 5th Ave.



The male animal: with an eye to those who like a touch of humor with their talisman. Countess Mara has designed some handmade sport ties. This one, in assorted colors, is an innovation on the button craze. Price, \$7.50. For those who like a pleasingly masculine shaving lotion, this one comes in a decorative bottle for \$6.50. Both found at 338 Park Ave. This house also has a fine group of hand made sport socks of Scotch wool in good color combinations.

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"SEPTEMBER IN THE SHOPS"



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COUNTRY LIFE

September issue

GARDENS • BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS

BLOOMS WHEN YOU WANT THEM MEAN WORK, BUT ARE POSSIBLE

In the horse and buggy days, it was the fashion to drive or ride leisurely up to a front door, chat with one's friends, who were probably sitting on the porch, or hitch the horse to a post and stay awhile. Not so nowadays. Bury motors are always coming and going, everyone is always in a hurry, there is no front-porch peace and quiet; in fact, the problem is to know how and where to put the entrance drive.

This problem has had to be faced by many persons, but especially by those who have bought and remodeled an old house and place. Often the driveway wandered up to just the part of the house where the garden or outdoor sitting room should be.

This month's article shows a happy solution of the question. Undoubtedly this driveway originally went up the hill to a turn-around in front of the main door. When the farm house was remodeled a wise architect moved the turn-around to the side of the house, built a stone retaining wall, topped by a picket fence, and made

steps leading through a little arbor to the flagstone path, which leads to the house. This construction made it possible to have a large grass terrace, shaded by apple trees, and bounded by the picket fence. Later a border of gay old-fashioned flowers was added in front of the fence. It was the answer to this problem, and something like it can almost always be worked out in similar fashion.

Put the turn-around, or courtyard, or what you will, on the side of the house. Let the motors be parked there, and the confusion of all the comings and goings be centered there. Then, feature the walk leading from the courtyard to the front door. Make it of flagstone or brick, and enter it through an old gate or an arbor, or border the entire pathway with lilacs. Sometimes it is feasible to incorporate this entrance walk as a part of the garden design itself.

There are innumerable ways of doing this, and each one can be worked out in a charming practical way. Do not let anyone argue you out of it by suggesting that you will ruin



This month's article gives an answer to the problem of the entrance drive

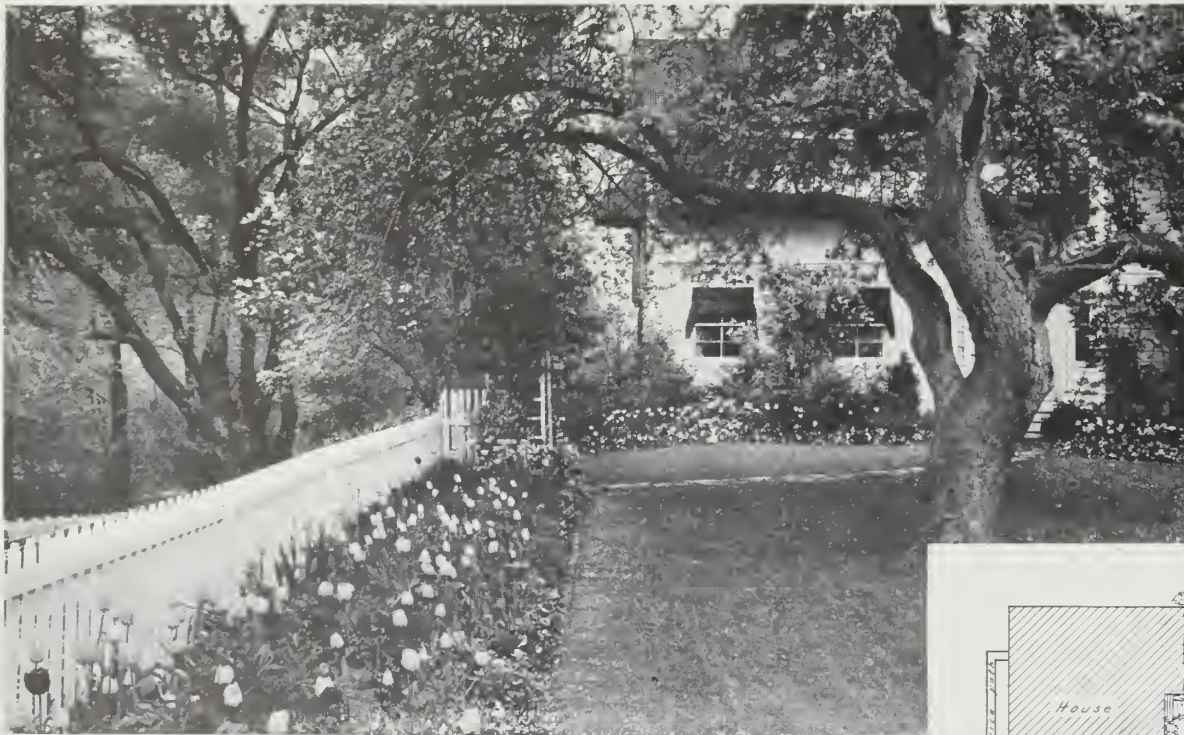
your best slippers on a rainy night. Wear rubbers, or old slippers, and carry the good ones under the arm; do anything but spoil the living part of your house and garden by having a road just where it has no business to be.

The garden border on this place looks very simple, but as a matter of fact it is a very deluxe little affair. The owners like it to be *all* in full bloom for the months they live there, which are May, June, September, and October, and they are en-

tirely willing and cooperative in allowing me to do the only thing that keeps a garden that way; which is the constant and careful replacement of flowering plants.

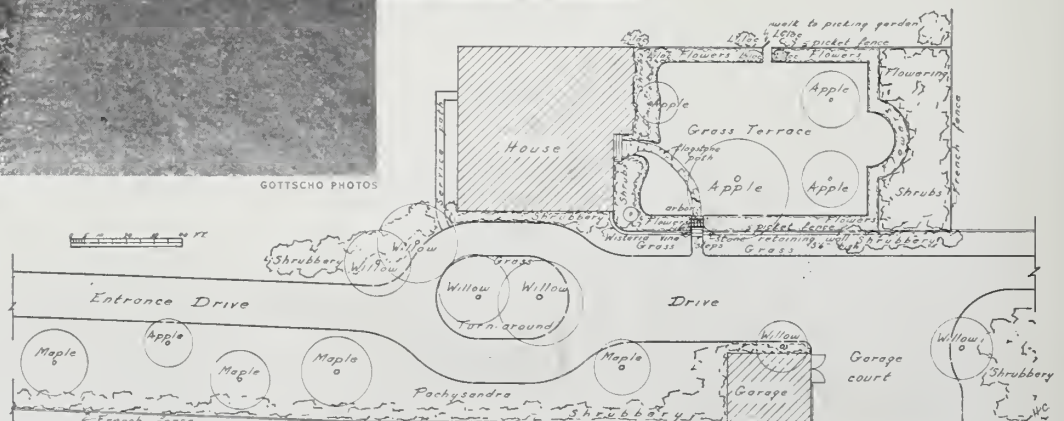
The system roughly is this. There are comparatively few perennials that are allowed to "stay put." These are funkia (in the shady parts), salmon poppies, heuchera, Japanese iris, nepeta, and a quantity of narcissus bulbs. Many old stand-bys, like phlox and Shasta daisies, are not used at all, because they bloom when the family is away.

In early April, quantities of columbine, foxgloves, anchusa dropmore and myosotidiflora, primroses, and phlox divaricata, are planted; also, for the front of the border hundreds of little fellows like pansies, forget-me-nots, and English daisies, are put in. Masses of tulips and hyacinths were planted the preceding autumn, so the sum total in the spring is a riot of bloom. The minute these bulbs, as well as the primroses, pansies, and forget-me-nots, are over, they are taken out, and annuals in bloom are substituted. Heliotrope, pale yellow lantanas, white petunias and blue ageratum are popped right in, giving immediately the necessary color and bloom to the garden. These



GOTTSCHO PHOTOS

Masses of tulips and hyacinths were planted in the autumn, resulting in a riot of spring blooms



Sizeable detailed blue-prints may be obtained from COUNTRY LIFE

plants, in flower so early, must be purchased from a greenhouse.

The same rather drastic treatment happens to the columbine, anchusa (tall and dwarf), and phlox divaricata. They too come out when their fleeting job of blooming is over, and annuals such as zinnias, salvia farinacea, marigolds, etc., etc., are substituted. If this transplanting operation is done carefully most of the patients will survive. They must be lifted with a good ball of earth and planted immediately in rows in some sort of a nursery, and kept good and wet for a few days. If possible put the precious little primroses in partial shade. If the summer is a dry one, they should be watered occasionally and not left to perish of heat and neglect.

YOU will probably ask: "But why remove everything? Why not leave the perennials stationary?"

The answer is the old time truth that "no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time." Therefore, if a small border must be kept really in flower, it is obligatory to remove the plants that have finished blooming, and make room for the ones that are, or will be blooming shortly.

It is not a cosy old-fashioned type of gardening, but it is the answer—and a very flashy one—to the demand that a small space be kept in a blaze of bloom for definite periods of time. Upon request two blue prints may be obtained from COUNTRY LIFE. One shows the spring and early summer planting, the other the autumn planting.

BROAD-LEAF EVERGREENS

(Continued from page 15)

bling a holly leaf. The leaves are a duller green than the large form, while the blossom and fruit are very much like those of the larger relative. In its native haunts, the dwarf is usually found in higher altitudes than the tall form; but it does not resent coming down into the low country. This dwarf holly-grape is especially desirable with ferns for a medium height ground cover, more than fine with rhododendrons and *kalmia*.

Salal (*gaultheria shallon*) is another west coast native which has a large contribution to make to the shady garden and wooded area. Salal is a close, compact, broad-leaved, evergreen shrub ranging from three to six feet in height. Its heart-shaped leaves are dark and glossy above, light below, and are from one and a half to four inches long. The lovely flowers are borne in terminal and auxiliary racemes and are pinkish-white, urn-shaped flowers, which look almost as though made of fragile wax. They cover the bush during May and June, with frequent blossoms into the late fall. These are followed by dark purple fruits which are attractive in appearance and are loved by birds and chipmunks. The fruit once was an important food supply for the west coast Indians, and the pioneers used them generously before they had

cultivated fruits. When first introduced into England, it was thought it would become as important as a fruit as an ornamental shrub.

The salal was the first plant the young David Douglas saw when he landed at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1825, after the better than six months voyage from England, on a search for new plants for English gardens. He greatly admired it and was chiefly responsible for its first introduction into England where it is highly regarded for forming game thickets and for rougher areas of extensive rockeries.

The shrub cannot tolerate lime and loves an acid, humus-filled soil, along with plenty of shade and moisture. Once established, it spreads rapidly by underground root stocks. Its native range is British Columbia and well south into California. from sand dunes high into the mountains. It is more tender than Oregon holly-grape; for instance, the one growing in the Arnold Arboretum at Boston is reported as "barely able to exist." So its range on the east coast is from about New York southward, unless given winter protection. It is lovely growing with the Oregon holly-grape, ferns, rhododendrons, and similar plantings which can give such rich beauty to the shady places.

The very mention of Oregon holly-grape and salal conjure up the picture of the deeply forested ranges of the Coast and Cascade mountains, and that picture is inseparable from the thought of the giant ever-green sword fern which grows so luxuriantly in the almost twilight shade of the forest. For some years past these ferns have been cut in car-load lots for shipment to mid-western and east coast cities for use in the holiday trade. Many a city dweller who remembers with delight the glimpse of a lovely Christmas fern (*polystichum acrostichoides*) which he saw cheerfully peeking out of the snow under the trees on the wooded hillside, looks upon these ferns in amazement and wonders where such giants were discovered. But they are not Christmas ferns; they are a Pacific coast relative, the sword fern (*polystichum munitum*). These great evergreen ferns growing in shaded, moist locations, bedded deep in leaf mold, are commonly all of four feet long and frequently over five feet in length, making it the largest evergreen fern of North America.

THE sword fern cheerfully comes into the shady garden or takes its place out in the woodland. Apparently, time exacts no toll from this fern, for they seemingly grow larger and more beautiful with the years. It does not refuse to live in rather poor soil, but it gives its full beauty only when growing in a shady location in a humus-filled soil and receiving a generous amount of moisture.

Bring these three west coast natives into the woodland to join with the rhododendrons, the *kalmia*, and all the other lovely plants, and they will bring a rich luxuriant beauty to the deep shaded woodland that will make it a still greater joy—and at every season of the year.



Some Things We Lack

... at Virginia Hot Springs

THERE'S no brass band at The Homestead; there's no hostess to inveigle you into games you don't want to play. There's no attempt to regiment you into tournaments or riding parties or organized entertainment against your will. You are never asked to "be a good sport and join."

But always on hand is one of the world's great hotel services, ready to assist you when you request it, ready to let you go your own peaceful way when you desire it.

The whole purpose and intent of The Homestead's staff is to provide supreme comfort in an atmosphere of tranquillity.

Join us in some of these friendly and informal sports events: Bath County Horse Show, August 8; Fair-acre Golf, Labor Day; Fall Tennis Tournament, October 6; Fall Golf Tournament, October 13; Bath County Field Trials, October 18. Maybe you would like a program on one or more of these affairs. Just let us know your pleasure.

The **Homestead**
LOCATED AT HOT SPRINGS
Virginia

New York booking office in the
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

Washington booking office in the
Mayflower Hotel

In Pittsburgh, At Your Service, Inc.,
Hotel William Penn

NYDRIE STABLES

Esmont, Virginia

Breeders of the following winners
during past four years:

DINNER DATE	GALAPAS
DONITA M	WHITE TIE
FRANCESCO	PARSCOUT

and many others.

Will Present for Sale on

AUGUST 8th

at sales of Fasig Tipton Company
at SARATOGA SPRINGS

the following yearlings:

Chestnut Colt by Pompey—DURZES
Bay Colt by Pompey—PARCO
Chestnut Colt by Tintagel—TENTING
Chestnut Colt by Gallant Fox—MORNING
Chestnut Colt by Stimulus—MELODIANA
Chestnut Colt by Omaha—AMBLE
Chestnut Filly by Diavolo—GALLANT LADY
Bay Filly by Jacopo—BROAD RIPPLE
Chestnut Filly by Omaha—MY RISK
Bay Filly by Tintagel—JULEPTIME
Brown Filly by Tintagel—HIGHLAND DELL
Bay Filly by Pompey—PEGGY BYRNE

BELAIR STUD

Yearling Sale

...
Wednesday, Aug. 7

At Saratoga

...

The following highly bred yearlings will be offered:

Ch c, by Gallant Fox Bosnia, by Bosworth.
Gr rn c, by Gallant Fox Tetrina 2nd., by Tetratema.
Dk b c, by Sir Gallahad 3rd. Silver Lane, by Jim Gaffney.
Dk b c, by Alcazar Lucky Pledge, by Sir Gallahad 3rd.
Ch c, by Alcazar Marigal, by Sir Gallahad 3rd.
B f, by Sir Gallahad 3rd. Cozy Time, by High Time.
B f, by Gallant Fox Vicaress, by Flying Ebony.
B f, by Gallant Fox Marianne, by Prince Palatine.
B f, by Alcazar Bobbles, by Sir Gallahad 3rd.
Ch f, by Alcazar Valse, by Sir Gallahad 3rd.
Br f, by Alcazar Ripples, by Sir Gallahad 3rd.
B f, by Jacopo Lady Diver, by Sir Gallahad 3rd.
B f, by Gallant Fox La Palina, by Ambassador 4th.
Dk b f, by Gallant Fox Ondulation, by Sweeper.
B f, by Sir Gallahad 3rd. Periwinkle 2nd., by Clarissimus.

NOTES ON HORSES

MR. VANDERBILT'S MOVE

THE responsibility placed upon American Thoroughbred breeding, and therefore racing, by the shocking European situation is being accepted as it should be. Leaders of the American turf are showing an understanding of what the future will apparently require, which is very important in view of the fact that there are many phases of our horse sports today which are senseless and discouraging.

Not the least stride in the right direction may be found in the announcement made by Alfred G. Vanderbilt that \$50,000 in added money has been assigned to a two-and-a-quarter mile race to be run to Belmont Park on the closing day of its fall meeting, October 5. This race will be known as the New York Handicap and will, of course, be the longest stake race run in this country.

More than that, the Ladies' Handicap, for fillies and mares, is to be increased from a mile to a mile and a half. The Champagne Stakes has been doubled in value and lengthened from six and a half furlongs to a mile. And the value of the Manhattan, at a mile and a half, has been increased from \$5,000 to \$10,000.

Students of the American turf have long been concerned over the "degeneration" of our horses from distance runners into sprinters, from horses made of iron into rather more delicate flora. Among the causes of this disappointing trend have been the emphasis on sprint racing, the virtual elimination of distance racing, the lack of interest in weight-for-age races, the disparagement of filly races, and, not to be forgotten, the desire on the part of so many to look upon racing as a business first and a sport second.

Mr. Vanderbilt is making a valiant effort to reverse this trend. We wish him all success and offer him, here, our whole-hearted support.

STEEPLECHASING

PROSPECTS for the steeplechasing season are brighter than in many years. Saratoga will have at least 100 jumpers on hand and there may be as many as 130, many of them horses of better class than have been running between the flags recently. Quite as important, perhaps, is the fact that the wet spring has put Saratoga's turf in such excellent condition that even August's hot suns should not be able to bake it. Saratoga will offer more than \$30,000 in stakes for the jumpers.

Delaware Park did steeplechasing

a real service this year with better fields and better horses than ever before.

POLO

THE polo season has been making strides. One, quite spectacular, was a high-goal game of class at Meadow Brook on July 14 for the benefit of the Red Cross. In this contest a side representing Bostwick Field beat Meadow Brook 9 to 6, in six chukkers. On the winning side were G. H. Bostwick, Cecil Smith, E. T. Gerry and R. L. Gerry. For the losers played Michael Phipps, who got leave from the Plattsburg training camp to appear, James P. Mills, Stewart Iglehart and William Post, II. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., was the referee.¹

The game was well played on the famous International Field, on which no horse had stepped since last September. It was an even contest until the fifth chukker, when a change in the Bostwick Field line-up sent the bigger guns of Bostwick Field further to the front (Bobby Gerry, who hits harder than Ebby, went to No. 2, Smith to No. 3 and Ebby to back) and gave the winners three goals in rapid succession.

Other events of interest have taken place in the polo world.

The 20-goal tournament at Meadow Brook, which brought out ten teams this year, was concluded with a victory for Great Neck, which beat Bostwick Field in a well-played final, 6 to 3. The Great Neck side consisted of Shaw Robinson, J. P. Grace, Jr., the inimitable Stewart Iglehart, and W. G. Holloway. Jr. Bostwick Field was represented by H. H. Webb, G. H. Bostwick, F. S. von Stade, Jr., and C. S. von Stade. The tournament was played as a round robin, as usual, and the finalists were the leaders in their respective divisions; Great Neck was thus awarded the Meadow Brook Club Cup and Bostwick Field the Westbury Challenge Cup.

Two Circuit Tournaments were also completed, one on the Pacific Coast and the other in the Middle West.

In California, a keen Santa Barbara team earned the right to go to the National Intercircuit Tournament to be held this month at the Hunting Valley Club near Cleveland,

1. The game was enlivened by a long-distance hitting contest between the halves, in which most of the high-goal players present participated. The longest hitter turned out to be Billy Post, who hit the ball 369.5 feet; Louis Stoddard, Jr., was second with 356; Pete Bostwick third with 354. Cecil Smith's longest hit went 351 feet.



Ohio: Edward Hillman, Jr., Hale Marsh, Tom Guy and Herschel Crites. This side defeated Midwick, 9 to 7, the latter team consisting of Carl Beal, Louis Rowan, J. Howland Paddock and Morris Morrison.

Not long thereafter, the Northwestern Circuit played its championship tournament at Fort Riley, Kansas, where a number of military teams managed to find the time to compete against civilians from Wichita. Eight teams appeared in all, an excellent showing, and it is greatly to the credit of the side Willis Hartman put together on behalf of Wichita that they were able to win the final on July 7 by the margin of a goal. Wichita's side—Willis Hartman, Loay Wiltshire, Ross Malone, Clarence Starks—won from Fort Sill, 5 to 4, the latter team consisting of Capt. A. R. S. Barden, Lt. H. H. Critz, Capt. L. Vocke, and Lt. R. E. Weber, Jr.

A number of polo clubs, led by the Iroquois of Lexington, Ky., have offered their fields to the Government for use as flying centers.

SARATOGA SALES

ONE of the most fascinating gambles on earth, a unique show in itself, will get under way at Saratoga on Aug. 2. You may think of the racing itself and the backing of horses as a fascinating gamble, but the Saratoga Yearlings Sales are something different from that. In the yearling sales you back a colt or a filly, to be sure, but you must wait nearly a year, sometimes much longer, for action. If you lack patience, if you can't take it, then go to the sales without your check book.

P. T. Barnum used to describe his circus as the greatest show on earth. The Fasig-Tipton Company, an organization that has conducted the auction of yearlings since way back, might well describe its occasion as one of the most unusual shows on earth. It is a show as well as a sale, and there are evenings through the nearly three weeks of selling when it reminds one of an opening night at the opera. On a small scale, of course.

Picture the place if you can. It is something like an outdoor theatre, with perhaps 500 seats arranged in front of and to the sides of the stage. The lights are bright, there are gleaming shirt fronts and gorgeous gowns. Here and there a jewel sparkles in the fierce glare of the lights. Most always it is warm. You look at a few of the people close up to the stage, or roped-off ring, where fat little Louis Strube shows the colts and fillies, and you know their names are in the Blue Book.

Edited by PETER VISCHER

In the back rows, standing all around the place, are hundreds of others, and their names you will find in the telephone book. Nearly everyone there, however, knows what it is all about. They know the good ones when they see them and they recognize breeding when Brownie Leach, tall and handsome, drones out the particulars of pedigree as each youngster is led to the block to be auctioned.

This is a serious show, if one may use that term again. It has a business side that reaches out into the breeding farms of Kentucky's Blue Grass, of Virginia and Maryland and other spots where people breed Thoroughbreds. That business side also reaches into the race course itself, and gently touches the people who own and race horses, the people who in the words of the famous Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons "supply the actors for the show." The yearling sale has been called the barometer of the state of affairs in racing.

As the first batch of yearlings is led in to be sold people around the ring realize that this is a strange year. Over yonder across the Atlantic people are at war. Over here people are talking war. War and racing are like oil and water; they simply don't mix. Around the ring people are talking about the prices that will be realized this year. They speak of business conditions, but they also acknowledge that there is or ought to be a keen demand for racing stock in this country.

They look for lower prices and averages in this sale, but they do not expect the drop to be sharp. Some even think it will be an unimportant drop. After all, there must be top years and others that show something less than the high figures.

Last year at the Spa 643 yearlings were sold in that little amphitheatre for an average of \$2100. In 1938, 559 were sold for an average of \$2336. In 1937, 528 brought an average of \$2387. The trend, as you can see, is toward greater numbers of yearlings, and lower prices on the average. This season will bring approximately 700 yearlings to the block, and one may only guess what they will bring.

In the fascinating gamble this year you will see the get, or offspring, of such famous progenitors as Blenheim 2nd, Sir Gallahad 3rd, Pharamond 2nd, Bull Dog and Sun Briar brought to the block. There will not be a son or daughter of Equipoise on the block, which may be the cause of smiles in some quarters. Equipoise, before he died, was not accounted a success in the stud, but this year we find that Attention and Level Best, undefeated colt and filly re-

Seventy sixth anniversary



Saratoga
RACE MEET

July twenty ninth
— August thirty first
— nineteen forty

WILLIS SHARPE KILMER

COURT MANOR—NEW MARKET, VA.

WILL OFFER HIS ENTIRE CROP-OF-YEARLINGS
INCLUDING:

DK. B. C. *SUN BRIAR-POLLY-EGRET	Full Brother to	SUN EGRET
BR. C. NEDDIE-SUNAYR	" "	NEDAYR
GR. C. *GINO-SUN TESS	" "	GINO REX
B. C. SUN BEAU-*ADORABLE II	" "	BEST BEAU
DK. B. F. *GINO-SALLY'S ALLEY	Sister	GALLEY SLAVE
CH. F. *SUN BRIAR-*ALEXANDRIA	" "	SUN ALEXANDRIA
B. F. *GINO-SUN MISS	" "	LUCKY OMEN
GR. C. *GINO-DARK LOVE	Half-Brother	SUN LOVER
DK. B. C. *GINO-SUNWINA	" "	DARK WINTER
CH. C. *GINO-SIMPATICA	" "	SUNTICA
B. F. NEDDIE-SUNAIBI	Sister	CHANCE SUN
CH. F. NEDDIE-SUN VIVE	" "	SUNDOT

— And 30 Other QUALITY Yearlings —

ON MONDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1940

AT THE

SARATOGA • SALES • PADDOCKS
(FASIG-TIPTON COMPANY)

Mr. Kilmer was America's leading breeder last season with 269 wins. In 1938 he was 3rd, in 1937 he was 2nd.

On the basis of money won Mr. Kilmer was a very close 2nd in 1939 with \$336,951. . . . This season, on July 6th, with 173 wins, he was 10 ahead of last year on the same date. . . .

*This advertisement was prepared before the death of Willis Sharpe Kilmer.
The sale will be held as stated here.*

Dams of GOLDSTREAM STUD yearlings

TO BE SOLD AT SARATOGA
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14

Alooi, Barbara, Corenum, Fairy Eyes, Fiji, Festoon, Fire Lass, Fleeting Moment, Floradora, Grizel, Joybird, Laila Wild, Lofty Lady, Log, Lull, Luscinia, 'Maid of Arches, My Lava, My Tide, Nectarine, Perini, Rose Eternal, Rose Leaves, Starless Moment, Swift Rose, and Tophorn.

Sixteen (61.2%) of These Mares Were Winners
Eight (50%) of the 16 Won Stakes—Five (19.2%) Never Raced

Eighteen of These Mares Had Produced
The Winners of More Than \$568,037

Through July 3, 1940

(The other eight mares had had no starters as of that date.)

From 60 Starters Came 41 Winners, 14 (34.1%) Stakes Winners
19 of the 41 Winners were by 'Bull Dog. Eight (42.1%) Won Stakes.

Coldstream Stud

NEWTOWN PIKE

LEXINGTON, KY.

Meadow Brook

Steeplechase Association Meeting
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1940
at 11.30 A.M.

On the estate of F. AMBROSE CLARK, Esq., Westbury, L. I.

FORTY-SECOND RUNNING

Meadow Brook Cup

For Four-Year-Olds and upward, over a timber course

\$1,000 ADDED

SEVENTH RUNNING

Hayes Memorial

Steeplechase for Four-Year-Olds and upward, over a brush course

\$1,000 ADDED

For entry blanks and further information address:

WM. C. LANGLEY, Chairman—Race Committee
115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



North Shore Horse Show

August 15, 16 and 17, 1940

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Benefit of the Suffolk County Young Women's Christian Association

Old Field Club Grounds Stony Brook, L. I.

(FLOODLIGHTED EVENING SESSIONS)

Prize Lists with the Secretary

EDITH FULLER

555 FIFTH AVENUE - - - - - NEW YORK CITY

GOVERNOR HENRY HORNER
INVITES YOU TO VISIT
AND EXHIBIT AT THE
ILLINOIS STATE FAIR
August 17-25 inc., 1940

Society Horse Show—Illinois
Owned Horses—Saturday Eve-
ning, August 17.

Society Horse Show—Open to
the World—Monday through
Friday—August 19 to 23.

\$20,055 in premiums offered.

A most complete classification in all
departments. For information: write:
P.O. Box 546, Springfield, Ill.

W. R. HANCOCK, Supt. Light Horses
J. H. Lloyd, Dir. Agriculture
F. E. Irwin,
General Manager

Attention: BREEDERS OF POLO PONIES

For sale, two polo playing
mares with sucklings:

PRINCESA

Argentine mare by Thoroughbred stallion
Cheap out of Argentine mare—foaled 1925.
Played by back on the Argentine team in
International Games in 1934. Suckling—
chestnut colt by thoroughbred stallion
Whiskaway. In foal to thoroughbred stallion
De Valera.

EASY MONEY

By King Plaudet out of half-bred Colorado
mare, foaled 1929. Suckling chestnut filly
by thoroughbred stallion Whiskaway. Not
in foal. Excellent conformation—up to
weight.

Both can be seen at The Meadow, Dos-
well, Virginia. Address: Box 33, care of
COUNTRY LIFE, 1270 Sixth Avenue,
New York.

spectively, are both by the great
C. V. Whitney runner.

Last year twelve of Blenheim 2nd's
offspring were sold for an average
of \$11,383, and that naturally led
the list. It is still much too early
to pass judgment on that lot. Sir
Gallahad 3rd was second on the list
with fifteen head that sold for an
average of \$7573. Then in order
came Balladier, Pharamond 2nd, Bull
Dog 2nd, Challenger 2nd, Equipoise,
Blue Larkspur, Sun Briar and Ariel.

The top figure of last year's sale
was \$20,000, paid for a son of Blen-
heim 2nd by S. D. Riddle. The turf
no doubt will see this colt race at
the Spa.

The Claiborne sale is always the
most important evening of the sale
in that the yearlings bred by A. B.
Hancock and his associates invariably
bring the highest prices. The R. A.
Fairbairn sale also will bring high
prices, as may the auction of the
yearlings bred by the late Willis
Sharpe Kilmer. This lot will include
the get of Sun Briar, whose offspring
have won \$2,191,143, as well as Ned-
die, Gino, Sun Beau and Hilltown.
Up to July 6, horses bred at the
Kilmer establishment had won 173
races. Last year they led the list with
269 victories.

The sale will be held as follows:

Friday, August 2nd

L. A. Moseley, C. J. MacLeod,
A. S. Hewitt, C. W. Williams, Her-
ring Bros., T. B. Brown, C. V. B.
Cushman, and others.

Tuesday, August 6th

Holly Beach Farm (Labrot &
Company), Tollie Young, L. F.
Holton, J. O. Keene, C. W. Black
and Dr. E. R. Plunkett.

Wednesday, August 7th

Belair Stud, Hon. Leslie Combs,
Lucas B. Combs, Leslie Combs
2nd, H. B. Scott and W. L. Nutter.

Thursday, August 8th

R. A. Fairbairn, Charlton Clay,
Morven Stud, W. S. Threlkeld,
Nydris Stud, Warner L. Jones, Jr.,
A. H. Marckwald.

Friday, August 9th

Claiborne Stud (A. B. Hancock).

Monday, August 12th

Court Manor (Willis Sharpe Kil-
mer) and Almahurst Farm (Henry
H. Knight).

Tuesday, August 13th

W. B. Miller, Horace N. Davis,
Charles Nuckols, Mrs. M. Y.
Kaufman, Regan Farm, Inc., Mrs.
George L. Harrison, Meadowview
Farms, Mrs. John Branham.

Wednesday, August 14th

Coldstream Stud, Bramble Farm,
W. H. Lipscomb, Kenneth N. Gil-
pin, John H. Morris, A. B. Gay,
Rockridge Farms.

Thursday, August 15th

Thomas Piatt, T. C. Piatt, Ellers-
lie Stud (A. B. Hancock), Mrs.
W. Plunket Stewart and E. Gay
Drake.

Friday, August 16th

Old Hickory Farm (Phil T. Chinn,
Pres.), Duntreath Farm, Horatio
P. Mason, Charles A. Asbury, Es-
tate of R. H. Anderson, and others.

Saturday Morning, August 17th

Military Stock Farm.

Monday, August 19th

Mereworth Farm, E. K. Thomas
and E. D. Axton.

Tuesday, August 20th

Hon. Westmoreland Davis, A. A.
Baldwin, Mrs. Clyde Smith, Dr.
Chas. E. Hagyard, Lewis J. Tutt,
J. L. Cleveland, Mrs. John A.
Payne, Henry Altsheeler, R. T.
Martin, B. P. Eubank and others.

Friday, August 23rd

Sale of horses in training.

MURRAY TYNAN

RACING IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 14)

in the commonwealths that were rap-
idly being added to the Union.

In Tennessee, Andrew Jackson, the
hero of New Orleans and seventh
president of the United States, was
largely responsible, by his personal
example, for the rapid growth of the
interest in the blood horse.

James Jackson, of Florence, Ala.,
a few miles over the border, whose
business affairs centered in Nashville,
by importing first Leviathan (1830)
and then Glencoe (1836) exercised an
immense and lasting influence upon
the American Thoroughbred breed.
Leviathan stood almost his whole life
after his importation in Tennessee,
while Glencoe later found his way
there, but Kentucky drew him to her-
self. There he spent his last years.

As the clouds of civil war began
to overspread the skies, the perform-
ances at New Orleans of Lexington
and Lecomte, both bred in Kentucky
but the former owned by Richard
Ten Broeck, of New York (who had
risen to the control of the Metairie
course), and the latter by Gen. T. J.
Wells, of Louisiana, excelled in in-
terest and historic importance any-
thing in our earlier turf annals.

But the effects accruing were only
well in train when the war broke
and for the next five years almost
obliterated racing from the American
scheme of life. Like a "besom of
destruction," it swept over and left
prostrate the Old South, the great
citadel, breeding and racing ground
of the Thoroughbred. When it had
passed, the primacy of New Orleans
and the celebrity of Charleston were
alike gone.

Virginia, the chief theater of war-
fare, had been reduced almost to a
desert.

Kentucky, a border state, divided
in her allegiance, remained officially
loyal to the Union and in that way
salvaged a considerable portion of
her bloodstock, but her losses were
terrible. Still worse was the condition
of Tennessee, first declaring for seces-
sion, then returning to the Union,
her soil devastated by a series of the
most sanguinary battles of the war.

The breeders of the Old South
were for the most part bankrupt.
Her stud farms were desolate, her
race-courses wrecked, deserted. Her
glory had departed, henceforth to be
looked back to with that nostalgic
regret accorded only to things beau-
tiful, brilliant—and dead.

To the victorious North and the
ravaged but unvanquished Kentucky
and Tennessee, together with the new
universe of the Middle and Far West,

was allotted the task of laying the foundations for the modern turf.

Kentucky became more than ever the dominant breeding center. At Louisville, in 1875, there was originated, at her new Churchill Downs course, the Kentucky Derby, today the one American turf event that is of worldwide interest and acclaim.

But to New York passed the scepter beneath which eventually even Kentucky was to bow. There the true racing renaissance began during the last years of the war, when it had become apparent that the Confederacy was doomed and the Stars and Stripes must triumph. A few of the old Long Island courses, the Union, the Fashion, etc., still survived but only as relics of the past.

A few of those over in Jersey still held on. But it was obvious that they did not and could not belong to the New Day. The rebuilding began with the plant established at Paterson, where in 1864 the first "Derby" ever run in America was contested and won by Norfolk, son of Lexington; while the attractions of Saratoga Springs as a watering place caused it to take its place, first tentatively, and then permanently, as the chief rendezvous of the sport outside the metropolitan sector.

With the building of Jerome Park, in New York City proper, came the turning point. For the first time since the days of the DeLanceys, a hundred years earlier, racing became the fashion in the metropolis. To the beautiful park that August Belmont, Sr., Leonard W. Jerome, Sir Roderrick Cameron, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., G. G. Howland, Francis and Lewis Morris, William R. Travers, D. D. Withers, Henry J. Raymond, William H. Vanderbilt, Craig Wadsworth, Adolphe Mailliard, Manton Marble and their associates opened in 1867 flocked the Upper Crust of Manhattan.

But the great departure, in a racing sense, and the one with important and far-reaching influence, was the policy of the newly-formed American Jockey Club. It represented what was potentially a complete break with the American tradition as it had prevailed in ante-bellum days.

This tradition placed the four-mile heat horse at the apex of the structure. Stamina, gameness and the ability to repeat were the hall-mark of equine greatness. Dash racing was limited and confined to inferior performers. Any distance less than a full mile was taboo: the sprinter was regarded with contempt and pure speed, unaccompanied by staying power, as no credit to the breed.

Two-year-old racing was negligible, for the supreme end and aim was the production of the four-mile heat hero and "early maturity meant early decay." Handicaps were considered vehicles for chicanery and the beating of the best horse by his inferiors. Meetings were short and owing to the severity of the contests, the best horses were prepared for but a small number of starts during the season. Professional trainers were few and far between. Owners of aristocratic caste often superintended the training of not only their own stables but those of friends as well. Negro slaves

were the chief handlers in the South, and formed the bulk of the jockeys. Betting, while heavy, was much of it done on the man-to-man basis, informally and as a sporting act or an expression of sectional or state pride and confidence, the professional layers of odds forming a small minority.

These features, which had originated far back in the Colonial era, were in the beginning patterned after those prevalent in the mother country. But England had long since turned her back on them. Her turf scheme had been "modernized" until it bore little resemblance to that of the States.

But now the control of the sport in the States had passed into the hands of a group of men who were determined to remold it in imitation of the new English scheme. Some of them were English by birth. Others had close ties with England and other foreign lands where the English mode was dominant. They had no use for the old American ways and traditions—and they set at once about scrapping them.

A FEW four-mile heat and dash races were staged during the early years of the post-war renaissance but they were soon dropped. Dashes of as much as three miles followed, and the orthodox English "cup" distance of two miles and a quarter was substituted as the ultimate test of the stayer. It took time to wean both the public, which loved it, and the owners and trainers, accustomed to it, from heat racing, but it duly followed the Marathon routes into the discard.

Two-year-old contests were introduced at once and given great prominence. The sprinter emerged from disfavor and reared his head in high places. Most important of all, handicaps, despite much and often loudly vocal opposition, were at first sparingly and as time passed, more and more constantly, programmed. Along with them came claiming (then called selling) races, hitherto *hors concours*.

The new-fangled notions pleased the metropolitan public. And what pleased New York, previously not always accepted with enthusiasm by the country at large, was now beginning to be everywhere taken up and patterned after though not without a struggle by the old guard.

Pennsylvania declined to re-enter the fold which she had deserted long ago, and the Thoroughbreds remained exiled from her borders, but over in Jersey Monmouth Park sprang up, and at Baltimore Pimlico. We have already seen that Louisville had originated the Kentucky Derby. The western map expanded to include important new turf centers at Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis; California was building up both a racing and a breeding interest of magnitude.

With Jerome Park in Manhattan proper, Monmouth Park across in Jersey at Long Branch, and Saratoga up-state, New York, within a few years after the renaissance began, had three major tracks at each of which more racing was being given annually than had often been the rule at all the tracks around the Metropolis put together. (To be concluded next month)



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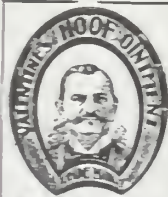
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HARNESS RACING

(Continued from page 26)

stand. Where this discipline prevails, the McNamara barrier will be a success: where it is lacking, it will prove as futile to regulate strong-willed trotting drivers as any of the other methods we have tried and discarded.

Among horsemen who were seriously willing to consider the merits of the barrier in advance, I used to hear one persistent criticism. They said that our sport, even more than Thoroughbred racing, was built around a reverence for fast time at the mile distance. They said that any method of starting tending to slow up horses could not be a success. At Goshen last year, there was no doubt that horses did not race as fast away from the barrier as they had from the old-fashioned flying start. But this year, now that trainers have schooled their charges for months to the new method, no one will notice any particular difference in the times recorded for aged horses. Blackstone paced a mile away from the McNamara barrier in 1.59 1/4 at Indianapolis; Little Pat turned the half-mile track at Lancaster twice to score in 2.03; Florimel, a 2-year-old from E. Roland Harriman's Arden Stable, won in 2.03 at Toledo—all these miles are just about as fast as horses travel this early in the year. I was particularly gratified to see Florimel's nice mile because even when the die-hards granted that an aged horse might, with time, adapt himself to the barrier, they maintained that colts were a different proposition altogether. Colt speed has always been a fetish of both branches of racing, and anything that tended to slow up young trotters and deprive them of the prestige derived from a fast mark was sure to meet with open antagonism. But when a two-year-old trotter wins in 2.05 the second week of the season, we do not have much cause to worry about colts being slow breakers from the barrier.

Now that New York has adopted the pari-mutuel system of wagering, another important innovation has been forced on the harness sport, one equally as important in its eventual effects as the adoption of the barrier. Old-fashioned starting has gone, and now the pool tent, scene of such canny rivalry between owners, trainers, and their entourage, has joined the flying start in the limbo of discarded customs. Nobody knows as yet what effect pari-mutuel betting will have on the sport. It has been tried in Ohio, with more or less success, but always in conjunction with the pools. The mutuels have had several years trial in Maine, where harness racing is the only kind permitted by law. In New York, the question seems to be, just how many people who are accustomed to running racing can we attract to the harness sport by adopting their methods?

Frankly I believe that it will take considerable time if we are to compete with the tremendous crowds that patronize the New York Thoroughbred races. Behind those crowds there

is a whole apparatus of constant publicity, functioning very efficiently, working upon the whole sporting public. Even if it would, trotting could not make immediate use of any such organization that, with the Thoroughbred sport, has only been built to its present smooth functioning by years of catering to a public that knew exactly what it wanted. Charts and past performances and all the other data on Thoroughbreds are a gradual development that have answered a public demand for such news. The harness sport, on the other hand, will have to create that demand. And I seriously doubt whether the harness sport cares to follow in the footsteps of a game that harness horsemen have criticized so openly and, often, with so much justification.

Probably anyone this month reading an article on trotting, no matter how general, will want to have some idea of how the Hambletonian candidates are shaping up this season. I admit that as this is written, I can say little to clarify the problem. Since the year when Muscletone, Lord Jim, Vitamine, Princess Peg and a number of others almost equally respected started in the big Goshen race, this trotting classic has never appeared so wide open. Kuno, owned and driven by Dunbar Bostwick, was the early favorite for the Hambletonian, but Kuno has gone down to defeat twice this year before C. W. Phellis's Spencer Scot. The son of Scotland has won the National Stallion at Indianapolis and the Matron at Toledo. He is liable to start the favorite.

EVEN though these two Futurities are a definite mark of class, I cannot help but believe Kuno may yet reveal the form that established him as an outstanding two-year-old. And aside from Dunbar Bostwick's Kuno, there are several others perfectly capable of proving dangerous on the big day. High Volo, from Sep Palin's barn, showed surprising form last year and has been brought along very carefully this season, training well without as yet having faced the starter. Queen Victoria, a fine big filly from Ben White's stable—the barn that has already sent out two Hambletonian winners—is a full sister to The Marchioness, winner seven years ago, and to Protector who would undoubtedly have captured the big race if he had been entered. Queen Victoria impressed horsemen last summer as an ideal type of trotter, even though she failed to win a race. Her owner, Billy Strang of Brooklyn, explained to me that she had been suffering from a periodic bowel trouble all season and that while she trained satisfactorily, she was unable to extend herself to the limit in races. This year, Queen Victoria has completely recovered from her malady. She will start in the two rich stakes offered at Narragansett and if she races well against the colts that have shown good form in the West, she will have to be seriously considered for the Hambletonian in mid-August.

One of the features of the season that is bound to be most appreciated

by those who love to see a great trotter in action will be Greyhound's participation in the Free-For-All Trot held at most member tracks of the Grand Circuit. As races, of course, these events will hardly be important, and it is a question whether Greyhound's public would not prefer to see him go against the watch rather than against a field of competitors that are hopelessly beaten in advance. No matter. At any rate Greyhound, 1.55 $\frac{1}{4}$, will be seen in action from the Atlantic coast to the Great Lakes, and the spectacle of this superb animal at speed is in itself a rare privilege. One reason why Greyhound will not race against time this season is that Sep Palin probably feels the great gelding has already attained his limit of speed. Greyhound can still beat by many lengths any horse that could possibly be pitted against him, but he is probably now unable to lower his own record. A trotter is at his height at the ages of five and six. After that, there is bound to be a gradual decline in power. Greyhound is now an eight-year-old. He remains far and away the greatest trotter in the world, but his own record is probably almost as unattainable for him today as it will be for the generations of future trotters that will shoot at it.

FRESH WATER SAILOR

(Continued from page 27)

Yachting Association and the Lake Yacht Racing Association.

As in previous years, the hand-picked crew will sail craft native to the water on which the series will be held. Because the Barthel Cup series will be sailed on Lake Michigan (at Milwaukee, August 22nd through 24), the following Chicago and Milwaukee Class Q craft will be used: Dr. Hollis Potter's Hornet, of the Chicago Yacht Club; Otto Dreher's Lively Lady, of Milwaukee's South Shore Yacht Club and Eldred Stephenson's Stephia, of Milwaukee.

To discount the speed of boats and insure a real test in sailing alone, no craft will be used by one crew throughout the entire six-race series. There will be two races daily; and each crew will sail the Hornet, Lively Lady and Stephia alternately, so that each crew will sail the same boat twice. Courses will be twelve miles long, alternate triangular and windward-leeward hauls.

The Cup races will be held at Milwaukee as a memorial event to the late Commodore George D. Orr, Chicago, who founded the series with Otto Barthel, a Detroit yachtsman.

Incidentally, the Barthel Trophy has been won by the Lake Michigan crews for three successive years; first at Toronto, and in the two subsequent series at Rochester. They have conclusively proved that the Barthel series is not a test of boats, but one of sailing, in that they triumphed with craft which their own crews were unable to sail to victory.

Because of the historic significance of the Queen's Cup, the annual race for this trophy has shared a place with the Barthel Cup and Mackinac

racers. Without going into the archives of the past, the Queen's Cup race would be just a name, without any meaning attached.

To understand the origin of the Queen's Cup, let me remind that in 1851 the schooner America sailed to England and outraced the British sailing fleet, winning a 100-guinea cup, which was presented by the Royal Yacht Squadron. This 1851 cup later became known as the America's Cup, symbolic of the world's sailing supremacy; and similar cups were awarded by the Squadron in subsequent years.

In 1853, the 105-ton sloop Sylvie, of the New York Yacht Club, repeated the America's trans-Atlantic voyage and nearly her performance in outsailing the Royal Yacht Squadron's racing fleet. The Squadron's 1853 cup, a sequel of the America's Cup, was captured by the British entry Julie for finishing first. Unlike the race of 1851, in which the America participated, and in which there was no prize for second place, the race of 1853 offered a fifty-guinea cup for the runner-up. It was this cup that the Sylvie won for finishing on the heels of the Julie.

Although Queen Victoria ruled at the time and, as an enthusiastic yachting patron, presented annually trophies in honor of the throne, neither the America's Cup nor the Queen's Cup were presented by her Majesty, for the reason that no foreign entry was ever allowed to sail in races sponsored for the Queen.

For some unknown reason, the Squadron's 1853 cup bears the inscription "Queen's Cup," probably out of respect for the throne. The cup Sylvie won was made in 1848, three years before the America's Cup, by R. and S. Garrard, Pantion Street, London, who also made the latter.

For the next twenty years history failed to record any activity for the Queen's Cup. J. H. Goodwin of Kingsbridge, New York, came into possession of this trophy either through purchasing Sylvie, which he did, or through winning it in his own right. In 1873, Goodwin presented the Queen's Cup to the International Yacht Club of Detroit, as a token of International competition on the Great Lakes.

First to win the Cup on the Great Lakes was the 82-foot Cora, regarded the most remarkable sloop of her day, owned and sailed by Commodore Kirkland C. Barker of the Detroit Yacht Club. Cora's victory took place on July 4, 1874. In the same year, Canada successfully challenged in behalf of the sloop Annie Cuthbert, built and sailed by the then famous Capt. Alexander Cuthbert of Colburg, Ont. Capt. Cuthbert not only built but also sailed Canada's two unavailing challengers for the America's Cup—the Countess of Dufferin in 1876 and the Atalanta in 1881.

The Queen's Cup reverted to Cora's owner on a forfeit in 1875. After Barker's death shortly after, the Queen's Cup was inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Charles Hull, whose husband was a prominent Detroit yachtsman. In turn her son,

Walter Hull, formerly of Detroit, now a Milwaukeean, was bequeathed the Cup. After treasuring it for 40 years, Hull presented the Queen's Cup with a deed of gift to the South Shore Yacht Club of Milwaukee, as a perpetual award for annual races across Lake Michigan. This event is open to all recognized yacht clubs on the Great Lakes, including Canada's. With entries expected from Canada, the Queen's Cup will resume international prestige when the fleet of some 50 craft set sail in the 80-mile race on August 30.

Starting September 5, through 7, Rochester will be host to the Richardson Cup races, which are emblematic of the Universal R Class championship of the Great Lakes. Originally the Yacht Racing Union Challenge Cup, the Richardson Trophy was named after Commodore S. O. Richardson of Toledo who donated the Cup in 1912 for Class P competition. Through a change in the deed of gift, the Cup later became a perpetual trophy for Class R craft, whose popularity superseded that of the P's.

ASSOCIATION regattas, by virtue of combined fleets, are the largest on the lakes as far as number of entries are concerned. There are separate races for each class, the small one-designs—Stars, Comets, etc.—as well as the large, which include the big yawls and schooners. In all, there are well over a dozen class contests.

Just such an affair will be the annual Inter-Lake Racing Association regatta at Put-in-Bay, near Toledo, Ohio, starting August 7th through 10th. Well over 100 entries are slated to participate for class awards.

Back to Lake Michigan again, one of the most popular wind-up races of the season is the triangular race from Chicago to Michigan City, Ind., to St. Joseph, Mich., to Chicago. Involving the bulk of the sailing fleets of the Chicago, Columbia and Jackson Park Yacht Clubs of Chicago, under whose joint auspices the long event is held, the field of competition is always impressively large. And more so, when entries from many another nearby fleet are included. This event starts August 31st and finishes September 2nd; and a cup will be awarded to the winner of each leg.

All this is just an inkling of the vastness of yachting activities on the Great Lakes. With inter-club regattas, open club cross-lake races, championship races for one-designs, navigation tests for power craft, cruising races for motor craft, etc., etc., and with each yacht club and Association on the Great Lakes having events for each in the above category, the story of fresh water yachting is one akin to that of salt water.

Each season takes on new aspects, and the one just past is always outdated by new developments in hull and sail design. And the new craft, sporting the latest innovations, that come out each year cause wonder in their mystery until they have performed with revolutionizing effects that constantly keep Great Lakes yachtsmen busy in keeping up with the times, if not ahead.



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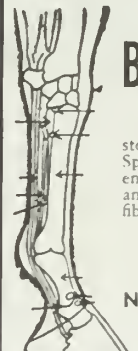
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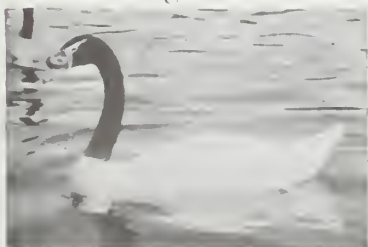
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IN the course of the last few years the Percheron Horse Association of America has made great and conscientious efforts to establish a uniform standard for its breed. Their efforts have often been praised in this department.

They have gone to great lengths to decide on the perfect type stallion and mare so that breeders would know what to breed for. To this end the country's leading Percheron authorities have been called into consultation. Live animals and photographs have been studied. Paintings and statues, composites of the good points of leading show animals, have been made.

Recently a list of judges and associate judges was prepared—men who are familiar, and in sympathy with, the standard being evolved—and the managers of shows and fairs have been asked to chose their Percheron judges from this list so that breeders can have confidence that the new type will be given preference.

Last year the first National Conference of Percheron Judges and Breeders was held at Lynnwood Farm, near Carmel, Ind. It was at this conference that desired type for stallions and mares was pretty well crystallized. The result, a strong tendency toward medium-sized, compact, strong-legged horses in the shows last year.

At this year's conference, recently held in Kansas City, Mo., the experts said that this tendency was quite pronounced. Perhaps the long-legged, light-middled type, which was sometimes seen at the shows and which worried the Association, will soon pass from the picture.

The object of this year's get-together of the experts was a frank discussion of type, and the problems confronting judges in the show-ring. Prominent judges and breeders from 15 states deliberated with officials of the Association on these problems.

A discussion, "Is soundness more important than type?" was led by Dr. C. W. Campbell of Kansas State College. He defined unsoundness as "any condition that interferes with any normal function of a horse." He maintained that while unsoundness may not be hereditary, the offspring inherit a weakness which permitted the trouble to develop.

About 300 people assembled at Ralph L. Smith's farm in Stanley, Kans., for a further discussion of the soundness question and the value of a standard type, and to watch or participate in judging contests. One hundred and two breeders, Future Farmers of America, and 4-H boys participated in these contests.

At the close of the conference a special committee was appointed to draw up objectives which could be presented to judges and breeders as

a guide for future shows. This committee included: A. L. Harvey, University of Minnesota, Chairman; D. J. Kays, Ohio State University; Harry D. Lynn, Assistant State Secretary of Agriculture, Des Moines, Iowa; Robert Watt, Cornell University, and E. G. Eshelman, Sedgwick, Kans.

The report of this special committee is as follows:

THE objectives of the Conference of Percheron Judges and Breeders are as follows:

1. To arrive at more definite and unified ideals and ideas regarding type and other qualities of importance in Percheron horses.
2. To study the possibilities of improving the methods of evaluating Percherons in the show ring and elsewhere with a view to bringing about even greater usefulness and wider dissemination.

The modern Percheron is a horse of ruggedness, compactness and style, with a depth of chest equal to at least half the height at the withers and a proportionately deep flank. The width of body should be sufficient to provide stability, yet not so wide as to cause rolling, laboring action. A sloping shoulder, short muscular back, well sprung ribs, a long, comparatively level muscular croup, and deep, strong quarters are essentials. The head should be of proportionate size, broad between the eyes, with a strong muzzle and well developed nostrils. Large, prominent eyes; ears of medium size, properly set and carried, indicate intelligence and stamina. A clean throatlatch, wide angle between the jaws, with ample length and crest, are desirable. This horse should stand squarely on his legs. Forearms and gaskins should be heavily muscled.

The bone and joints should be clean with sufficient ruggedness to suggest draftiness. The pasterns should be of moderate length with angle enough to provide protection against concussion when moving over hard roads. The feet should be of proportionate size with large, full hooftops and wide, moderately deep heels. The feet should be tough in texture to stand wear and tear in service.

Prompt, springy, snappy action, high enough to prevent stumbling is demanded in any good drafter. A long, straight stride at the walk is very important. The horse that goes wide at the hocks or goes with a sprawling rather than a collected gait, is clumsy and inefficient.

The approved Percheron stallion is one of medium size, well balanced and properly proportioned, standing 16 to 16.3 hands in height. In good condition, the stallion should weigh from 1,900 to 2,100 pounds. The extremely large or tall stallion is no longer in demand by the breeder and farmer buyer. (The most nearly ideal horses of recent years have had a depth of body equal to one-half the height at the withers.)

Mares should be 16 to 16.2 hands in height and weigh from 1,750 to 1,900 pounds.

Percherons should be shown with acceptable finish and bloom. Over fitting is to be discouraged, especially in the younger classes. Too much fat often impairs future usefulness.

Unsoundnesses are one of the most difficult problems in judging. The value of a horse is seriously impaired by an unsoundness whether it be hereditary or acquired.

BY GEORGE B. TURRELL, JR.

For the various unsoundnesses the following evaluations are suggested:

Disqualifications:
Lameness, blindness, ringbone, bone spavin, stifled, string halt, windy; a stallion with one testicle or possessed of abnormal testicles.

Serious or Moderate Discrimination:
Sidebones, curb, filled hocks or ankles, bog spavin, thoroughpin, cocked ankles, or capped hocks; poll evil, fistula of the withers, umbilical rupture.
The Committee also suggests that further study be given Percheron type and that a score card be prepared and presented to Percheron breeders at some future date.

HOMEBREDS

As predicted before in this department, it is quite possible that the responsibility of perpetuating some of our greatest livestock breeds may rest with this country. It is a grim fact, but one to be faced.

In the past it has been possible to draw on lands of origin—The Perche, Belgium, the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, are outstanding examples—for fine breeding stock. One result of this is that we have accumulated a wealth of fine bloodlines in this country in many breeds of horses and cattle.

Another not so favorable aspect is the thought that perhaps we haven't done as much with this fine material as we should have, at least insofar as some of the breeds are concerned. Our breeding operations have lacked the continuity common in older countries. In some breeds it has been easier to import than to produce comparable animals here. Not that we haven't bred many fine individuals in this country. We have, but considering the material we have the record isn't all that it might be.

Now imports are shut off. Not only is it impossible to get foreign bred stock from countries involved in the war, but there is a grave possibility that the breeding farms that have been carried on from father to son throughout many generations will be discontinued. Foundation stock may well be widely dispersed, if not actually destroyed.

So its up to us to cherish and develop what we have. Perhaps the time will come when fine animals will cross the ocean again the other way.

Following the Nazi occupation of the Island of Guernsey, Karl B. Musser, secretary of the American Guernsey Cattle Club, cabled the English and Guernsey governments asking if there was anything American breeders could do to help.

He said they would make every effort to furnish new seedstock if the Island cattle were decimated as a result of the occupation.

The breed originated and has been bred and developed on this island for 1000 years. Imports into this country of which there have been several thousand, have so thrived and increased that there are now more than

300,000 head here, of which each animal's ancestry can be traced back to the Island. Countless other cows in this country, their number runs into the millions, have some Guernsey blood.

This isn't the first time the stock on the Island has been endangered. In 1799, 6,000 Russians were stationed there by the Duke of York to protect the Island from the French. Rations were short and the soldiers were in the habit of stealing from the farmers.

According to the American Guernsey Cattle Club's records, a man named Ogier shot a soldier in protecting one of his prize cows, and escaped to America, settling in what is now Guernsey County, Ohio.

The first known importation of Guernseys to America was in 1831, when a sailing master brought a cow and a bull to Boston. These animals were taken to "Cow Island" in Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Later, the name of this island was changed to Guernsey Island.

IMPORT

What may well be the last importation of purebred Jerseys to get to this country for a while arrived in New York from the Island of Jersey on June 9, and have just been released from quarantine as this goes to press. These cattle, about 50 head of choice stock, including many winners in Island shows, were shipped from "the Island" shortly before the German occupation.

According to late reports from the American Jersey Cattle Club no cattle were evacuated to England before the invasion. There was a previous rumor that farmers fleeing to Britain took their cattle with them.

The American Jersey Breeders have, through their club, volunteered to help reestablish the herds if they are depleted as a result of the war.

In the 72 years since the Herd register was established in this country about 26,000 head of Jerseys have been imported. Nearly 2,000,000 purebreds have been born in this country, and to-day there is a total of 350,000 purebreds and about 10,000,000 grades. So no matter what happens over there, there will be a plentiful supply to draw from.

Social note: Elsie the much publicized "glamour cow" who works for the Borden Company at the New York World's Fair has temporarily left her gorgeously decorated boudoir and duties on the Rotolactor and gone to Hollywood. She has been chosen for the role of "Buttercup" in the production of Louisa Alcott's "Little Men."

Elsie who is a Jersey and is known more formally as You'll Do Lobelia 998632 will be back at the Fair by the first part of August, when she expects a visit from the stork.

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FUTURITY STAKES; COMING SHOWS

ASIDE from the regular classification for puppies and dogs at the shows there are other forms of competition, more or less unique in their conditions, which offer strong appeal to the dyed-in-the-wool breeder who places far greater value and importance upon the success of something he has produced himself than the highest honors which might be gained by the purchase of expensive show dogs. This particularly pertains to the futurity, or produce, stakes arranged by many of the larger specialty clubs.

These futurities are designed to promote the production of puppies of improved type, and are a definite and lucrative incentive toward the breeding, rather than the mere showing, of better dogs. However, in the latter respect they furnish a very alluring form of competition, inasmuch as they are based upon effort and interest in a personal rather than a purchased creation. Primarily they tend to direct the breeder's attention to pedigrees and bloodlines, the proper combinations of such to produce the best results; the careful consideration of representatives of certain blood strains, with particular attention to prevalent faults and qualities in these strains and individuals, with the purpose of eliminating the former and retaining the latter in litters resulting from studied matings.

Then there is the futurity feature, the anticipation of something not yet in existence but which, when it does develop, will represent the most careful consideration and effort on the part of the breeder.

Of course, it is a long look ahead from the embryo to its exhibition, but during the interim there is the tenseness of awaiting the arrival of the progeny, the pleasure of rearing it in the best possible manner, the careful consideration of each whelp to select the most promising prospects to carry the colors in the futurity in which they have been nominated before they were in existence.

All of these several stages are sources of intense interest and, as

remarked, are far more satisfying to the confirmed breeder than the single transaction of purchasing a known top-notch show specimen and watching its subsequent successes.

As a typical example of the ideal form of a futurity, or produce stakes, the current one of the American Fox-terrier Club is cited. Very generously, these are open to all breeders of fox-terriers whereas many others are limited to club membership. These stakes are in two divisions, the first to be judged at the spring specialty show, May 1941, for the produce of nominated bitches whelped between January 1, 1940 and June 30, 1940; the second is to be judged at the fall specialty show, 1941 and is for the produce of nominated bitches whelped between July 1, 1940 and December 31, 1940.

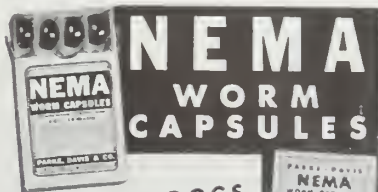
IN both divisions the entry fee will be divided into smooth and wire-haired dogs and smooth and wire-haired bitches. Each division, further divided by sex, will offer the following percentages of total fees received to which the American Foxterrier Club will add \$25 for each sex in each division: first prize 50%, second prize 25%, third prize 15% and fourth prize 10%.

A summary of the fees and the time table shows, for each bitch nominated, \$2, before produce is born or at time of service; registration of entire litter \$3, before litter is two months old; acceptance for one or more litter \$5 on or before December 31, 1940 (first division); on or before June 30, 1941 (second division); in case an eligible puppy is sold, new owners fee \$3 (25% of any prize won by new owners is payable to breeder), on or before December 31, 1940 (first division), on or before June 30, 1941 (second division). Puppies entered in stakes must also be entered in at least one regular class at show at which the stakes are held, paying regular entry fee. Nominations and fees must be made before produce is born.

Of course, the conditions vary

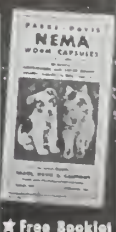


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BY VINTON P. BREESE

somewhat among the stakes arranged by different specialty clubs, but all more or less follow this general pattern. These stakes are highly recommended, particularly to the novice breeder who is not overburdened with the cash necessary to purchase expensive show dogs. They are a great incentive to the breeding of better dogs.

Commenting on futurity stakes confined to the breeding and showing of puppies naturally leads one to touch upon the matter of matings of sires and dams to produce progeny of a superior sort, the rearing of such progeny in a proper manner in order to develop it into sound, healthy mature dogs of the preferred type which was the objective when the parents were mated.

THERE are some 1,350,000 names and pedigrees in the stud book of the American Kennel Club, but it is only within comparatively recent years that many fanciers, particularly the novitiate, have realized that the mating of representatives of notable dog families, or famous winners, does not necessarily produce progeny of championship caliber.

One fatal failing is the idea that almost any pure-bred bitch mated to the latest big time winner must produce one or more puppies of a type equal to that of the sire, despite the circumstance that the sire and dam may be entirely unsuited to each other in bloodlines or physical attributes. For instance, let us suppose that the current top notch show dog, while individually very difficult to fault in any respect, represents a strain in which poor fronts have been more or less prevalent, is mated to a bitch which likewise comes from ancestors whose fronts were not their fortunes, although both she and the dog have good fronts.

The latter being the case, the matter of heritage is entirely overlooked and when the results of the union begin to mature the chances are that there will not be a good front in the lot because of a combination of two strains which has intensified a kindred prevalent fault. The same may pertain to faulty heads, ears, eyes, bodies, tops, tails, hocks, feet and many other detailed points.

However, to depend solely on blood lines or pedigrees for the elimination of family faults and to produce progeny of a superior sort is not advocated by this writer. Of course, they should be studied and used as a guide to a very considerable extent, but the individuals' suitability to each other should also be examined in detail.

There are those who scout the idea of paying any particular attention to pedigrees further than to ascertain that the ancestors are well bred, successful show dogs, and depend almost entirely on matings of prospec-

tive parents whose merits and demerits counterbalance each other. This is the "I come from Missouri" school of thought and it certainly has its strong points. Nevertheless, the study of pedigrees, in connection with merits and demerits of type should be considered, and it seems that a combination of the two methods is the best solution of the problem.

In the breeding of dogs quality cannot be produced unless there is quality with which to make a start. Then, too, even potentially great quality can be ruined by improper rearing. The most successful breeders realize that their work merely has started when a litter is whelped, regardless of how many champions may be found in the pedigrees of the sire and dam. Innumerable first flight dogs have failed miserably, and solely because they were not properly fed and cared for during early puppyhood. It is even ventured to say that there have been far more of such than of those which have scaled the heights.

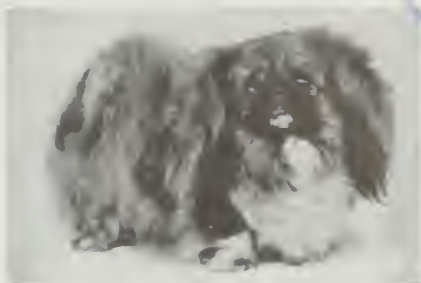
Proper nutrition, particularly during the early life of puppies, is one of the most important factors in the development of future winners. For instance, a youngster that may come from a long line of ancestors, on both sides of his pedigree, noted for bone and substance, may finish a spindly-legged, shelly nondescript, unless fed upon the proper bone building foods.

Not only is the matter of proper feeding of paramount importance in the rearing of puppies but the same may be said of care, kennels and exercise. Cramped quarters, slippery floors, soft or sandy runs and many other adverse conditions may turn a potentially sound puppy into more or less of a cripple. Inheritance has a great deal to do with soundness of structure and this can be carried on or improved in the proper environment, but under adverse conditions the opposite may occur in the form of loose joints, splay feet, sway backs, etc. Care of feet, keeping the nails close clipped, is a most important item, as neglect may lead to many serious faults. This subject was dealt with at some length by the writer in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

The feeding and rearing of puppies is too extensive a subject to be entered into here. However, there are many excellent treatises and books which are easily obtainable, and with their aid even the beginning breeder has little or no excuse for the rearing of ill nurtured or unsound puppies.

SUMMER SHOWS

Dog shows in August start off on the 3rd with the Lackawanna Kennel Club show, moved this year from Sky Top to Mt. Pocono, Pa.



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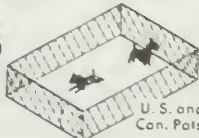
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The following day the Lake Mohawk Club holds its show at Sparta, N. J. This should make an enjoyable "double" for exhibitors.

The Tonawanda Valley Kennel Club at Batavia, N. Y., starts a busy week on the 13th followed on the 10th by the Lake Placid Show at Lake Placid, N. Y. Exhibitors move down to Lake George, N. Y., on the following day, the 17th, for the Mohawk Valley Kennel Club fixture on the beautiful horse show grounds at Sagamore Hill, Bolton Landing, N. Y. On the McGregor Links, at Saratoga Springs, the Wildwood Kennel Club's Show is held on the 18th.

The next week-end sees another double, with the Profile Kennel Club show on August 23 at Hampton Beach, N. H., followed on Sunday by the popular North Shore Kennel Club Show, at Hamilton, Mass., on the grounds of the Myopia Hunt Club.

The Chagrin Valley Hunt Club grounds are the scene of the Chagrin Valley Kennel Club's second annual show at Gates Mills, O., about 12 miles from Cleveland on August 25, and the Lenox Kennel Club Show at Lenox, Mass., rounds out the month on the 31st.

The Ox Ridge show at Darien, Conn. on the grounds of the Ox Ridge Hunt Club starts the September circuit on Labor Day.

BIRDS IN YOUR COVERS

(Continued from page 23)

could eliminate a large part of the risk of loss, both from wandering and from predators."

"I'm interested," I said.

The plan was this:

Before the birds arrive select covers, as you would if you were planning to liberate them immediately. In each of these covers place a pen with a small door which can be operated with a string. Put the birds in the pens and feed them there. After a few days, sprinkle feed freely around the outside and open the door. Stand by quietly until two or three birds have wandered out. Then close the door and go away.

The birds that are still in the pen, and the feed, will tend to keep the others nearby, and they will become accustomed to the land. Each day following release two or three more until they are all out. Remove the pen, but continue to feed in the same area for several days.

A still better plan would be to hold them in the pens until they are about 16 weeks old. Sixteen-week-old birds are as capable of taking care of themselves as they will ever be.

The pen construction may vary, but they should be wire-covered and so designed that it will be impossible for rats, cats, and weasels to dig in. For quail, the most convenient type would be a wire-bottomed, portable, cage-type pen, about six feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high, of three-quarter inch mesh and, of course, sturdily constructed. This should accommodate ten or twelve quail. It could be placed in the

cover easily and stored for use the following year. In holding birds for several weeks it would be wise for sanitary reasons to move the pen to new ground once a week.

Pheasants will need a larger pen, and a portable one may not be practical. A good arrangement for them would be an enclosure, five feet high, about six by eight feet, also of three-quarter inch mesh. Build it on well-drained ground and if possible in a spot where there is a good growth of clover or buckwheat. Six inches of the bottom of the enclosing wire should be turned out at right angles and buried six inches, leaving a foot of the wire under the ground. This will prevent rodents from digging under, and wide boards nailed around the outside will keep cats and dogs from disturbing the birds. Place pine boughs in the corners, for shelter, and plan on about eight pheasants to a pen.

As feed for birds to be held only a few days, and for feeding in the covers, ordinary chick or intermediate scratch grain, finely ground, which can be bought in any feed store, will be satisfactory.² If you plan to hold the birds for several weeks, it would be well to consult the game breeder who shipped them, as a sudden change in ration is unwise. A standard grade of scratch feed and a container of oyster shell, grit, and charcoal should be kept before the birds at all times, as should clean water in clean watering equipment. Green stuff, lettuce or cabbage, should be given twice a week.

"And using that plan," I asked, "you think that most of the birds should be there when the shooting season starts?"

"Yes," he said, "always provided they can find food and good cover and that you give them protection from predators."

"Just what is good cover?" I asked.

Best of all is the kind of wild thickets that grow along the edges of second-growth woods. But hedges also afford good cover; so do rail fences with plenty of grass and weeds growing along them. Ornamental evergreens with lower branches touching the ground are excellent. If there is not enough natural cover, you can make lean-to shelters of pine boughs, two or three feet high at the front, with an exit at the rear. Face them toward the south.

"What would be the best type of natural feed to have growing around the place?" I continued.

A cornfield is perhaps best of all, especially for pheasants. But quarter-acre plots of buckwheat can be planted near the good covers, or better still, a forty-foot strip of buckwheat or other grain crop encircling the estate or winding from one cover to another. Fallow fields with a good growth of weeds provide both feed and protection. The seed shrubs, bayberries, viburnum, sumach and many others, also furnish excellent feed. Quail are especially fond of skunk cabbage seeds.

² A mixture recommended by a large hatchery contains cracked wheat, millet, Kaffir corn, green peas, hemp buckwheat, popcorn, rice, sunflower seeds, field corn, charcoal, and barley.

"You will not shoot all the birds during the season," the Experienced Game Breeder said. "Some of them will be on the place during the winter, and you will want to feed them when there's snow on the ground. Study their habits, try to find their favorite haunts, and put the feed where they'll be likely to find it. For quail, be sure to use a chick grain that is so finely ground that it will also attract song birds."

"What's the sense in that?"

"In a snowstorm, quail are likely to huddle together for several hours. When it stops, with the ground freshly covered, they may not find the grain. They also have the habit of walking single file, which means that they don't cover the ground very thoroughly. But the song birds are always moving around; they will find it and dig down through the snow for it. In that way they'll act as guides to the quail.

PHEASANTS can be fed coarser grains—cracked or even whole corn. But I'd recommend the finely ground feed for them too, because whole corn is too attractive to crows and squirrels."

"Another thing," I said. "What are the predators I should control?"

"Crows, rats, foxes, skunks, weasels, sharp-shinned hawks, Cooper's hawks, goshawks, great horned owls, English sparrows, snakes, and snapping turtles. And most of all, cats. The place for cats when you're trying to raise game birds is in the house—or in the river, if you like cats as well as I do.

"The question of predator control isn't half so simple as I've made it sound. There are some vermin that will steal eggs or young birds, but won't do any harm at all outside of the breeding season. Some hawks and owls that do more good than harm in other places can be a menace around a concentration of birds, and some of the harmful ones may kill more rats and snakes than birds. Foxes kill rats, too, and skunks eat snapping turtle eggs. Sometimes the easiest way to keep foxes from killing your birds is to see that there are plenty of rabbits around; it's easier for them to catch rabbits than pheasants.

"There's only one good way to deal with predators: keep your eyes open and spend as much time as possible wandering around the place. Some of your birds will be killed, and by finding those dead birds and figuring out what killed them you'll learn how to control predators. Sometimes shooting is best, sometimes trapping."

"Sounds like an interesting study," I said.³

"Now I have one last question: What are the chances of my getting a self-perpetuating stock established on my place?"

"Figure on losing one-third of the birds you release each year, by wandering and by death from natural causes. Then keep track of how many you and your friends shoot. Replace

³ For a fuller discussion of predator control, "More Game Birds by Controlling Their Natural Enemies," (single copies free from More Game Birds in America, A Foundation, 500 5th Ave., New York City) is recommended.

all these losses every year figuring on one bird to four acres for about three years.

"Then, with reasonable luck and common sense in your shooting you ought to find that the wild birds are stocking your place for you. But you may have to restock again after an extra severe winter or if you have storms before the young birds are fully feathered or if foxes or weasels get too common."

"All right," I said. "I guess I'll try it."

"Go ahead but look out for it," he warned. "It's a fascinating hobby. You may get so interested in raising birds you'll forget to shoot them."

THE BUTTERNUTS

(Continued from page 25)

are on pilananas of girls come up from the village turn into expert, uniformed maids and remain, by way of some other generous accommodating wing of the house, until the week-end is over. But that detail of service is part of Mrs. Fairbank's talent for entertaining.

The lake is in the view from nearly every window. When N. K. Fairbank, who built the house, was planning it, he stood and sat, during a whole summer, on every foot of lake shore until he had determined the coolest site, as well as the most advantageous for views, and his house is their witness. There may be other lakes in this country as blue as this one, but certainly they are rare. And here, the woods and lawns come to the water's edge without the interruption of a beach.

Even the life in the lake is fantastic. A kind of fish, called a Cisco thrives there, and one is told, in only three other lakes in the world as far as is known. It is a small fish, sweeter and more delicate than any describing.

They used to fish for it in summer, during the time of year when an annoyance known as the Cisco fly came into its own, and was thought to lure the fish. But now the natives have a better way. They fish in winter through a hole in the ice inside the huts which they put up. And the bait they use is bright colored beads. It seems slightly unreal, nevertheless the Ciscos are at the Fairbank dinner parties in town in the winter and they come from the lake in front of The Butternuts caught by painted beads.

There is a story about the 100 One early Spring "Little Janet" was camping out at The Butternuts, to put in the garden, when Mrs. Fairbank's secretary telephoned from town. Mrs. Fairbank she said had invited Major Lennox Lehr and three of his friends to stop at The Butternuts for the night on their way North for a fishing trip after they had launched Chicago's Century of Progress. They had launched the Fair and they were going on their fishing trip, but Mrs. Fairbank had forgotten to mention the irrelevancy of the stop at The Butternuts until they had telephoned a few minutes before that they were on their way

"Little Janet" rounded up every woman in the village who could scrub and was ready for them, with the house cleaned and opened, three hours later. They came with outboard motors, tackle, nets, came in without bothering to unpack all this paraphernalia and sat up most of the night re-hasting Chicago's Fair. The next morning they wandered down for a look at the lake before starting off and there flat on his face was the cook's little red-headed boy, fishing through the cracks. They all lay down and looked at these absurd little fish, coming up for nonsense bait, and they never did go up to the North woods nor unpack their paraphernalia from the car. They just stayed on and fished through the cracks with beads, and the little red-headed boy.

The Butternuts is like that, unreal, but true just the same. Everyone who has been there tries to tell about its quality—how humorous it is and how dignified how friendly and how warm always against a back log of formality but always how generously hospitable.

One guest wrote of it:

"Ivied and rambling, storied high, wooden and brown against the sky. It stands there calling back the days of horses and Castoria. A house of which the architect was (you are certain to suspect) The illegitimate son of Brigham Young and Queen Victoria."

DINING IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from page 23)

are the accepted candle shades. Colored candles are now seldom used except for special occasions: red for Christmas, yellow for Thanksgiving or a color that accentuates a certain note in an informal setting in the decoration of the china that is used.

In the table setting illustrated, suitable for a country dinner party, crystal swans are filled with bouvardia, tiny pink roses and argemone, to repeat the colorings of the motifs on the table-cloth and china. The crystal computes on either side with floating pink gladiolus blooms, suggesting half-blown roses accentuate this effect and that of the Arden rose in the center of the Lenox china plate.

The type of cloth shown, of black printed linen, that is so appropriate for country use emphasizes what I have already said in regard to introducing the gay colorings of the garden within the house.

Next to consider in the dinner setting is the glass which even in the simplest table setting attracts the eye. Colored glassware unless it is of a rare type that has come down through inheritance, such as old Bristol, blue or ruby, or is a treasured purchase of some years back is seldom used today. Clear crystal has entirely usurped its place and almost that of the cut and engraved patterns. Form has proved a popular substitute for ornamental detail as can be seen in the modern Swedish glass shown in the table setting

and in the group with the china. The number of glasses also has dwindled in modern dining to the invariable water goblet and glasses for sherry, red or white wine and champagne—the last only seldom served at country dinners. These are all that are really required as cocktails and liqueurs being passed away from the table have no place in it. Quite a departure from the '90's when at fashionable dinners glasses before each place were lined up in battery array.

In the selection of the china again the modern hostess no longer concentrates on a complete service of one pattern but prefers to diversify her choice in service, entrée, salad and dessert plates and keep her less ornate plates for her main course, soup, and bread and butter plates if used at an informal dinner.

The dinner sets, so called that sometimes numbered over 100 pieces with gravy boats, covered vegetable dishes, and others never used, have given away to a more varied selection of patterns with Sheffield substituted as an appropriate aid to service.

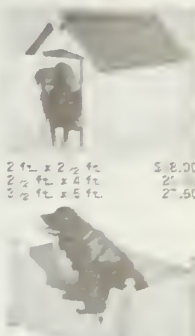
While new English wares are constantly introducing charming patterns in American shops, such as the Susie Cooper plates, illustrated if the hostess in search for new table appointments prefers she will find many worthwhile patterns of American make in the present development of dinner wares that are essentially American in treatment. The historical scenes that have come into popular use are a notable example.

Colored pottery, especially appropriate for the country table also offers a choice of beautiful colors that may be used for an entire color scheme on the table or in contrasting colors, such as turquoise with brown, green with pale yellow or brilliant blue and ivory. The crude beauty of Mexican glass harmonizes especially well with these as it does with Italian pottery. Many prefer the flowered patterns of the Italian to the solid colors with the amusing little animals and charming peasant figures that add so much to the table decoration.

The clever hostess then uses whatever her imagination suggests and her taste endorses in her table settings.

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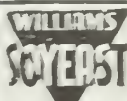
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DO NOT READ NOW
ANSWERS
to questions on page 54

- 1 No. 7 on chart.
- 2 No. 6 on chart.
- 3 No. 5 on chart.
- 4 No. 9 on chart.
- 5 No. 4 on chart.
- 6 No. 2 on chart.
- 7 No. 3 on chart.
- 8 No. 10 on chart.
- 9 No. 8 on chart.
- 10 No. 1 on chart.

The Young Sportsman

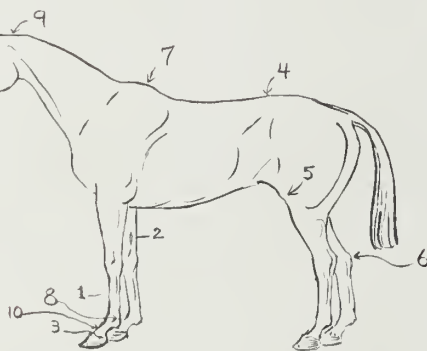
EMILY EGNER wins the five dollar prize this month for her drawing of a cocker spaniel. Emily is ten years old, the same age as most of the artists whose work appears on this page this month. Emily has evidently drawn from life rather than from memory and this sketch of hers shows well how much more lifelike is the result.

From now on only drawings done in pen and ink will be published, so go right out and buy some black drawing ink and a sharp-pointed pen. Suggested subjects for artists, authors, poets and photographers are "We flew the first fence," "Back to school," "How to help refugee children feel at home," "The funniest thing that happened to me this summer."

Remember all contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and the signature of parent or guardian that it is your own work.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HORSES?

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Find the withers | 6. Find the chestnut |
| 2. Find the hock | 7. Find the coronet |
| 3. Find the stifle | 8. Find the pastern |
| 4. Find the poll | 9. Find the fetlock |
| 5. Find the croup | 10. Find the cannon |



Answers will be found on page 53

There are fine thoroughbreds from the stables of Lum and Abner (of radio fame), the Samuel F. B. Morse stables at Carmel, and so on and so on. Always Santa Barbara's OWN SON, Leo Carrillo, heads the parades, tossing gay salutations here and there.

Such famous ranches as the Tecolote Ranch, noted for its fine stock, the Dos Pueblos Rancho, with its large acreage of grazing land and citrus trees, the ranch of Evan Pillsbury III, with its prize Herefords, the Rancho San Julian, belonging to the Dibblee families and many others are all show places within easy driving of Santa Barbara, which typify and still keep alive the old Spanish customs, so that they may never die.

With such a rich heritage no wonder California is the Golden State of the West.

MARY DE WHITNEY, AGED 15,
LOMPOC, CALIF.

PALOMINOS

I WANT to take you on a tour through the beautiful country in which I live.

Every visitor first wants to see California's Golden Palominos, a name which rightly describes the gorgeous Palomino horses now being bred in their rightful country, a country rich in Spanish traditions.

The Spaniards brought many horses to this country, most of them being the Palomino, a magnificent golden colored animal with flowing cream colored mane and tail. Its origin, although debated, was originally a cross between a sorrel mare and white Arabian stallion. They were ridden by the Dons and owners of the large Spanish grants. After the year 1800 the raising of the Palomino declined and were seldom seen.

About twenty years ago Mr. Dwight Murphy started to breed Palominos in the Santa Ynez Valley, a veritable "Kentucky of the West." Through Mr. Murphy's efforts which have increased each year the Palomino is a recognized breed with a studbook, a national association and increasing hundreds of the type in all parts of the world.

A true Palomino is valued about \$2500. By true I mean the golden color with cream mane and tail. Other off-color Palominos are sold for about \$1600. It is quite a chore to raise them and they live a pampered life in corrals, for they are not allowed the run of the range. Many is the time I have ridden over to the ranch to gaze at these proud beauties, whose stables are veritable palaces. The stables are not open to the public but the Palominos are often seen in parades and horse shows throughout the country.

From the Murphy ranch we go on to Rancho Juan and Lolita, which is owned by John J. and Lolita Mitchell. We pass huge herds of white faced Herefords until we come to the sumptuous ranch home built high on the hilltops which commands a sweeping view of the vast country around. Below the house one finds huge stables filled with all types of thoroughbred horses, proud beauties these! One perfectly matched team of 6 blacks, blue ribbon winners in their day, have been pensioned to a life of ease. Then the tack room, with its silver mounted saddles and bridles, trophies, blue ribbons and

ancient saddles are things of wonderment.

Our genial host, Mr. Elmer Aul, shows us the carriage room. Here we see relics of bygone splendor. There are lovely glass enclosed carriages and surreys, gayly painted donkey and pony carts, stage coaches of every description, beautifully carved wine carrying wagons and down to the crudely made carretas.

As we pass out of the ranch we see miniature burros associating with the famous donkey "Pinky," who carries the attractive, smiling flower-girl in the Fiesta parade in Santa Barbara.

It is at the Fiesta, held during the full of the moon in August that one can see perhaps two thousand of the most beautiful horses one can imagine. There's Adolfo Camarillo's large group of pink-skinned white-haired Arabians. Each proud stepping beauty carried a member of the Camarillo family, whose family still own one of the original Spanish grants. Dwight Murphy's Palominos bring many Oh's and Ah's from the huge throng of brightly costumed spectators, as every one goes "Spanish" for the four day celebration.

LOUIS GOES TO MARYLAND

MUCH to my surprise and after a long argument, it was decided to take Louis to Maryland.

The girl to whom Louis belongs was so scared that her horse would catch cold, that she put four blankets, and one scarf on him.

When everything was ready we tried to get Louis into the trailer. This didn't please Louis at all. He planted all four feet firmly on the ground and refused to move. We tried, and tried, to get him into the trailer, but Louis did not want to go to Maryland. Finally, after every known means of getting a horse into a trailer had been tried, someone took hold of Louis' halter, and Louis walked into the trailer calmly.

The most nerve racking adventure of the whole trip was going past the state troopers headquarters in Wilmington, Delaware. You see, we had a last years license on the trailer. We were not caught. When we sighted the farm where Louis was to stay for six months we were all overjoyed. Except Louis' mistress who decided she wanted Louis in Pennsylvania with her.

PIXIE MARSHALL, AGED 11,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Drawn by Emily Egner, South Orange, N. J.; aged 10



Drawn by Joan Young, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; aged 10



Drawn by Marie Hinrichs, Scarsdale, N. Y.; aged 10



Drawn by Barbara Blair, Germantown, Pa.; aged 12



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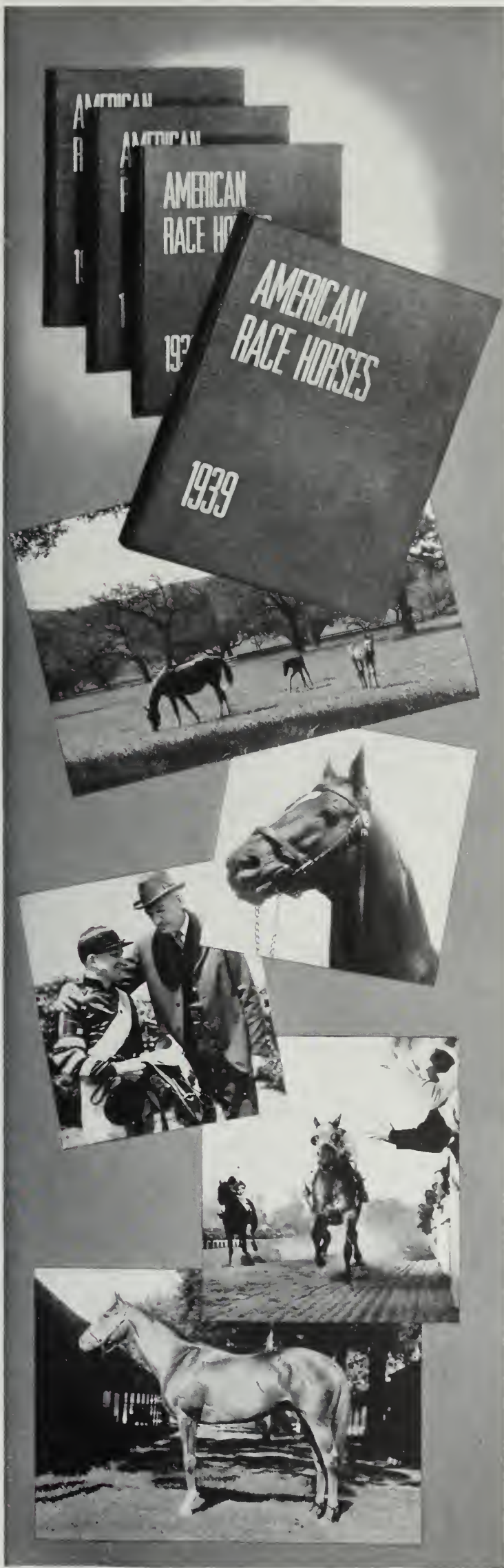
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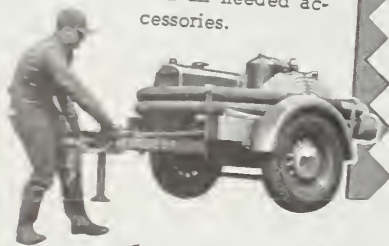
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The Town house

IN BELLEAIR, FLA..



Bellevue Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY,
Managing Director

KIRKEBY HOTELS

The CALENDAR

RACING

To Sept. 2 DEL MAR, Cal.
 To Sept. 2 STAMFORD PARK, Niagara Falls, Ont.
 To Sept. 2 DADE PARK, Henderson, Ky.
 To Sept. 2 WASHINGTON PARK, Homewood, Ill.
 To Sept. 2 AQUEDUCT, L. I.
 Sept. 2-21 CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN'S RACING ASS'N., Hawthorne, Ill.
 Sept. 4-Oct. 5 THORNCLIFFE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 Sept. 7-14 HAVRE DE GRACE, Md.
 Sept. 14-28 WOODBINE PARK, Toronto, Ont.
 Sept. 21-28 BELMONT PARK, L. I.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

Sept. 7 FOXCATCHER HOUNDS, Fair Hill, Md.
 Sept. 21 WHITEMARSH VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Flourtown, Pa.
 Sept. 28 MEADOW BROOK STEEPCHASE ASS'N., Westbury, L. I.

HORSE SHOWS

Sept. 1 ORANGEBURG FAIR, Orangeburg, N. Y.
 Sept. 1 GOSHEN, Conn.
 Sept. 1-6 INDIANA STATE FAIR, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Sept. 2 ALTOONA, Pa.
 Sept. 4-5 MCKEAN COUNTY FAIR, E. Southport, Pa.
 Sept. 6-7 GENESSEE VALLEY BREEDER'S ASS'N., Avon, N. Y.
 Sept. 6-7 CECIL COUNTY BREEDER'S FAIR, Fair Hill, Md.
 Sept. 7-8 COLUMBUS, Forest Glen, Md.
 Sept. 7 FAIRFAX, Va.
 Sept. 8 SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CLUB, Old Westbury, L. I.
 Sept. 9-14 KENTUCKY STATE FAIR, Louisville, Ky.
 Sept. 10-13 BROCKTON FAIR, Brockton, Mass.
 Sept. 11-14 WISSAHICKON, Whitemarsh, Pa.
 Sept. 13-14 NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
 Sept. 14 GIPSY TRAIL CLUB, Carmel, N. Y.
 Sept. 15 LAWRENCE FARMS, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
 Sept. 16-21 SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
 Sept. 21 PLAINFIELD RIDING CLUB, N. J.
 Sept. 22 POCANTICO HILLS, North Tarrytown, N. Y.
 Sept. 25-27 HAGERSTOWN, Md.
 Sept. 25-28 BRYN MAWR, Pa.
 Sept. 26-29 MONTEREY COUNTY, Monterey, Cal.
 Sept. 27-28 MONTCLAIR, N. J.
 Sept. 28 BYRAM RIVER, Glenville, Conn.
 Sept. 29-Oct. 5 ST. LOUIS, Mo.

GRAND CIRCUIT TROTTING

Sept. 2-7 INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.
 Sept. 9-14 READING, Pa.
 Sept. 9-14 LOUISVILLE, Ky.
 Sept. 16-20 DELAWARE, Ohio.
 Sept. 21-28 LEXINGTON, Ky.

DOG SHOWS

Sept. 1 GREAT BARRINGTON KENNEL CLUB, Great Barrington, Mass.
 Sept. 1 OAKLAND COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Royal Oak, Mich.
 Sept. 1-2 ST. PAUL KENNEL CLUB, St. Paul, Minn.
 Sept. 1-2 SPOKANE KENNEL CLUB, Spokane, Wash.
 Sept. 2 OX RIDGE KENNEL CLUB, Darien, Conn.
 Sept. 4 WALLA WALLA KENNEL CLUB, Walla Walla, Wash.
 Sept. 7 BRIDGEWATER KENNEL CLUB, Bridgewater, Mass.
 Sept. 7 TUXEDO KENNEL CLUB, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
 Sept. 8 WESTCHESTER KENNEL CLUB, Rye, N. Y.
 Sept. 8 LOUISVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Louisville, Ky.
 Sept. 9-11 BROCKTON AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Brockton, Mass.
 Sept. 14 DEVON, Pa.
 Sept. 14 MAINE KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Me.
 Sept. 15 GLENDALE KENNEL CLUB, Glendale, Cal.
 Sept. 15 MONTGOMERY COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Whitemarsh, Pa.
 Sept. 20 INTERMOUNTAIN KENNEL CLUB, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Sept. 21 EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
 Sept. 21 SOMERSET HILLS KENNEL CLUB, Far Hills, N. J.
 Sept. 22 BERKS COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Reading, Pa.
 Sept. 22 JAXON KENNEL CLUB, Jackson, Miss.
 Sept. 22 OAKLAND KENNEL CLUB, Oakland, Cal.
 Sept. 23-24 COLORADO KENNEL CLUB, Denver, Colo.
 Sept. 28 SUFFOLK COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Huntington, L. I.
 Sept. 28 PEORIA AND CENTRAL ILLINOIS KENNEL CLUB, Peoria, Ill.
 Sept. 28-29 LOS ANGELES COUNTY FAIR KENNEL CLUB, Pomona, Cal.
 Sept. 28-29 KANAWHA VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Charleston, W. Va.
 Sept. 29 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, St. Louis, Mo.

FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVERS)

Sept. 7-8 NORTHERN RETRIEVER FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Webster, Wis.
 Sept. 14-15 MINNESOTA FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Winona, Minn.
 Sept. 21-22 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIELD TRIALS (SPANIELS)

Sept. 7-8 NORTHWEST ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB, Portland, Ore.
 Sept. 28-29 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIELD TRIALS (POINTER AND SETTER)

Sept. 1 CONNECTICUT SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N., East Hartford, Conn.
 Sept. 2 DOMINION FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Pierson, Man.
 Sept. 7 NEW BRITAIN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, New Britain, Conn.
 Sept. 7 TIoga COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S ASS'N., Owego, N. Y.
 Sept. 9 ALL-AMERICA PRAIRIE CHICKEN TRIALS, Pierson, Man.
 Sept. 13 NEW HAMPSHIRE FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Hooksett, N. H.
 Sept. 14 WILBRAHAM FISH AND GAME CLUB, Wilbraham, Mass.
 Sept. 14 CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 Sept. 14 CHARLESTOWN FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Charlestown, R. I.
 Sept. 14 OSWEGO COUNTY FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Fulton, N. Y.
 Sept. 14 TRUMBULL POINTER AND SETTER CLUB, Warren, Ohio.
 Sept. 16 MANITOBA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Melita, Man.
 Sept. 20 B. C. FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Ladner, B. C.
 Sept. 21 JERSEY IRISH SETTER FIELD DOG CLUB, Pemberton, N. J.
 Sept. 21 NORTHERN STATES AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Solon Springs, Wis.
 Sept. 21 COOPERSTOWN FISH AND GAME CLUB, Cooperstown, N. Y.
 Sept. 21 KEYSTONE SETTER AND POINTER CLUB, Reading, Pa.
 Sept. 22 HAMPSHIRE COUNTY FIELD TRIALS, Northampton, Mass.
 Sept. 22 MONROE COUNTY FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Rochester, N. Y.
 Sept. 27 CENTRAL NEW YORK PHEASANT DOG ASS'N., Lakeport, N. Y.
 Sept. 27 CAPITAL CITY FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Harrisburg, Pa.
 Sept. 27 WISCONSIN AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
 Sept. 27 OREGON FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Harrisburg, Ore.
 Sept. 27 SOUTH JERSEY FIELD TRIAL ASS'N.,
 Sept. 28 SEWICKLEY KENNEL CLUB, Sewickley, Pa.
 Sept. 28 ERIE FIELD TRIAL ASS'N., Erie, Pa.
 Sept. 28 WOOD AND HANCOCK COUNTY BIRD DOG ASS'N., Findlay, Ohio.
 Sept. 30 LOUDOUN GUN DOG CLUB, Round Hill, Va.

SKET TOURNAMENTS

Sept. 1 SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
 Sept. 8 EASTCO GUN CLUB, Bangor, Me.

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Blended 33 Times to Make One Great Beer

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 and the Largest Selling American
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"PROVIDENCE"

1730 Plantation in

Tidewater Virginia

For over two hundred years "Providence" has been one of the centers of gracious living in the historic old Tidewater Country. The plantation is ten miles from Gloucester Court House. It is on a bluff overlooking the beautiful Piankatank River, with a generous water frontage, deep yacht anchorage, and excellent oyster beds. All rooms have a view of the river. A cedar-lined drive leads to the old manor house which is situated in a lovely grove of old mulberries, elms and maples.

The manor house, recently restored without consideration of cost, is of solid handmade brick and Flemish bond; it is an unusually fine example of early Virginia architecture. The house has a large pillared porch on the river side and a 50-foot screened porch on the land side. On the first floor: large reception hall with handsome stairway; living room, dining room, both exquisitely panelled; breakfast room, kitchen, and butler's pantry. Above are five master chambers, all with generous closets; four tile baths, and linen room. The brick floor basement contains a large game room, laundry, wine cellar, and oil heating plant. All rooms cross ventilated. Five fireplaces.

Accessory buildings include a three-car brick garage; guest cottage with separate oil heating plant, consists of living-dining room, kitchen, and two bedrooms with bath. Overseer's cottage of four rooms and bath, dairy and stock barn, smoke house, chicken houses, hog pen, and numerous other minor buildings. A large orchard of peaches, pears, plums, grapes, with ample strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, etc. There are 70 acres in the plantation, of which 45 are cleared and in a high state of cultivation. Additional acreage available.

For full particulars and pictures

APPLY

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Sept. 8
Sept. 13-15
Sept. 14
Sept. 21-22
Sept. 22

MINUTE MAN SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, Lexington, Mass.
COLUMBIA GUN CLUB, Columbia, Mo.
NASSAU TRAPSHOOTING CLUB, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.
SEIGNIORY CLUB, P. O.
HILLTOP SKEET CLUB, Holliston, Mass.

ART EXHIBITIONS

Sept. TWENTY CENTURIES OF MEXICAN ART, Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.
Sept. SUMMER EXHIB. FRENCH PAINTINGS, Marie Harriman Gallery, N. Y.
Sept. 16 EXHIB. WORK BY HOUSTON ARTISTS, Houston, Tex.
To Sept. 2 WATERCOLORS, ART ASS'N. OF NEWPORT, R. I.
To Sept. 2 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SOUTHERN VERMONT ARTISTS, Manchester, Vt.
To Sept. 2 RECENT ACCESSIONS. WORK OF STUDENTS, AMERICANA, EARLY ITALIAN PAINTINGS, ANTIQUITIES FROM DURA EUROPOS, TRUMBULL PAINTINGS, TEXTILES, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.
To Sept. 2 RENAISSANCE ARMOR, Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.
To Sept. 7 AMERICAN PAINTING (18TH AND 19TH CENT.) Kuodler Gal., N. Y.
To Sept. 7 NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Me.
To Sept. 7 NON-JURY EXHIBIT, PROVINCETOWN ART ASS'N., Provincetown, Mass.
To Sept. 8 ANNUAL EXHIBITION, NORTH SHORE ARTS ASS'N., Gloucester, Mass.
To Sept. 9 ANNUAL EXHIBITION, (2nd part), Art Ass'n., Rockport, Mass.
To Sept. 9 SCULPTURE, ART ASS'N. OF NEWPORT, R. I.
Sept. 9-Oct. 19 ITALIAN DRAWINGS FOR JEWELRY, Cooper Union, New York.
To Sept. 12 "MAGIC IN NEW YORK," XIX CENTURY NEW YORK GOTHIC, Museum of The City of New York, N. Y.
To Sept. 13 OBJECTS FROM PERMANENT COLLECTION, Baltimore Mus. of Art, Md.
To Sept. 15 CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL ART, Met. Museum, N. Y.
To Sept. 15 ESTAMPES GALANTES, Brooklyn Museum, New York.
To Sept. 15 OLD MASTERS FROM WORLD'S FAIRS, Los Angeles County Mus., Cal.
To Sept. 15 PAINTINGS BY RUTH F. MOULD, Fleming Museum, Burlington, Vt.
Sept. 15 OPENING, Whitney Museum, New York
To Sept. 16 SECOND 1940 EXHIBITION, SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, Gloucester, Mass.
Sept. 16-30 PAINTINGS, ART ASS'N. OF NEWPORT, R. I.
To Sept. 19 ARGENTINE ART, ART ASS'N. OF NEWPORT, R. I.
To Sept. 22 INTERNATIONAL LITHOGRAPHY AND WOOD ENGRAVING EXHIBITION, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
To Sept. 22 CONEY ISLAND 1909 (photographs), Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
To Sept. 24 ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIB., LYME ART ASS'N., Old Lyme, Conn.
Sept. 24-Oct. 15 BATAIKO BY ST. LOUIS ARTISTS, City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.
To Sept. 27 CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.
To Sept. 28 PHOTOGRAPHS OF OLD VERMONT HOUSES, University of Vermont.
To Sept. 29 "AS OTHERS SEE US," "ANIMALS UNDER TEN INCHES", Brooklyn Museum, New York.
To Sept. 29 OILS & WATERCOLORS BY CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ARTISTS, University of Vermont, Burlington.
To Sept. 29 CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, THE MASTERS OF GRAPHIC ARTS, PAINTINGS BY SEATTLE ARTISTS, DRAWINGS BY THE MASTERS, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, Wash.
To Sept. 30 EXHIBITION OF NORTHERN BERKSHIRE ARTISTS, Lawrence Art Museum, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.
To Sept. 30 MIDSUMMER EXHIBITION, Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, N. H.
Sept.-Oct. 1 CHILDE HASSAM & EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, Am. Acad. Arts and Letters, N. Y.
Sept.-Oct. 1 PERMANENT COLLECTION, Carpenter Galleries, Dartmouth College.
Sept.-Oct. 1 THUMB BOX COLLECTION FOREMOST AM. PAINTERS, Barbizon Plaza Art Gal., N. Y.
Sept.-Oct. 6 SHAWLS, CAPS AND LAPETS, Brooklyn Museum, N. Y.
Sept.-Oct. 20 SUMMER EXHIBITIONS, Art Institute of Chicago, Ill.
Sept.-Nov. 7 ANNUAL FOUNDERS SHOW, Grand Central Galleries, New York.

FLOWER SHOWS

Sept. 1-7 GARDENS ON PARADE, New York World's Fair.
Sept. 5 WORCESTER COUNTY HORT. SOCIETY, Cut Flowers, Worcester, Mass.
Sept. 5-6 ELBERON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Asbury Park, N. J.
Sept. 7-8 DAHLIA SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND, AND MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Boston, Mass.
Sept. 11-14 WESTCHESTER COUNTY HORT. SOCIETY, Annual Show, White Plains, N. Y.
Sept. 12 WORCESTER COUNTY HORT. SOCIETY, Grape Exhib., Worcester, Mass.
Sept. 16 AMERICAN FUCHSIA SOCIETY, San Francisco, Cal.
Sept. 19 WORCESTER COUNTY HORT. SOCIETY, Dahlia Exhib., Worcester, Mass.
Sept. 20-22 AMERICAN DAHLIA SOCIETY ANNUAL SHOW, N. Y. World's Fair.
Sept. 21-22 GARDEN CLUB OF MT. VERNON, N. Y.
Sept. 24-26 WESTCHESTER AND FAIRFIELD ANNUAL SHOW, Glen Ridge, Conn.
Sept. 26 WORCESTER COUNTY HORT. SOCIETY, Dahlia Display, Worcester, Mass.
Sept. 29-30 BALTIMORE DAHLIA SOCIETY, Baltimore, Md.

BELGIAN SHOWS

Sept. 1-6 NEBRASKA STATE FAIR, Lincoln.
Sept. 2-7 SOUTH DAKOTA STATE FAIR, Huron.
Sept. 2-8 OREGON STATE FAIR, Salem.
Sept. 3 MARYLAND STATE FAIR, Timonium.*
Sept. 3 MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, Detroit.*
Sept. 5-6 INDIANA STATE FAIR, Indianapolis.*
Sept. 8-14 KANSAS FREE FAIR, Topeka.
Sept. 16 KANSAS STATE FAIR, Hutchinson, Kans.*
Sept. 21-28 OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR, Oklahoma City.
Sept. 22-29 NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR, Trenton.
Sept. 23-28 VIRGINIA STATE FAIR, Richmond.
Sept. 30-Oct. 6 NATIONAL BELGIAN SHOW, Waterloo, Iowa.
* Dates on which Belgians will be judged.

JERSEY SALES AND SHOWS

Sept. 2 CONSIGNMENT SALE, South Carolina Jersey Cattle Club, Newberry, S. C.
Sept. 5 TENNESSEE PRODUCTION SHOW, Pulaski, Tenn.
Sept. 18 TRIMBLE BROS. SALE, Trimble, Ill.
Sept. 24 W. S. O'HAIR SALE, Paris, Ill.

AYRSHIRE SHOWS

Sept. 1-6 NEBRASKA STATE FAIR, Lincoln.
To Sept. 2 MINNESOTA STATE FAIR, St. Paul.
To Sept. 2 NEW YORK STATE FAIR, Syracuse.
Sept. 2-7 SOUTH DAKOTA STATE FAIR, Huron.
Sept. 2-7 MARYLAND STATE FAIR, Timonium.
Sept. 2-7 RUTLAND STATE FAIR, Rutland, Vt.
Sept. 2-8 OREGON STATE FAIR, Salem.
Sept. 4-8 ESSEX COUNTY FAIR, Topsfield, Mass.
To Sept. 6 INDIANA STATE FAIR, Indianapolis.
To Sept. 7 CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Toronto.
To Sept. 8 MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, Detroit.
Sept. 8-14 SAGINAW FAIR, Saginaw, Mich.
Sept. 8-14 BROCKTON FAIR, Brockton, Mass.
Sept. 8-15 READING FAIR, Reading, Pa.
To Sept. 9 CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, Sacramento.
Sept. 13-29 LOS ANGELES COUNTY FAIR, Pomona, Cal.
Sept. 15-21 EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION, Springfield, Mass.
Sept. 15-21 KANSAS STATE FAIR, Hutchinson, Kans.
Sept. 16-22 WESTERN WASHINGTON FAIR, Puyallup, Wash.
Sept. 17-21 ALLENTOWN FAIR, Allentown, Pa.
Sept. 21-28 OKLAHOMA STATE FAIR, Okla. City.
Sept. 30-Oct. 6 DAIRY CATTLE CONGRESS, Waterloo, Iowa.

GUERNSEY SALES

Sept. 11 VERMONT STATE SALE.
Sept. 14 VIRGINIA STATE SALE, Richmond.
Sept. 16 CONSIGNMENT SALE, Chester, South Carolina.
Sept. 21 BEECHFORD FARMS SALE, Mt. Trumper, N. Y.
Sept. 26 SOUTHWEST KANSAS SALE, Parsons, Kansas.
Sept. 27 ANNUAL SALE, SALT POINT DUTCHESS COUNTY, New York.
Sept. 28 SALE, AUBURN OR CORTLAND, Cayuga County, New York.

ABERDEEN ANGUS SALES

Sept. 28 CENTRAL IOWA BREEDERS, Marshalltown, Iowa.
Sept. 30 NORTHWEST BREEDERS ASSN., Fargo, North Dakota.

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The house at the gate is a quaint 200 year old frame house. The well built boat house has a large recreation room, fireplace and three bedrooms, lavatory and electricity. There are also barns, garage and an ice house, all sturdy buildings. A caretaker's house and a large barn on the property. From early Spring until Winter the estate has a great variety of flowers. Glorious white birches, pines and oaks add to the beauty of the property. The lake contains a variety of fish, black bass, pickerel, etc.



This view omits an area of lake and cultivated land to the right as well as the caretaker's house and barn.

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This property has been the home of the present owner for twenty years. It offers the advantages and pleasures of an old undisturbed country side where good living is enjoyed at low costs. It is offered at a sacrifice price for quick sale. Write for particulars and set of photographs.

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New stone and frame Colonial in superb 4½-acre setting of trees, lawns, gardens. 8 spacious rooms, hallway with hanging staircase, 4½ baths, dressing room. Picture windows on southerly porch off living room. Equipped for comfort with low overhead.

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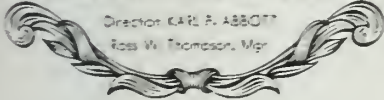
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LETTERS

ANTIQUATED PLOW?

TO THE EDITOR:
Russell Lord's three articles in COUNTRY LIFE are very interesting. There is no doubt that there are many places where contour farming is best. Is there being so much said about it, without offering other methods of controlling erosion, that it will be used where other methods would be better? In my opinion, on even fairly sloping land, cover crop discing and deep tillage will stop the flow of water from where it lands. The Diesel powered tractors have made the use of these heavy tools possible. I feel that the plow is antiquated, for it puts the vegetable matter where it is not wanted. This vegetable matter, when in bunches, heats and sometimes burns. It even has damaged germination of planted seeds. This vegetable matter and the humus which it leaves should be well mixed into the very top layer of soil. This thing the cover-crop disc does.

The more humus there is the less is the capillary attraction, therefore, if the vegetable matter is mixed in the very top layer of soil it tends to seal in the water beside making a friable condition of the land, keeping it open to receive the falling water, and tying the particles together so they do not so easily wash. The deep tillage tools create a reservoir for the storage of excess water for use during dry periods. Contour farming does not give the opportunity of light to the straw of grain, or to both sides of other growing plants, as does north and south drilling and planting.

MARSHALL C. RUMSEY,
Batavia, N. Y.

Mr. Lord replied to this interesting letter as follows:

"That the plow is antiquated I agree. I have seen, too, in many places the virtue of discing. And I am sharply aware, having seen the cure-all of erosion, being in a few years from terracing to stripping of the dangers of pushing any one method of culture as a panacea. There is no panacea.

"Having just toured the Catskills, then the Ohio Valley, I must say, though, that I am more than ever impressed with the practicality of strip fields. They still erode, when well made, enormously. Plain farmers can farm strips, once they make the change, without much modern machinery and equipment. I was on

one farm, sharply hilly, in southern Ohio, three weeks ago. The owner was a Farm Security client, trying to work up from tenant to owner. He had his whole farm stripped and was working it with two horses. Great rains beat down there in June. His soil was moving, but only at a creep.

"The question of light is a new one to me, and interesting I wonder, though, on lands in general whether the difference, if any, wouldn't cancel out, under contouring. Rows that run just one way may catch the most light in some locations, but as often as not, perhaps, they don't, being not designed with that in view. Rows that run all ways at once, as do contoured rows in herring or hilly country may conceivably come out as to light about the same, or maybe better. I don't know. But you have raised a surmise worth considering.

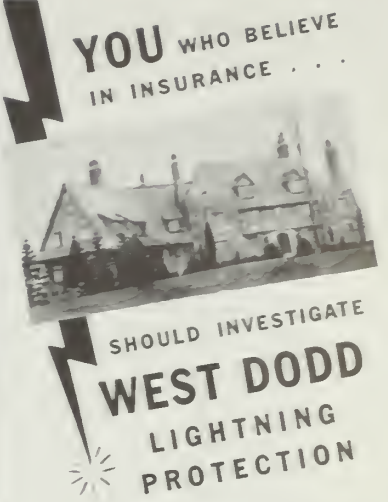
"If, as I believe to be generally true, plowing on the contour reduces run-off; and if, as you suggest, deep discing is better than plowing, does it follow that deep discing on the contour is better, in general, than deep discing in straight lines? I think so. But I don't know. It is extraordinary how little any of us really know about such vital questions."

POLO FOR FUN

TO THE EDITOR:
Your article, "Playing Polo for Fun," by Cullom met with my greatest approval, and interest. I think more polo players with the same ideas would help the game out immensely. An eight goal team can put on an equally as interesting game from the spectators' point of view as a 30-goal team.

In my opinion Meadow Brook confines its tournaments too much to one class of polo. I hope in the near future to see the club run on a new, but equally outstanding basis, catering more to 15-goal polo, and low-goal players. I was very interested, and wholeheartedly agree with Mr. Cullom's opinion of the various sales and parties therein to be. Everybody who has ever seen Tommy Hitchcock and Jock Whitney play know that in these two we have two extremely big and strong horse-men. Their ponies have been made especially to suit themselves. Heaven help the low goal player who thinks he has bought a gold mine in any of these.

ROBERT V. CLARK,
Middleburg, Va.



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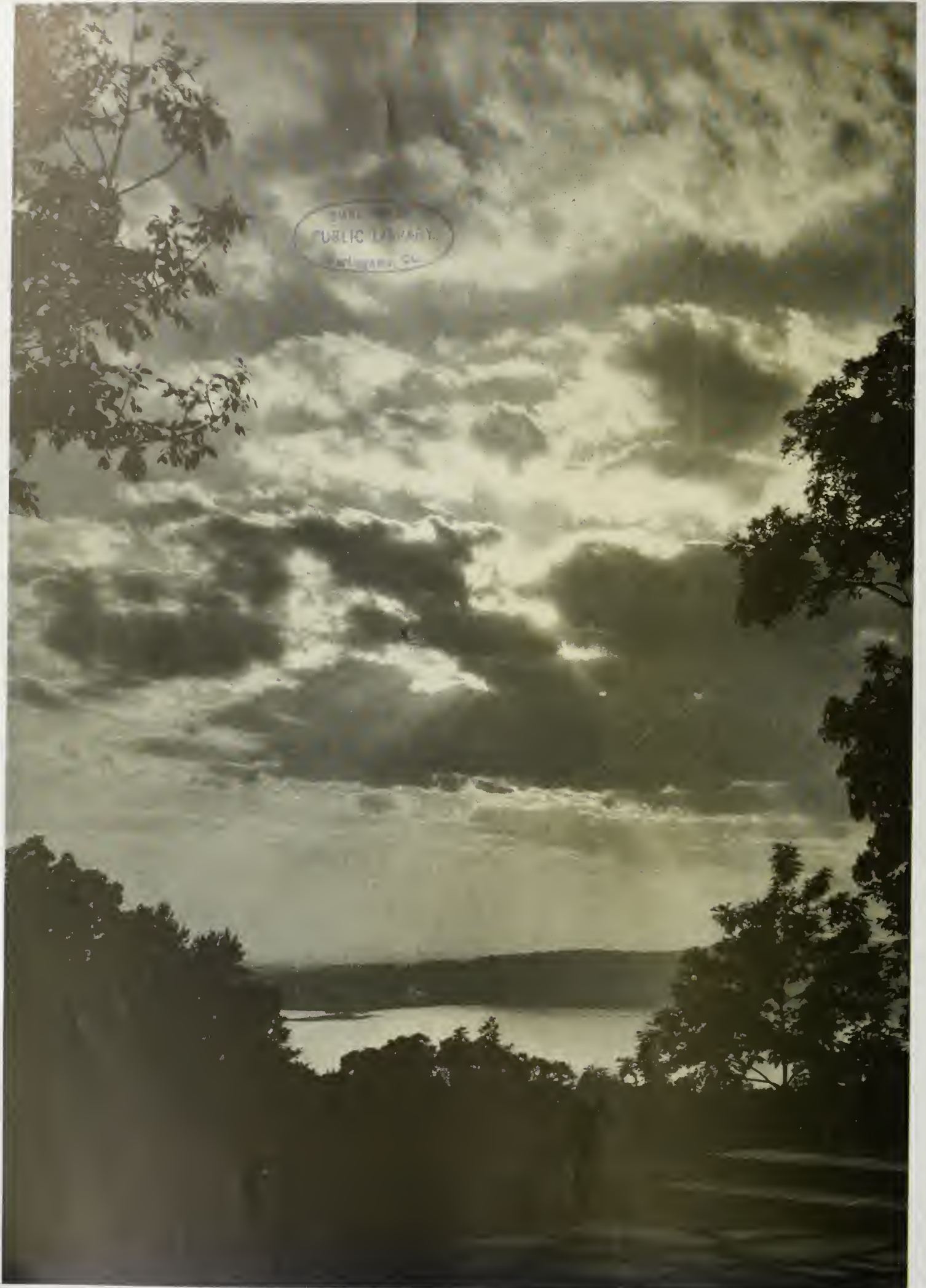
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Know Your Weather

by *GAYLE PICKWELL*

FATHER, seasoned Nebraska farmer, had learned many of the signs of weather. As I write this, a northeast wind is blowing in Nebraska where he once lived. "That is the wettest corner," he would have said. Though perhaps he would have added, since Nebraska so frequently fails to live up to the weather signs, "You know all signs fail in a dry time." The direction of the wind meant more to him than the clouds, and a persistent wind from any direction is one of the best means of predicting weather. He also knew his clouds and glanced apprehensively at them when hay cutting was afoot.

The newspapers in Nebraska 30 years ago, as now, carried abbreviated weather maps and full weather reports, though I fear my father did not follow them as closely as farmers must certainly do now. Father did attend closely, however, to such secondary signs as the tight clinging of the stock flies, "just before a rain." Under those circumstances Mother said, "It feels like rain."

My parents as weather forecasters 25 years ago were usually correct, but they did not predict far enough in advance to find it very useful in their farming activities. The situation is quite different today. Though newspapers then as now had the weather prognostication as given by the U. S. Weather Bureau units, today there is the radio. Newspapers in rural districts will be several hours old, at least, before they can be read. The radio will be only a few minutes old. As the farmer starts to the hay meadow with the mower his wife can rush out to warn him that the rain is coming within 24 hours. Nevertheless,

it is still good fun to be able to read a weather map intelligently and to know the meaning in the sequence of the clouds.

Clouds are creatures of the Weather Man's "lows" and "highs." To understand the significance of the clouds one must first have some knowledge of these lows and highs. The daily weather map in the newspapers carries these in abbreviated form. The surface of the earth and sea, and the air that lies near these surfaces, are regularly heated by the sun. Surrounding colder air pushes this warmed air up, and the push of colder air toward the warmed areas creates wind. The winds, blowing into such a region, swing along the surface over oceans or over the ground, and pick up moisture in the form of water vapor. As they move toward the warmed areas, these winds become warmed and their capacity for water becomes greater. Such winds, if the earth did not revolve, would blow directly to the regions of greatest warmth. But the earth does revolve and so the in-blowing air is thrown into a whirl.

IN the westerlies of the northern hemisphere, this whirl is counterclockwise; in the westerlies of the southern hemisphere the whirl is clockwise. The wind thus blows spirally into a center to force up the warmer air there. Near the center of this region (more especially on the southeast quadrant), rain occurs. The reasons for rain are obvious, since the warmed, moisture-laden air is certain to cool as it rises, to form clouds, and to cause rain as a consequence. This region of rising air with

its rain (or snow), and great spirally in-blowing winds, is an "extratropical cyclone." On the weather maps it is merely labeled "low."

The word "low" of an extratropical cyclone refers to the pressure of air as determined by the barometer. If air is rising in any large area, the air pressure is proportionately less than in regions where it is falling; hence the mapped extratropical cyclone presents rings of barometric pressure which show less and less pressure as the center is approached. This cyclone or "low" may be several hundred or even several thousand miles in diameter. Each day it moves rather steadily from west to east, often covering five hundred miles in its daily advance. Again, at times, it may be blocked by mountain ranges and remain for days in one locality. It is then said to be "stagnant."

As the "front" of the cyclone approaches, the thermometer steadily rises (it may fall in summer), and the barometer steadily falls. Extending out from the cyclone are thin layers of cirrus and cirro-stratus clouds. As the cyclone passes overhead, the clouds thicken, rain falls perhaps for a day, perhaps for two or three days. Then the rain clouds break. The barometer rises and the thermometer falls (it may rise in summer). The last showers come with the wind swinging from east, southeast, or northeast to the northwest, west, or southwest. A "low" has come and gone.

Many of the "lows" that produce the weather of North America arise in the Pacific Ocean. Especially is this true from October to June. Regularly, week

after week, "lows" form in the Gulf of Alaska and then swing south and east. They strike southwestern Canada and northwestern United States, bring heavy rain to this region, and then pass inland to bring rain or snow to the interior across southern Canada, northern United States, finally to pass off the New England coast. As they pass the great Rocky Mountain barrier, they lose the moist winds from the Pacific Ocean and their rains are slight until they come into the influence of air from the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes, and finally from the Atlantic Ocean. Other "lows" originate in the Pacific south of the Gulf of Alaska to bring rain to central and southern California. These "lows," in the winter, march across the great barriers of Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains to leave snows in these regions and then, in the Middle West, to receive the moist winds from the Gulf of Mexico and make great layers of snow there, and on to the east to pass off New England again.



EUROPEAN

Even with daily weather maps and radio it is good to know the natural forecasts



GAYLE PEARWELL

Beginning of a loop in a tornado funnel

"Lows" less frequently form in southwestern United States and swing across the continent in a great diagonal to New England. These are the "lows" that give most rain to such states as Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa. They receive their water in these regions from the southerly winds that blow into them from the Gulf of Mexico. "Lows" also form in the Texas-Louisiana region (such as those that brought the floods of early March, 1936, to eastern United States) and in the Florida region, to swing northeast to New England. Even the hurricanes that strike Florida and lose their violence as they move northward out of tropical ocean regions, eventually move into the Atlantic off the

northeastern portion of the United States. (Very recently, September, 1938, there was one exception; an intratropical cyclone had retained its violence and destructiveness into New England.) The persistence with which these "lows" pass off the New England area gives to this region its consistent alternation of fair and stormy weather.

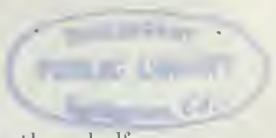
When the storm has gone and we are entering a "high," the day dawns crisp and clear. Shortly thereafter cirrus wisps form across the sky. These thicken to alto-cumulus mounds and then all disappear under the heat of the sun. By ten o'clock cotton mounds appear in the sky; and, as the northwest wind freshens, these cumulus clouds are torn under its boisterousness and driven helter-skelter over the landscape. Night falls with the wind abated and the sky again clear. The next day may be cloudless with but a faint breeze from the north. By the third day, though, faint cirrus clouds appear in the west and the wind swings easterly. The thermometer begins to climb again, the barometer falls, and sultriness pervades the air. Our anti-cyclone is passing to the east, a cyclone is approaching. Our "high" has gone, again there comes the "low."

At the advent of a "low" the first evidence is a thin wispy cirrus which gradually thickens to a wispy layer of

the cirro-stratus. The layer becomes gradually thicker and lower until it is alto-stratus. Cirro-stratus and alto-stratus let the sun come through. About the sun cirro-stratus forms a giant halo, and if the sun is low in the east or in the west as the cirro-stratus covers it sun dogs appear in the halo on the northern and southern boundaries. Alto-stratus is heavier, and though the sun comes through, this cloud forms a corona about it. The moon shines through these clouds to form similar figures.

WHEN the layer cloud is thick enough to obscure the sun it is then simply stratus. And as this stratus cloud continues to thicken and darken it will shortly rain, and then it is nimbus. Nimbus may become broken by the wind swinging to the northwest, and then it is fracto-nimbus. Fracto-nimbus breaks under the freshening northwest wind to leave a clearing sky with many chaotic cloud examples. There will then be visible layers of high cirrus, lower layers of fracto-stratus, and under the influence of the sun the first of the cumulus clouds will be piling up.

The night following the storm will be clear but the next morning will show high and beautiful clouds, the radiation clouds of high elevation, the cirro-cumulus or mackerel (*Continued on page 56*)



POLO

Thoughts about the Open Championship

by PETER VISCHER

THE number of Americans fascinated by the horse is quite extraordinary; so is the peculiarly jealous interest they show for the particular phase of horsemanship to which they are addicted. I doubt if there is a man in the country who could be called the completely rounded horseman: who breeds horses, hunts, races on the flat, over jumps, and at the trotting tracks, plays polo, shows.¹

Generally speaking, the breeder's interest goes no farther than racing. The hunting man couldn't be dragged to a track, unless there is steeplechasing. The average Thoroughbred owner wouldn't think of going to the "trots"—except maybe to take a look at the Hambletonian and see how strange it all is. The dyed-in-the-wool steeplechaser would have to be threatened with complete boredom—or a firing squad—before he'd go to a polo match. And the real polo player wouldn't be found dead at a horse show, except maybe with a beautiful girl at the National.

Probably there is no group of horsemen among all these keener about their

sport, and more envious in its behalf, than the polo players. They love polo. They live polo. They cannot understand any attitude toward it but complete and unflinching devotion. They want everything for polo—and will give nearly everything for it. They see it as the height of all fun to be had with the horse. Why, some of them go so far that a discussion of the game's trends, unless couched in the most fulsome language, is likely to be taken as a personal affront!

Now, this is as it should be. Polo is a great game—probably the finest of all. It is so simple that a child can understand it, yet so complex that it can fascinate and confound the most subtle mind. It is played in the open, on a wide expanse of green turf, under blue skies. It has the speed of racing, the contact of football, the finesse of hockey, all rolled into one. It is most difficult to learn and it is given to only a few men to play it well. It is a game to test the skill—and the hearts—of real men and real horses.

It is easy to be enthusiastic about polo. And that is why players and mere spectators enamored of this game will be coming from all parts of the country to the Meadow Brook Club on Long Island this month—there are eight polo fields at this world-famous spot and it has 48 polo-playing members owning

over 500 horses worth more than half a million dollars—to see the greatest polo event of the world: the Open Championship tournament of the United States.

THIS tournament may well mark a turning point in the history of the game. Of Indian potentates there will be none; nor will there be any stars from Britain or Argentina. In action, instead, along with the outstanding exponents of the day, will be the youngsters upon whose shoulders the future of this thrilling and beautiful game now rests.

For 30 years, with a few exceptions, the greatest players of the world have ridden in our Open Championship tournaments: Devereux Milburn and Tommy Hitchcock, the two Americans who brought polo to its most exciting stage of development; the late Pat Roark, the British stylist who literally gave his life to the game; Lewis Lacey, Juan Reynal, Manuel Andrada, who showed the world what great horsemen and sportsmen the Argentines are. And a host of others.

Year after year the finest players from the corners of the earth have appeared in this leading American tournament, which is also as it should be, for this country adopted polo not long after the British discovered it in the mountain fastnesses of India and made the ancient game—supposedly the oldest played with stick and ball—their own.

So far as the outstanding stars go, the tournament this year will be no different from those of the past: the two greatest players now active will be on view and that means Stewart Iglehart, the Long Island master, and Cecil Smith, the Texas cowboy. With them will be a generous sprinkling of seasoned players who know what championship polo is—and a fine group of youngsters who, in some (Continued on page 60)



Iglehart is the hero of the present polo generation: see how (with young Skiddy von Stade, right) he is master of what might be called the "infighting" of the game

FREUDY



The house at Redding Furnace Farm was built of native greystone in 1736; it was restored and the wing at extreme right added a few years ago

Redding Furnace Farm

*by HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN
and CORTLANDT VAN DYKE HUBBARD*

THE 18th-century Pennsylvania ironmasters did themselves extremely well in their way of living. Although many of them dwelt necessarily in what were then remote parts of the Province—wherever the ore beds lay and other conditions were favourable for the manufacture of iron—their houses were not only large and well built but also usually possessed architectural distinction and showed unmistakable marks of the culture one would expect to find only in the immediate neighbourhood of cities in so new a country. The house commonly known as “Washington’s Headquarters” at Valley Forge is one of the smallest of the ironmasters’ houses.

So long as the widely scattered fur-



Holsteins and Guernseys make up the herd

naces and forges of Pennsylvania continued profitable—sometimes well into the 19th century—the houses built by the early ironmasters were kept up with punctilious care. When the 19th century’s increasingly centralised methods of industry spelled the doom of the smaller ironworks, their former occupants left many of the masters’ houses to become too often the abodes of tenant farmers or even to fall into a sorry state of dilapidation as day-laborers’ lodgings. Fortunate, indeed, the searcher for an old house to rehabilitate as a country home if he can secure one of this vintage, no matter in what condition it may be.

The master’s house at Redding Fur-

nace was in sad plight, after a long period of neglect, when Arthur E. Pew, Jr., got it four years ago and began the work of restoration, along with some extension necessary to meet adequately the requirements of 20th-century living. In this congenial task, the architect, R. Brognard Okie, displayed a happy combination of reverence and archaeological scholarship, in dealing with the existing fabric, and sound judgment in making appropriate additions. Hence the house at Redding Furnace Farm retains unimpaired the graces imparted by the original builders, conjoined with all the features demanded by our own day and generation for comfortable life in the country. The barns and other dependencies exhibit the same becoming qualities, in harmony with the dwelling. Added to these very tangible merits is the wealth of historic association attaching to this early 18th-century home of pioneers in the iron industry.

ABOUT 1718, Samuel Nutt, Sr., of Coventry, in Warwickshire, took up extensive tracts of land in Chester County, on the right bank of the Schuylkill about forty miles from Philadelphia. There he established an "iron-work" and called the place Coventry, after his old home in England, and his own house he called Coventry Hall. The venture at Coventry prospered and Samuel Nutt made, presumably at his own cost, the road from Coventry through Valley Forge and on through the Gulph to get his iron to Philadelphia for sale and shipment. This same road over the rolling hills is now known prosaically as Route 23, but for many years was commonly called "Nutt's Road" or "Nutt's Great Road."

Nutt was a Quaker but, according to a family historian, he appears as "a fine English gentleman with no sign of the Quaker garb and plainness; the careful appointments of his magnificent horse, his lace ruffles and cocked hat, all show that he was a man having authority." Besides being an influential and wealthy manufacturer, actual authority he did have; he was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly from Chester County from 1723 to 1726, and he was also appointed one of His Majesty's Justices. He married the widow of Samuel Savage, Anna, the daughter of Thomas Rutter, one of the first pioneers in Pennsylvania's iron industry. Having no children of his own to inherit his name and fortune, he sent to England for his nephew and namesake, Samuel Nutt, Jr., to come and marry his wife's daughter, Rebecca Savage.

This wealthy family of iron manufacturers, with its wide connection of iron factors, soon acquired more iron lands near Coventry along the South Branch of the French Creek and eventually built Warwick Furnace and, not far

away, Redding Furnace. In just what year Redding Furnace was established and the master's house built, we do not certainly know, but an old survey of 1733 pictures a furnace on the site emitting smoke, and in 1806 Rachel Jones, a very old woman whose father had been a superintendent at Redding, deposed that the establishment had been known as "Branson & Nutt's Iron Work"; that Redding was built by William Branson in 1736; "and that about two years after the building of Redding Furnace Warwick Furnace was built by the Widow Anna Nutt." At some time before 1736 Samuel Nutt, Senior, had associated William Branson in the iron business with him for,

"The 15th day of March, 1736, Samuel Nutt and William Branson entered into an agreement with John Potts to carry on their furnace called Redding, recently built near Coventry, and of which they are styled 'joint owners.' He was 'to cast the quantity of twenty-eight hundred weight of Cart Boxes, Sash Weights or any other Particular small Castings

every month during the Continuance of the said Blast And they also covenant that they ye said Owners or their Clerks or Agents for the Time being, shall deliver no Quantity of Rum to any of the People Belonging to the Furnace or therein concerned, without a Note or Token from the said John Potts or his Agents or Assistants.'"

The proviso restricting the delivery of rum to any of the furnace employees was probably a necessary precaution; the workmen were a hard lot, mainly redemptioners, ready at any time to get drunk and quit work, fight, or run away. Now and again advertisements appear in the old newspapers offering rewards for the return of men who still have time to serve. In 1737 a reward is offered of £3 "if taken in this Province, or £5 if taken up in any other Province" for one David McQuatty, "a Scotchman but speaks pretty good English, a talkertive man given to liquor, & then very quarrelsome."

Samuel Nutt, Sr., died late in 1737 and, in the settlement of his estate,



The entrance front of this fine old Colonial iron-master's house faces toward the southwest



Lovely panelling, painted white, distinguishes the master bedroom at Redding Furnace Farm



More white panelling sets off crimson curtains, upholstery and rug in this sitting room



The long dining room has windows on four sides and a great, cheerful fireplace at one end

Redding Furnace remained in the hands of William Branson although the widow, Anna Nutt, and her children retained an interest in it. By the terms of the will, Anna Nutt was to build Warwick Furnace near by, which she did. Disagreements and law-suits followed but, eventually, the difficulties were adjusted, Branson kept possession of Redding Furnace and the Nutt family held Warwick and the works at Coventry.

Branson later acquired Windsor Forge which he conducted as well as continuing the work at Redding. He subsequently divided his estate into four shares which he parcelled out amongst his four daughters and their husbands. The final partition of interests came in 1748, when the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, who had married Lynford Lardner, a relative of the Penns, was assigned her share. Branson himself, in conjunction with his sons-in-law, appears to have conducted the ironworks until his death some years later.

THEN, for several years, the history of Redding Furnace is obscure until, in 1771, James Old leased the property for a nine-year term. It was during Old's tenure that Redding made munitions for the Continental Army. On April 18, 1776, Daniel Joy, who was superintending for the government, writes from Warwick Furnace to Messers. Samuel Howell, Owen Biddle and George Clymer, in Philadelphia:

"I am sorry to acquaint you that everything is very backward at Redding furnace no boring Machine being ready there or here & Mr. Antis findes a great difficulty in getting out the coere [of the cannon being cast], but Mr. Old tells me he will get some other Person to do it if Antis declines it. the reason of this difficulty is for want of Black-lead which I had strongly recommended to them at my first arrival here & they had endeavoured to get it out of a mine near but it proved to be so trifling that would not answer the expense of digging. Now they have sent to Philada for some & what guns they cast in future I expect will be cleared of the coere without much Trouble. Mr. Old expects to get his boring Machine ready next week & to get one of his guns bored (I much doubt it) he will send a wagon to Town next week by which I shall be able to give you better information Mr. Old is greatly vext with Mr. Antis's not being able to attend boath Furnaces. Mr. Potts goes on very brisk & expects to get an 18 lb" cast on Sunday next & he authorizes me to acquaint you that he will send one to Town Next week. . . . I remain with much esteem you Hble

Servt.

Daniel Joy

N.B. They have only 6 guns that appears to be good cast at Redding."



On March 16th Daniel Joy had already written the Committee of Safety from Redding Furnace:

"Gentlemen

I this morning rec^d your favour of the 13th Instant and in the afternoon we started to cast a cannon for the first time & failed owing to their not following my directions in securing the core well down it remain'd in several minuets so that every stander by thought it was a very good gun but before the Iron were all chill'd the core flew up & the Metal settled in the room I believe we shall cast a good one on munday Next captain cowperthwait was a spectator & can informe you more particular."

Eventually they succeeded in casting cannon satisfactorily and Redding furnace also made cannon balls, but there were labor troubles and especial anxiety arose because many of the furnace hands were drawn off for military duty. On June 22, 1777, James Old writes the "Hon^{ble} Board of War for the State of Pennsylvania" protesting that he will be unable to fulfill his contracts for "shott" if his men are all taken away. The letter is endorsed by Richard Bache, Chairman, "Mr. James Old has orders from the Board to furnish a very large quantity of double-headed shot for the Use of the Fleet &c."

In the retreat after the Battle of the Brandywine, Gen. Washington made the master's house at Redding Furnace his headquarters for one night. From there he writes Congress on September 18,



The new cow barn with places for 100 animals; on the left is the milking house; center foreground, pens and stalls for the two bulls; below, the milking stalls and electric milkers

1777, of ". . . this place where we are cleaning our Army with the utmost assiduity and Replaeing our cartridges, which unfortunately were mostly spoiled by the Heavy Rain on Tuesday . . ."

TO-DAY the orderliness and peace of Redding Furnace Farm and the serene beauty of the rolling country round about give little suggestion of the ragged and forlorn army that once encamped in the surrounding fields. Sleek herds graze in the meadow watered by the French Creek, the well tilled hillsides bear flourishing crops, the silenee of the wood crowning the hilltop is unbroken, and the master's house above its terraced garden bears the reassuring aspect of comfortable domesticity.

The main part of the house has a cornice of exeptional beauty and a broad doorway of dignified bearing. Within, the hall, the graceful stair and the panelled rooms bear witness to the elegancies of life with which the early ironmasters were wont to surround themselves. The old kitchen, a room of generous proportions, cheerful and light, with a cavernous fireplaece at the far end, has now become the living-room. At one side of the fireplace, set within a deep window embrasure, is the old stone sink, which now makes an ideal resting plaece for pots of plants. It is almost like a small conservatory in one corner of the room. The recent addition at the eastern end of the house makes room for a spaeious garden entry, a stair and a tidy, well-equipped bar. Beyond this entry is the new dining-room, a nobly hospitable area with windows on four sides and a great fireplaece at one end. Though one of the new rooms, it has caught the spirit of quiet amplitude that so often characterised the work of the fore part of the 18th century. Beyond the dining-room, again, are the pantry and kitchens.

Redding Furnace Farm is anything but a "sandpapered" cuntry-seat of precious, manicured appearance where all the elements of farm life are suppressed and kept judiciously in the distant baekground. The master's house itself may be an architectural gem and all the amenities of polite and comfortable living may be present, but actual farm life is (Continued on page 47)

Hunting on a Budget

The Story of the Casanova Hunt in Virginia

by ALDEN HATCH

FOX-HUNTING is regarded as a rich man's sport. It need not be. The broad valleys and rolling grasslands of the Piedmont section of Virginia are, perhaps, the finest fox-hunting country in America. There the great hunts of Warrenton, Middleburg, Orange County and Piedmont, famous all over the world, pursue the fox with all pomp and circumstance. Their budgets run as high as \$30,000 a year and the subscription fee ranges from \$300 up.

But right in the heart of this territory, with a country that borders on that of Warrenton, the little Casanova Hunt furnishes sport as keen as any with a total expenditure of less than \$1000 a year. It is an inspiration and an example to all those who would like to pursue this great sport, but who feel that their purses and the resources of their communities are not equal to the strain of supporting it.

How can it be done on such a tiny budget? It is the purpose of this article to answer that question. Miss Dorothy V. Montgomery, the Master, and Miss Charlotte St. George Nourse, the Secretary, of the Casanova Hunt, have kindly placed at the author's disposal their records and accounts. All the facts and figures will be cited in the hope that other communities may profit by the example of Casanova.

First, let us glance at the history of the Hunt. It was organized in 1909 at Creedmore, the home of E. Nelson Fell, and recognized in 1910. Harry L. Edmonds, who still hunts with it, was the first Master. The Hunt occupies an area of farming country in Fauquier County, east of Warrenton. Its territory extends for fifteen miles north and south and a little less east and west. Unlike the countries of the neighboring hunts, there are no great estates in this region. The landowners are mostly real farmers, who derive their livelihood from the soil. A few of the subscribers have somewhat larger means, but there are no rich "angels."

The Casanova Hounds hunted from 1909 until 1925, when the Hunt fell on evil days. For two years it suspended and Warrenton hunted the country. Then it was re-organized with Miss Charlotte Nourse as Master. For eight years more it was continued, Miss Nourse being succeeded first by Harry Lee Smith, James Hibbard and William Sprague as joint Masters, and then by J. Chauncey Williams. In 1935 it was

again discontinued and Warrenton once more took over.

But the sporting people of Casanova were unhappy without a hunt of their own. A group of landowners came together to take counsel as to how the Hunt might be revived. They realized that the reason for its previous abandonments had been that the establishment had been too elaborate for the means of the community. They had learned their lesson. This time they would go

everyone, who had a horse, could hunt. The Huntsman, Oscar Beach, of whom more later, volunteered to serve without pay and to mount himself and his son Thomas, who acted as whip. All the staff were, of course, honorary. Hounds were lent by Beach and Miss Nourse.

On this basis the Hunt was reorganized. A board of Governors, all landowners, was elected, and an Executive Committee consisting of the Master, Secretary, Huntsman, the Chairman of



Miss Dorothy V. Montgomery, M.F.H., with the field; Miss Charlotte Nourse is Casanova's Secretary

at it as simply as possible. No frills and all for sport.

The following preliminary budget was drawn up:

For keeping 10 couple hounds at \$60 per month for six months	\$360.00
Recognition fee	25.00
Kennel license	15.00
Keep of hounds in summer	180.00
Total expense	\$580.00

The Hunt subscription was fixed at \$25, and the capping fee at \$5, so that

the Board and one other Governor was entrusted with the active management. Miss Montgomery was made Master; and in the Fall of 1937 the Casanova Hunt embarked on its courageous experiment. This is how it worked out. The record speaks for itself.

1937-38	
Days hunted	60
Blank days	2
Foxes started	88
Foxes accounted for in denning	38
Foxes killed	8

Few hunts can point to such a record. That first year the fields were small;

there was an average of nine. The number of subscribers was 25 and two others were accepted who contributed less than the \$25 fee.

The actual expenses were as follows:

Paid Oscar Beach for keep of hounds (winter)	\$420.00
Extra meat for sick hounds	11.00
Recognition fee	25.00
Kennel license	15.00
Kennel repairs	22.00
Kennel supplies	7.42
Postage and printing ..	25.94
Panels and repairs	18.75
Purchase of five hounds	100.00
Paid for keep of hounds (summer) ..	173.00
Landowners' party	68.13
<hr/>	
Total expenditure	\$886.24

taclar drag hunt over hilly and difficult terrain. Then the whole assembly of over two hundred persons adjourned to the warehouse at Meetze, which had been decorated for the occasion. Groaning tables bore a huge meal of barbecue and turkey, with all the trimmings. An orchestra played lively, old-fashioned tunes and, after the meal and drinks for those who wanted them, square dancing was begun. Until long after sundown the floor of the old warehouse shook and its rafters rang to shouts and strains of the Virginia Reel.

For those who were too ill to attend and for the colored landowners, party baskets were sent out. The party was a tremendous success and is an annual affair.

Since 1937 the Casanova Hunt has progressed slowly but surely. The expenses have been held down—the second year they were two dollars less than the first—but the fields have grown larger.

deserves a monograph all to herself. She lives with her sister, Miss Constance Nourse, on an old farm in the very core of the country. The ancient, weatherbeaten house and the big barns blend into the landscape. Thoroughbreds wander unaltered about the yard. As you cross to the house, the twin War Whoop fillies, which are their owner's pride and joy, thrust their beautiful heads over the half doors of their stalls to see what is going on. They are identical twins, of the same flashing chestnut as their granddaddy, Man o' War, and each has a white blaze in her face.

MISS Nourse comes to greet you surrounded by a tumultuous pack of puppies, which next year will hunt with Casanova. Her hair is white and her eyes a steadfast blue. Her chiseled features have the beauty of Greek sculpture and her manner has the gentle absence of pretense that is the hallmark of the true aristocrat.

Miss Nourse comes by her love of fox-hunting naturally for her great-grandfather, Samuel Morris, founded the first hunt of which there are definite records in America. It was started in 1766 and was called the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club. It is now known as the Rose Tree Hunt, outside of Philadelphia.

In all its history the Casanova Hunt has only had two huntsmen. Oscar Beach now holds that office and everyone agrees that he is the driving force that makes it go. Ruddy and stout with sandy hair, he looks like John Peel himself; and his way with hounds and a fox is uncanny. He seems to be able to sense every move a fox will make. So great is his love of the sport that sometimes on by-days he will slip out with the hounds accompanied only by his sons, Thomas, who is his official whip, and Charles, who, though only fourteen, has inherited his father's sixth sense. Miss Montgomery says that when Charles is with her in the field, she has never a worry of losing hounds.

Oscar Beach's methods are unorthodox. His hounds are vari-colored and of any strain "that will run." He allows them to hunt themselves. They are never forced to pack while hunting. "The American hound," says Beach, "is ruined by whipping in. Once his tail goes down he is no use. English hounds are different, they will stand for it. But the American should be allowed to hunt for himself." Beach will often take his hounds out at dawn on a by-day and allow them to hunt a cold trail for practice. He doesn't believe in lifting them and making a cast if there is a check, but prefers to let them work out their own salvation. There seems to be what might almost be called a friendship based on mutual understanding and trust. As he rides to covert, he does not make his pack follow closely at his horse's heels, but allows them to roam through (Continued on page 61)



Oscar Beach, Huntsman of the Casanova; his vari-colored hounds are of "any strain that will run" TIMES HERALD

The last item on the expense account deserves an explanation since it shows something of the neighborly attitude of the Casanova Hunt. It will be noticed that no expenditure was made for recompense to landowners for damage done. There was no chicken bounty and the amount spent on panelling and repairs to fences was insignificant. This state of affairs could only be possible where a whole countryside was interested in the Hunt, and filled with the spirit of cooperation. The Executive Committee of the Hunt felt that this spirit was entitled to recognition, so they organized a party to which all landowners were invited.

The affair started at noon with a spec-

The high level of sport has been maintained. During the past year there was only one blank day. Throughout the whole three years the Hunt has never failed to meet its expenses; it has never contracted a debt or failed to pay in advance for the keep of hounds.

Such a record presupposes some remarkable personalities in charge of the Hunt. There are. The Master is a tall, young woman, who rides like Diana, and shoulders the heavy burden of keeping the field in touch with hounds, with ease and grace. No one could be lovelier and more charming, but she maintains the discipline of the hunting field with a firm hand.

Miss Charlotte Nourse, the Secretary,



STANLEY TOOGOOD PHOTOS

The appointment of the Duke of Windsor as Governor-General of the Bahamas, and his arrival there with the Duchess, have focussed attention on the islands



Water-skiing is a popular and easily learned sport in these islands



COURTESY NASSAU DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Substantial houses dot the islands and cays; above, the home of R. J. Collins



Polo teams are active the year 'round; the ponies are native-bred



When the fish are running picnic parties man the nets for a haul

Country Life in the Bahamas

by F. G. WALTON SMITH

ENRAGED at blockade-running Rhett Butlers who used the Bahamas as a base for their activities, the Confederates once threatened to "push those little sand-spits back into the sea where they belong." To-day there are many American residents who must feel thankful that the threat of their ancestors did not materialize, and that they are now able to relax in the tranquil life of their island estates.

The position of the Bahamas made them admirably suited for running supplies into the Confederate ports. To-day their position makes for ease and speed of access while, paradoxically enough, the far-flung disposition of the islands and cays ensures complete privacy and isolation for those who prefer it.

In the palm shaded grounds of the hotels, at the Jungle Club, or in the more intimate atmosphere of the Bahamian Club, Nassau appeared to be New York, Palm Beach or Del Monte, with local variations and a different setting. Behind and beyond this shining surface, however, we soon found ourselves leading a more leisurely and gracious existence. There we found the true life of the colony, the Bahamian country life, its flavour compounded of many ingredients. The two principals of these appear to be the sea—naturally enough, since nearly every house or estate walks with the coral-sanded shores—and gardens. The people of Nassau, and those who live on islands and cays of their own, are deeply interested in producing more and more beautiful gardens, and in nursing greater and greater numbers of exotic shrubs and trees. Perhaps this is an inheritance from the first plantation owners, with their English love of gardens. Driving out from the airport the roads were bordered with splendid palms, the streets gay with the scarlet flowers of the poinciana, the houses a mass of red and magenta bougainvillea, the gardens fragrant with jasmine and colorful with frangipani and hibiscus.

We approached the house by a casuarina-shaded drive, and guarded by gates of old English wrought iron. The older houses, built by the original plantation owners, are thick-walled, spacious and cool. Built out from the stone structure, but a part of the general outline, the wide verandahs and brightly painted jalousies ensure comfort on the hottest day. They are easy to look at, too, in the tropical sun, because of the subdued pinks and greens that are distinctive of Nassau decoration. To the landward are the gardens, protected from the salt

breezes, while to the seaward steps lead to palm-thatched beach cabanas.

It is natural that the sea should play a large part in the sport of the islands. Throughout the year sailing is more than the enthusiastic competition of the sailing clubs and regattas. We found it a means of transport for picnics, where food is cooked on the white coral beach of some uninhabited cay. When the fish were running, all hands would turn to, with a large net, for a haul of fresh-caught food for the party.

WE were promised a novel return journey to the house on the beach and, after a surprisingly short introduction to their vagaries, away home we went—on skis. In Nassau snow is unnecessary for skiing—the water is always there. Towed behind a speed boat we found it as simple as skijoring, but more exciting since the long tow-line makes for a greater freedom of movement and direction.

But island sport is not confined to the sea. There are bridle paths to follow and one day we were able to join in a game with the local polo teams, which are active the whole year 'round. They are always ready to get up a scratch game with visiting English and Americans. The ponies, sturdy little 13-handers, are bred on the grass-land of Exuma, in the outer islands, and have

dexterity and stamina for what they lack in speed. During the winter months many of the ponies race as well, with the same rivalry between the family stables that existed when plantation matched plantation on the Bahamian turf. This is when residents and visitors meet, for the Jockey Club at Montagu Park is a rendezvous on winter afternoons.

We were not long in finding that Nassau is only a part of the Bahamas. From near the coast of Florida to just north of Cuba are scattered some thousands of islands and cays varying from one or two acres in extent, to over a hundred square miles. Many of these are still uninhabited, others have small populations of native fishermen, spongers and farmers, while a few have been developed into island estates by retired English, Canadians and Americans. Typical of these is Cat Cay, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, where Louis Wasey, attracted by the game fishing there, has built his manor house and guest cottages. Sailfish, tarpon, marlin and bonefish combine to give his guests all the sport that they may desire, and the palm fringed setting of his house makes it an ideal place for the sun-downer after a hard day with the rod.

When fishing was poor and life in Nassau seemed too much like lotus-eating, the time had come to set sail for Andros Island, with gun in hand, for some of the best duck shooting in the world. There, among the uninhabited mud flats and mangrove swamps, we found canvasbacks, blue-wing and green-wing teal and whistling duck. The going was hard and the day seemed long, but the sport was very good, although at times we were shooting waist deep in water.

Duck shooting came to an end with the winter, but it was soon time for the pigeon shooting to begin. Like most Bahamian sports it begins on the sea, and we had to make an early start to reach the cays to the south of Andros Island. There, during the early summer months, the wild pigeon congregates in large numbers. It is perhaps fortunate that they are not too easily accessible, or they might soon go the way of the passenger pigeons, in the United States.

Back in Nassau, with its tennis and afternoon teas, its garden clubs and little theatre movement, it no longer seemed New York, Palm Beach or Del Monte. The Bahamas have a life of their own, compounded of the sea, the gardens, and the climate.



The Southern Cross, shown in Nassau harbor, rescued many survivors of the Athenia sinking.

English Regency in Modern Decoration

by RICHARD PEFFERLE

ONE of the best influences on today's architecture and decoration is that of English Regency. It is a style that has an invariable smartness, since it is one based on all that is finest in the Classic tradition. The lines of Regency houses are simple and direct and the ornament sparse, if used at all. In this respect it closely approximates modern in feeling. And the colors, changing completely from the pastels of the preceding periods, are strong and full of character.

All too often the Regency style is avoided in America, especially in the decoration of country houses. This is probably because when the style is taken very seriously and done as authentically as possible it looks too elegant and formal for the more easy-going



This article is one of a series on the decoration of the country home. Next month's will deal with American antiques, of particular interest in this time of European war

life of the country. I feel this is a mistake, since there are so many country houses of classic design that really require Regency and other Classic Revival styles.

There is no reason why Regency can't be combined with country chintzes and modern cotton and wool fabrics, striped cotton ticking materials, with flowers and plants and comfortable upholstered furniture, and be just as smart and beautiful as when the style is used with silks and satins.

In fact, to my mind, since nobody is wearing either the clothes or manners of the years 1795 to 1835 it is much better to treat the style in a more down-to-earth manner. So often people who would like to use the Regency style are



A typical English Regency room of the period from 1810 to 1825; the walls are pale green, the curtains are of green and ecru striped silk

NANCY MCCLELLAND, INC.



This cabinet has flower bouquets on the doors and 21 drawers, each painted with a flower spray

NANCY MCCLELLAND, INC.

frightened of it because of some of the overly rich, formal satin and silk examples they see, examples that are excellent for town apartments but very much out of place in the country. Therefore, we suggest, that for the country house Regency is better with a home-spun flavor overlaid, to give it the liveable charm all decor in the country should have. Usually the services of a good decorator are needed to preserve the furniture's classic beauty, by consistent color and fabric design, and to remove the museum "set-piece" feeling by informal furniture arrangements.

As a matter of historical fact, the people who lived during the Regency were very easy-going indeed and most country-minded. They loved their formal and glittering affairs, when clothes and jewels and Beau Brummel wit and manners were shown off, but they also loved their ease and personal freedom. It was only because of a precedent set by the social leaders, and court formality, that deep, rich, upholstered pieces were not extensively used, since probably they didn't fit in to the morgue-like wall and centerpiece furniture arrangements and the wax figure attitudes etiquette demanded. That there are examples of lounge furniture in the Regency style is evidence of their taste for it. It remained for Queen Victoria, however, really to make the solid comfort of tufting and padding on upholstered furniture fashionable.

The Classic Revival, in all those countries where it occurred, usually produced architecture and furniture of a lasting beauty. This was especially true of England during the 40 years from 1795 to 1835. It is the style we call today Eng-

lish Regency, and was patterned after the Napoleonic Empire of France, during the years 1793 to 1814.

Almost any research on these colorful times in English history shows the period as a gaudy one, and full of a lusty appetite for worldly pleasure. The well-to-do shared with the very rich a common love of luxury and beauty that resulted in a high perfection of taste. It was a taste that was no longer satisfied with the delicately refined backgrounds of the brothers Adam, but favored the chaste, bold Classic architecture of Henry Holland, and the furniture designed by Charles Latham and Thomas Hope.

It was an age ruled by the wit and the dandy. The most typical gentleman and the famous leader of the society of that brilliant period was Beau Brummel, and most consider him the greatest dandy of all time. He is credited with saying that "social progress in the fashion world depends largely on the cut of a waistcoat, and the utterance of an epigram." He may well be considered a great man, for with few advantages and of humble origin, he climbed to the leading position in English society, mainly by his wit and a great talent for impudence.

Suppose we now consider the decoration itself, the glittering frame for this pleasure-loving world. There is cause for confusion in the name Regency, for there were two distinct Regency periods. One was in France and occurred between the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. A transitional style, it retained many Rococo curves and ornaments. Its lines and proportions were a bit on the grandiose side, as was its rich and varied and often very beautiful or-



PENDLETON

Rams' heads, hocks and hoofs mark this 1805 seat



NANCY MCCLELLAND, INC.

Regency slipper chair and a rosewood table

nement. But it was an appropriate background for the gay and frivolous court coming in the wake of De Maintenon's stern frugality, the dissolute court of Louis XV.

In direct contrast is the other Regency, that of England from 1795 to 1835. As we've already said, it was an offshoot of the French Imperial style of Napoleon, differing, however, in the way much of the furniture was simplified by substituting gilded wood carving for the brass ornamental mounts of the French pieces. The English likewise kept their architecture much more chaste and eliminated much of the full-blown Greek and Roman ornamentation found on Empire buildings. It is this very quality of simplification and refinement that often makes English Regency so much better and less monumental than French Empire.

Henry Holland's name is one of those prominent in the Classic Revival in England. He borrowed ideas from the French Directoire style and is known to have hired a number of French cabinet makers, painters and metal workers to produce furniture and decorations. He usually supplied them the designs and they worked under his guidance and excellent taste.



Colors strong and full of character; in the room above is a combination of modern and period

He was undoubtedly the most influential architect in the transitional period when Regency was being born. He began in the Adam tradition, imbued with the spirit of the excavations at Pompeii, and later was influenced by the French Empire. The furniture he designed for Southill about 1795 and also the furniture for Carlton House, about 1798, is representative of his versatility and refinement of taste. Like his contemporary, the rich banker Thomas Hope, he published several books of drawings of both architecture and furniture during the years from 1796 to 1799, which no doubt gave great impetus to the Regency style just beginning, for it was from these books that the lesser craftsmen, the cabinet makers, the drapers, the fabric weavers, and the painters took their inspiration. Many architects as well used these books, for they contained illustrations of some of the best examples of ancient ornamental architecture.

Briefly, we might outline the earmarks of Classic English Regency furniture by listing such motifs as the lion foot, the lyre, reeding, anthemions, water leaves, rosettes and medallion, Greek heads, column supports for tables, dentil mouldings, Greek keys, and acanthus scrolls and leaves, egg and dart moulding, stars, laurel wreath and laurel banding, and any number of other purely classical ornaments.

That there were two other distinct design influences on English Regency isn't generally known. These were the Egyptian and the Chinese.

The Egyptian phase began during the first years of the nineteenth century and followed Bonaparte's expedition to Syria and Egypt in 1798-1801. Vivant Denon, the leading archaeologist of the expedition at the time, created much

comment by having a bedroom fitted up by Jacob Desmalter, in the Egyptian style on French Empire. Any glance at photographs of Paris mansions of the Empire will show examples of this interesting vogue for the Egyptian style on French Empire, obelisk ornaments, sphinxes, ibex and papyrus forms, sacred birds with elaborate outspread wings, pyramid forms, lotus and cobra motifs.

The artistically inclined banker, Thomas Hope, designed furniture in the Egyptian style, and seemed to find it a satisfactory direction in which to go, although he warns young architects that this style is not to be taken lightly.

What he meant was that to employ Egyptian motifs intelligently one must indeed follow Regency principles of simplicity and good proportion and restraint, rather than meticulously to copy Egyptian temples and ornamentation.

The other influence, the Chinese phase of English Regency, is sometimes thought to be the result of the personal taste of George IV when Prince of Wales. He was presented with some very handsome Chinese wallpaper at the time alterations were being made in Brighton Pavilion in 1802. He immediately decided to have a Chinese gallery created in the pavilion, where the paper was hung and the furniture designed to harmonize. He had no doubt a fondness for Oriental design for before 1802 he decorated a drawing room at Carlton House in elaborate Chinese style.

The furniture of this phase of the Regency is quite different from Chippendale's version of Chinoiserie, being colder and less imaginative. Dragons, mandarins, Chinese fretwork, pagodas, bamboo (real and carved wood imitation), Chinese scenes and flowers are the motifs by which the furniture is recognized. There was much gilt on all ornament probably because of the Prince of Wales' love of this finish, and a great deal of japanning in imitation of the more costly Chinese lacquer work.

Keeping in mind all these very interesting varieties of Regency styles, we may well conclude that this kind of furniture is one of the most worthwhile to collect. It is a period, too, that was filled with excellent ideas, and schemes for adaptation to present day homes.



The most important piece of furniture in this room is the Hepplewhite open-front breakfast



W. & J. SLOANE

This room is Hepplewhite in feeling: it is built around a fine India rug, the pattern of which is called "Nightingale Light"; the colors are green and rose on an eggshell ground, which colors are repeated in the room's decoration; the walls are white and the draperies are a pale green and white striped chintz and the sofa and two easy chairs are upholstered in the same material; the accessories are crystal and porcelain

Surf Fisherman's Luck

by H. WILLIAM MAIER

THE natives of the seacoast towns knew he was crazy: trying to use a "pole" to fish the surf when two hundred years of tradition had established heavin' an' haulin' with a handline as the one and only approved method! The bathers and the picnickers, when they noticed him at all—this solitary figure going through strange antics with a long rod somewhere down the beach—were inclined to agree with the natives. Even the general run of fishermen looked askance: to be able to fish for a week without a strike, and to enjoy it, calls for a very peculiar something; insanity might be one name for it. The surf caster was—well, something between a curiosity and a joke.

And that, you may remember, was only about ten years ago. Today, in the late summer and fall, surf rods on the outside beaches are as common as Marconi masts in the bays and harbors, and very few of them are wielded for a full week without bending at least once to the pull of a fighting fish. Thousands of sportsmen have become ardent surf fishermen, and nobody calls them crazy.

What was it that, in ten years, turned surf fishing from the exclusive hobby of an esoteric few into one of the fastest growing sports in America? How does it happen that the surf caster now hopes, with reasonable expectation of success, for two or three, or even more, fish a week, where he used to hope for two or three a season? The answer is that it was an amazing stroke of luck, one of the strangest coincidences in the long and surprise-laden history of fishing.

But before the surf fisherman could avail himself of the stupendous break he was about to get, the surf rod had to come into its own. It was a slow coming: rods and reels and lines were not what they are today, and a novice with poorly constructed and poorly balanced tackle could get himself into some of the most astounding difficulties. He could also cast about half as far as a good handliner can "heave." But gradually it became apparent that a good caster with good tackle could reach farther than the best handliner, without nearly so much effort and without getting into any difficulties at all. Furthermore, his reeling imparted a more life-like motion to a tin squid than the hand over hand "haulin'" of the handliner. He could cast farther, and he got more strikes, and gradually the rod and reel replaced the time-honored cod line.

But edible fish, back in the early 1930's, were far from plentiful in the surf. The surf fisherman lived mostly on hopes and whatever he chose to buy in the meat market. A half-dozen fish for the season was a good record, and but for the fact that surf casting turned out to be a fascinating game, quite aside from its fish-producing potentialities, there would never have been more than a handful of die-hard fanatics scattered along the beaches. Fortunately, surf casting is a fascinating game, fully as alluring—and fully as exasperating—as golf, and those who have tried it once sooner or later come back for more. Gradually, the number of surf casters increased, until by 1934 there was a fair number of them lined up on all the Atlantic beaches, ready for whatever luck the sea was to offer.

The sea, with unwonted thoughtfulness, had a couple of happy surprises in store for them. In 1934 the bluefish, after many years of scarcity, came back along the beaches. Bluefish, as every student of piscatorial history knows, come and go, here one year and gone the

next, and no man knoweth the manner of their going. Longshoremen say it's a forty year cycle, a cycle which has ebbed and flowed with perfect regularity since the 17th century, and they offer grand-parental and great-grandparental testimony to support their theory.

Be that as it may, in 1934 they came. To enjoy pulling a half-dozen of one of the world's best game fish through the breakers in a single afternoon calls for practically no insanity at all, and the numbers of surf fishermen increased by leaps and bounds. There were more blues in 1935. Nineteen hundred and thirty-six was better still, and the tackle manufacturers began to work nights.

IN the meantime, all unbeknownst to the sportsmen, the sea was preparing an even happier surprise for them, a surprise which also had its beginnings back in 1934. That spring, in various fresh water rivers of the Atlantic watershed, the striped bass were making a sensational success of their spawning, a greater success than they had made for many years. Thousands of young stripers made the trip to the sea. In '35 and '36, while the fishermen were busy with the bluefish, these youngsters of the 1934 class were growing up, and in '37, as the bluefish began to fall off again, they suddenly appeared in the surf.

They came by the thousands, and the surf fishermen began to make catches of striped bass that made even the good bluefishing of the preceding years look like scarcity and famine. Four out of five of the bass they caught were hatched in '34, members of what the scientists call a "dominant year class," but still the surf casters made little more than a dent in their numbers. In '38 they again came by the thousands, longer and heavier now, and in '39 they were still larger and only slightly less numerous. And still four out of five of the stripers caught on the Atlantic coast were of that God-given 1934 class.

So there were the surf casters, in crowds now, and there were the fish, fish to catch in record numbers and, what was perhaps more important, fish to study and experiment on. Anglers experimented and scientists studied, and what the anglers learned helped the scientists, and what the scientists learned has turned out to be of considerable help to the fishermen. It could be of even more help, if the anglers but knew it, both in their attempts to catch fish and



NORMAN WHITE PHOTOS

In 1934 striped bass spawned in large numbers

in their organized efforts to perpetuate a sport which luck and the whims of the sea placed at their doorstep.

Let's look at some of the things that the scientists have to tell the surf fisherman. Some of them, perhaps, will merely confirm what the experienced fisherman has already learned by observation, but the confirmation of opinions formed on scattered bits of evidence is in itself a help, and the less experienced fisherman will almost surely find something that will help him.

THE striped bass is a migratory fish that makes three separate kinds of migrations, all of which are along the coast. Once upon a time they caught one four miles off the coast of Maine, and that was a record, so we can eliminate to start with any thought of looking for them offshore. First, there is the *spawning* migration which takes place in the spring, largely in May, when females, four years old and older, and males, two years old and older, run up the rivers to fresh water. Female stripers do not reach sexual maturity until the fourth year, when they are about eighteen and a half inches long, while males are sexually mature at two or three, when they are ten to fifteen inches long. Frequently there will be large numbers of these small males to fertilize the eggs of the relatively few, larger females.

In former times, spawning occurred in almost all of the rivers on the Atlantic coast. (The history of striped bass in the Pacific, where they were first introduced in 1879, is a story in itself, and a long one.) Gradually, for reasons we shall go into later, their spawning grounds along the Atlantic decreased until today the rivers which run into the Chesapeake and Albemarle Bays are the only ones where large scale hatchings take place, although spawning fish in smaller numbers are found in New York Harbor and as far north as the Parker River in Massachusetts. Although good catches have sometimes been taken in the rivers during the spawning migrations, stripers at this time show comparatively little interest in bait and the spawning migration has, unfortunately, been of greater interest to the commercial net fishermen than to the sportsmen. Of the three types of migration, this one is the least important to the sport fisherman.

While the spawning is going on in the rivers, non-breeding fish take the opportunity to go on a little cruise by themselves, the first of many *coastal* migrations which occur throughout the summer and fall. On this cruise they stay close to shore, running up the mouths of rivers and swarming in schools in the tidal estuaries. This spring migration offers the sportsman excellent fishing in the bays and inlets, although most of the fish taken at this time are smaller than those taken later in the summer in the surf, since the bulk of



Not so long ago the surf fisherman was looked upon as slightly daft; he is enjoying his innings now



Surf casting is a fascinating game; you will find it fully as alluring, and fully as exasperating as golf

these schools is made up of sexually immature females, running under sixteen inches in length.

A few of them, however, are of good size, and ten and twelve pounders are not uncommon. For this inland, tidal water fishing, the surf rod is less effective and less sporting than the bait-casting rod or the fly rod. The latter in particular is growing more and more popular for spring striped bass fishing, and taking ten pound bass on a light fly rod is a sport than runs salmon fishing itself a close second.

Finally, there is the *seasonal* migration, a mass movement out into deeper water, which begins some time in July and ends in late fall, at which time the stripers head in-shore for the deep river channels where they spend the winter in semi-hibernation. With the start of this migration the surf caster's serious business begins. Now they are in the surf, all ages and all sizes—up to fifty pounds and more—and the man who has a lure in the surf the most hours will be the man who catches the most and the biggest fish.

Not that they will be there all the

time. Quite the contrary. They are constantly on the move, here for a day or a week, then gone again, perhaps for a day and perhaps for a month: *coastal* migrations, the causes of which we can only guess at—which is the reason why neither science nor the observations of fishermen will ever take the magnificent uncertainty out of surf fishing.

Still, they can help us guess. The best guess is that they are following the food supply. The scientists tell us that the striped bass is practically omnivorous, an active and predatory feeder. He will eat almost anything the salt water has to offer: squid, eels, sand eels, sea worms, shrimp, crabs, clams, lobsters, minnows, and all of the smaller fishes, such as herring, shad, alewives, menhaden, butterfish, and mackerel. At first glance that doesn't seem to help us much; if he can eat anything, how can we figure out what particular kind of prey he happens to be following at the moment?

But, like mosquitoes and human beings, striped bass will always congregate where the pickings are best. Find a school of (Continued on page 51)



This battery is traversing country which would be impassable in bad weather to motorized units

The Horse in War

by COL. THOMAS J. JOHNSON
former Chief of the United States Remount Service

The Associated Press announced on August 12 that Germany had captured more than 160,000 horses during the campaigns in Poland and Western Europe: 20,000 during the battle of Kutno, 40,000 during the action around Dunkerque, 100,000 in the sweep through France.

"The Cavalry Journal" reports that the German army has in use (not counting supply columns) approximately 791,000 horses.

These announcements verify the belief that the horse is still a vital force in history and make the address delivered by Col. Johnson before the National Association of Racing Commissioners, published here in part, particularly timely.

IN the beginning, I wish to state that no one has greater respect for or appreciates more, the importance of the motor in modern armies and modern warfare than I. In the World War I saw enough and made enough use of motors to realize their importance in that war, and to foresee even greater importance in wars to come. However, alongside the motor, the horse continued, and will always continue, to do his bit.

In 1936, in an article published in "The Horse," I wrote:

"In this motor age, with such continued and rapid improvement in motors and motor vehicles, the motor is taking over, and rightfully so, many tasks previously performed by horses and mules. Due to the power and speed of motors which are exhibited before us daily, in hundreds of different ways, it is quite natural that one should begin to think that the day of the horse and mule is rapidly passing.

"But from the standpoint of the army, an officer has only to look back over his experiences in actual warfare and the terrible conditions which had to be overcome by both tactical and supply units to realize that, even with the greatly improved motor equipment of today, there will still be plenty of work for the horse and mule.

"Since the World War, naturally and most properly there has been a gradual and general trend toward motorization and the number of motorized units has steadily increased, as has the number of motor vehicles with other units. This is well, but it does not, as so many seem to imagine, preclude the use of the horse; in fact, it has made the job of

the horse in the modern army much more difficult and not the bit less important."

That statement now, after four years, after Germany's unprecedented exhibition of the use of mechanization in modern war, still holds good. However, the dangerous tendency to overmechanize has been observed in practically all armies. Col. E. N. Hardy, the present chief of the U. S. Remount Service, brings this out most clearly in a recent article which lists the following factual developments.

To quote:

"IN the late Civil War in Spain, Franco, with all the outside aid he received (principally mechanized), had to create finally a new balance in his forces in favor of the animals, before he could win the war. His horse cavalry alone was increased from five to 60 squadrons.

"Italy overrated the versatility of her mechanized forces in her war on Ethiopia and had to create a new balance in favor of all sorts and types of animals, including camels, oxen and burros.

"Japan miscalculated her balance in mechanization in her recent and present war in Manchukuo and China. As a result, she has greatly augmented her animal components in her present armies, and has provided for the future production of military horses on a large scale. Her plan calls for 7,500 stallions in service by 1945. Our Remount Service has less than 700 stallions after an existence of 20 years.

"Germany for many years has been one of the leading nations of the world in producing horses for military use. Her remount service during the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm II attained a high state of development and efficiency. During the Hitler regime the remount activities of Germany have been increased.

"Both England and France discarded the horse to a greater extent than did Germany. We certainly cannot attribute the victories of Germany up to the present time to this fact; nevertheless, both England and France have been, since September, 1939, active in this country in the procurement of horses and mules for their military forces.

"The October, 1939, issue of the German magazine, "Sankt Georg," states: 'All cavalrymen will be interested in the part which the horse played on the German side in the Polish campaign. In this connection, we may state without any exaggeration that the rapid advance of the German army would have been impossible without the horse, and furthermore, horses proved their worth in the manner expected.

"To be sure, the significance of the motorized and mechanized forces is unquestionable. (Continued on page 46)

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

July 20, 1940

Saturday,

Here in Maryland's Worthington Valley a group of horse lovers — all under 14 years old — got together and put on a horse show. The purpose: to raise money for the Red Cross. The result: the show was so well run and successful that a contribution of \$200 went to the Surgical Dressing Auxiliary of Worthington Valley; the older people of the community were impressed; and everyone had a good time. There were 20 classes in the show: Ladies' Hunter, Junior Hunter, Teams, Touch-and-Out, etc., and there was an Olympic Course with wingless jumps (including a triple in-and-out, army cot, and stone wall). The kids rode their ponies over this course bareback!



Harriet Stokes, Chairman of the committee of girls who were responsible for the show's success



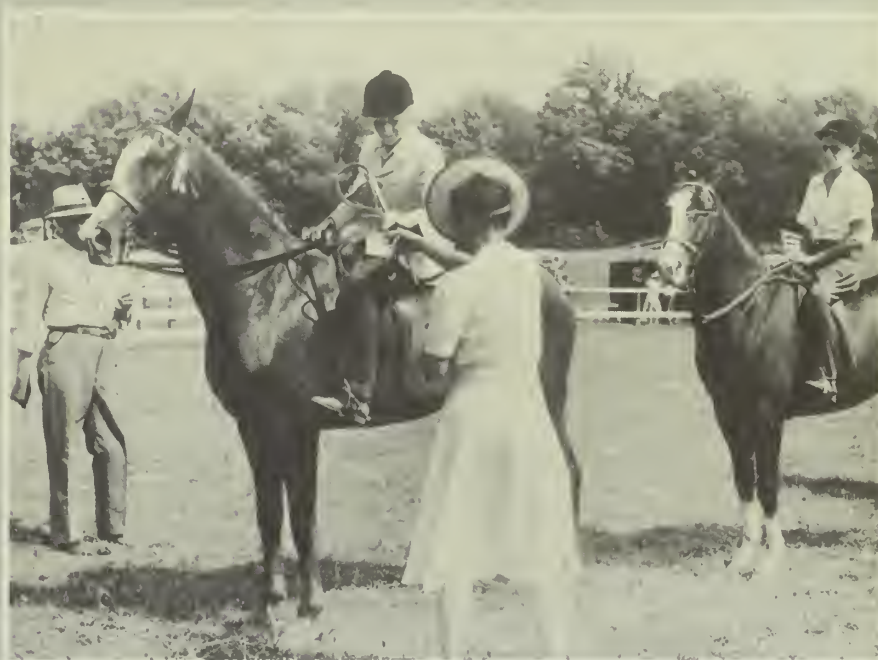
Elizabeth Merryman, her pet goat, and her good-natured pony Merry Wings



Betty Cromwell Bosley jumping her pony, Pistol, in the class for Pony Hunt Teams



Anne Benet and Betsy Garrett, novice class, congratulate each other



Joseph Johnson was the winner of the class for Junior Hunters with his trusty mare, Betsy

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

August 14, 1940

Wednesday,

Hambletonian Day once again, and that grand colt, Spencer Scott, has just won in straight heats! The same huge, good natured crowd that overflows the little town of Goshen every year was in attendance. This year, 45,000 people came to see this historic race and the two innovations, the barrier and pari-mutuels, tried in this race for the first time. The barrier, long opposed by many old-time trotting men, worked like a charm. After two warm-up "scores" the field went away in good order to a count of 14 seconds. Last year, under the old system, there were 14 scores — a delay of 25 minutes! The mutuel betting was far above previous days of the Good Time meeting but still light.



Here they come! The crowds watching the field coming 'round the bend shortly after the start



The winner of the Hambletonian, C. W. Phellis' Spencer Scott, and Fred Egan, driver



The finish of the second, and final heat, Spencer Scott is No. 2 in the right foreground



Fred Egan, J. J. Mooney, and C. W. Phellis with Hambletonian Bowl



Something new at the Good Time Track! Some of the crowd at the new pari-mutuel windows

The Taking of the Woodchuck

by P. P. PITKIN

THIS excursion, sir, for the shooting of the groundhog, is not wholly to my liking. To be sure, any journey or occupation which leads a man in such pleasant places is a joy and any occasion which gives me the pleasure of your company I would not willingly miss. I have, however, largely given over the killing of groundhogs, for reasons I can scarce put into words, and feel no pleasure at all in their destruction.

But since you are bent upon shooting the rifled piece, and since most who take to the use of that weapon do seem sooner or later to pitch upon the groundhog for a target, why, then I will instruct you; partly for the love I bear you and partly, I confess, for that I would liefer you viewed this sport (for such I conceive it to be) through my eyes than through those of many I could name, but will not.

The name of *groundhog*, Scholar, is better fitted to the nature and habit of this little beast than is its newer name of *woodchuck*, albeit the latter name is coming more and more to designate his habitat. He loves best to live upon rolling meadowlands where he digs his abode in sloping ground, possibly beside a ledge, possibly at the border of a hedgerow, and it is in such places you will find him when he can choose his dwelling place.

Within my memory one could walk a country lane or drive over it with horse and buggy (and was it not pleasant? whiffle-tree squeaking gently in time with the creak of harness-leather—ah, well!) and see a score or more of these creatures enjoying the westering sun as they took their afternoon clover.

But man in his wisdom invented the petrol-impelled vehicle; and he concocted gun-powders which will propel missiles at unbelievable speeds and flatness of curve; and he has mounted perspective-glasses upon his rifled barrels through which he can take his sighting. Again, in his wisdom, he has placed these things at the command of his fellows—all of them, sir, without regard to whether they be possessed of knowledge or of judgment or of ethics. So we find Thomas, Richard and Henry, in their myriads, hell-tearing over the roads in their vehicles and firing their pieces at every groundhog they can see through the perspective glasses; and we find the groundhog, in *his* wisdom, removing himself to more secluded and sylvan abodes.

But there are still places removed from the roads, where groundhogs deport them-

With this story COUNTRY LIFE introduces a new sporting writer whose style is as impeccable—it is founded upon a classic model—as his knowledge is wide of the ways of birds and beasts and fishes and those who pursue them. Other pieces in the same delightful vein will appear from time to time. Scheduled for early publication are "The Compleat Woodcocker," "The Shooting of Quails" and an as yet un-titled article on waterfowling. Gentlemen, Mr. Pitkin!

selves in the old manner and such an one can be reached from this very place. We will empark by this stile. The weapons, if you will; and now that great bottle of good ale. If you will uncase the former, sir, I will place the latter beneath this tiny waterfall where it will await our return most cool and unobserved.

Ah, ah! Scholar, you are coveting my rifle! Denial is useless, sir! Devouring eyes and fondling fingers betray you! Nay, nay! my chiding is but in jest. You shall carry and use the piece this day: for no other purpose did I bring it. Protest no

more, sir! I will carry your weapon, which will serve me full as well.

Now, Scholar, you must first shoot the piece at mark; and do so here, ere we approach our place of hunting. First, know that its load is one of power, being sufficient for the deer hereabouts and for the bears of the mountains; also it shoots very fast and flat so that if you will hold thus, and thus, no allowances need be made up to as much as two hundred paces. But because of the strangeness of the rifle to you, and for my peace of mind, you will refrain from trying those shots that seem to be above one hundred paces.

There! I have set up your mark; now shoot. Again, if you please. Well done! Permit me to move it thus for you. There! Now shoot thrice. Good enough! With good holding and good squeezing of the trigger, both of which I observe you understand, you should make sufficiently good practice. Let us be off!

Our way lies yonder. Most of our walk will be upon the land of good farmer Dean whom I have known these many years and who has, on occasion, hunted the groundhog in my company: that we may go on the adjoining lands without offense I also know, so we will encounter naught to mar our afternoon.

Ha! There (Continued on page 68)



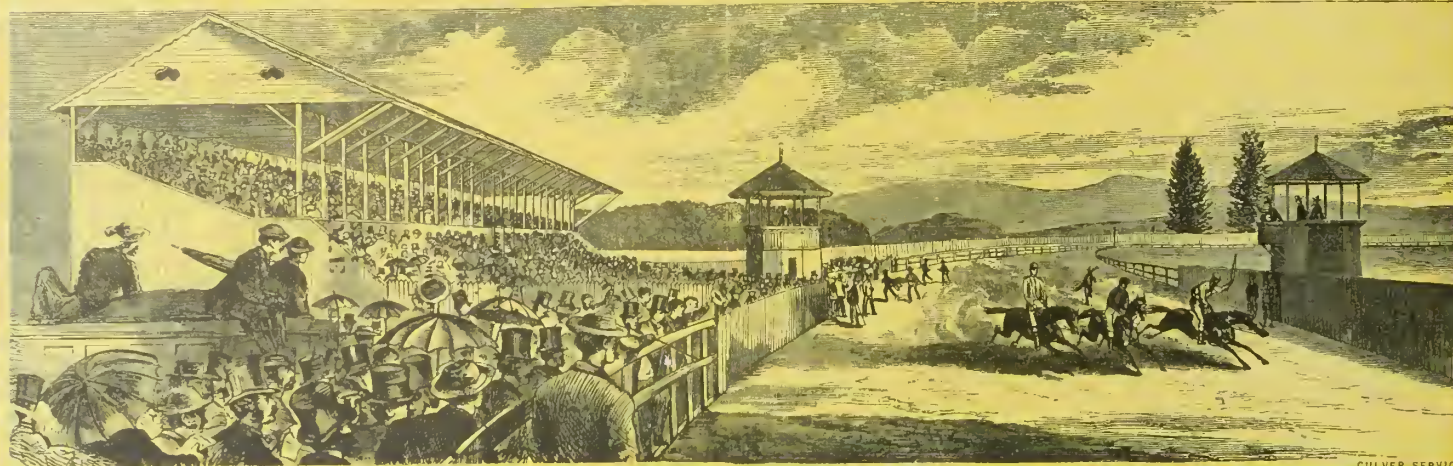
COUNTRY LIFE PHOTO



RINGING TO SADDLE

AFTER THE RACE

THE START



CULVER SERVICE

Racing at Saratoga in 1867; this famous old track was already, even in those early days, the chief center of the sport outside the metropolitan area

Racing in America • by SALVATOR

Part II

WITH the introduction of the anglicized policy of encouraging sprint races in place of the theretofore traditional heat and dash races at three and four miles, began the transformation of racing from a pastime, a sport, highly personalized and individualized, more or less amateurish, occasional and disconnected, into a big organization, with a following, as well as *dramatis personae*, highly and thoroughly professionalized in make-up and methods.

A new type of owners, trainers and jockeys was taking possession of things. The owners very frankly had gone into racing "for what there was in it for them," their followers likewise. For horses as horses, and racing as racing, pure and simple, they had little or no use. Betting was growing immensely in volume and importance and was also being professionalized, specialized, methodized and systematized, at the same time being brazenly played up on the one hand and minimized, to avert the wrath of the unco' guid, on the other.

Jerome Park, Monmouth Park and

Saratoga became no longer sufficient to the day. Something bigger and better was in order. So once again eyes were turned toward Long Island, which had become almost a dead letter. Sheepshead Bay was created there, its sponsors being men already prominent in connection with the other three courses. In beauty, elegance, color, charm, attractiveness, it went beyond anything ever seen before on the continent and its success, from the time the gates first opened, was unprecedented. But that was not all. Says the old couplet:

*Wherever God erects a house of
prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel
there.*

Sheepshead Bay had been erected by and for what were then the deities of racing, human and equine, and well it served its purpose. But almost within its shadow at the same time rose Brighton Beach.

When the two, well-nigh simultaneous-

ly, emerged upon the landscape, the difference between them was as that between a king and a beggar. But kings come and go while the poor are always with us. And Brighton Beach, far more than Sheepshead Bay, was a portent of what in the future was to happen to the American turf.

For, with it, continuous racing was born.

Purely a promoters' enterprise, and the first one of its kind in our turf history, it was created to cater to the rank and file of owners, trainers and jockeys, and the public that followed them; to provide them with a place of resort whose motto, by and large, was that of the all-night saloon—"We never close"; where neither wind, weather nor the state of the nation was to interfere with their merry-go-round, and the age-old "sport of kings" was transformed into an appurtenance of the *hoi polloi*.

When Bill Engeman barged into the Metropolitan set-up with his Beach and its "beach-combers," he and they were met with a stony front by Sheepshead

AVAILABLE
2 10 1930

Bay, Jerome Park, Saratoga, and the men behind them. By a "gentlemen's agreement" they determined never to enter and race their own horses there, or even be seen within the gates themselves.

It was debated whether all owners, trainers, jockeys and horses that performed there should not be formally outlawed from the great tracks. Had it been England, doubtless this would have been done. But in the "free America" of that day—well, upon reconsideration, it was decided that to go so far would hardly do; that silent contempt and complete ignorance would better serve.

We have now reached the year 1880 in our survey. And we may say that the decade which followed was the Golden Age of racing in modern, or post-Civil War, America.

The great New York courses already existing were reinforced by two new ones of unexampled magnificence and grandeur of scale, Morris Park, not far from Jerome Park; and the rebuilt Monmouth Park, the latter being projected upon a magnitude never before or since equaled in the U. S. A. In addition, Gravesend, on Long Island, took a place second only to Sheepshead Bay.

The success and popularity attending the sport reached heights previously unknown, not only in the Metropolitan terrain but the country over. The Kentucky Derby, in the beginning of little moment outside Kentucky, attained

national importance. Pimlico flourished. Racing was revived at Washington. Latonia, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, was thrown open in 1883. And in 1884 came Washington Park, Chicago, the finest plant in America outside New York, with Gen. Phil Sheridan, of the United States Army, at the head of the association, the American Derby its feature.

Down the Mississippi at Nashville and Memphis there were prosperous clubs. At St. Louis things were booming. In California the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association had been instrumental in lifting meetings to a high plane. Breeding was in a condition of similar prosperity. While Kentucky's dominance was assured, in numerous other states it was at flood-tide.

Constellations of great performers made the heavens blaze. Luke Blackburn and Hindoo, Miss Woodford and George Kinney, Checkmate and Thora, Glenmore and Monitor, Hanover and Tremont, Kingston and Firenze, Dewdrop and The Bard, Wanda and Los Angeles, Emperor of Norfolk and El Rio Rey, Raceland and Volante, Proctor Knott, Troubadour, Salvator and Tenny, a succession of titans whose like has never since been seen within the same length of time, kept interest and enthusiasm at fever heat.

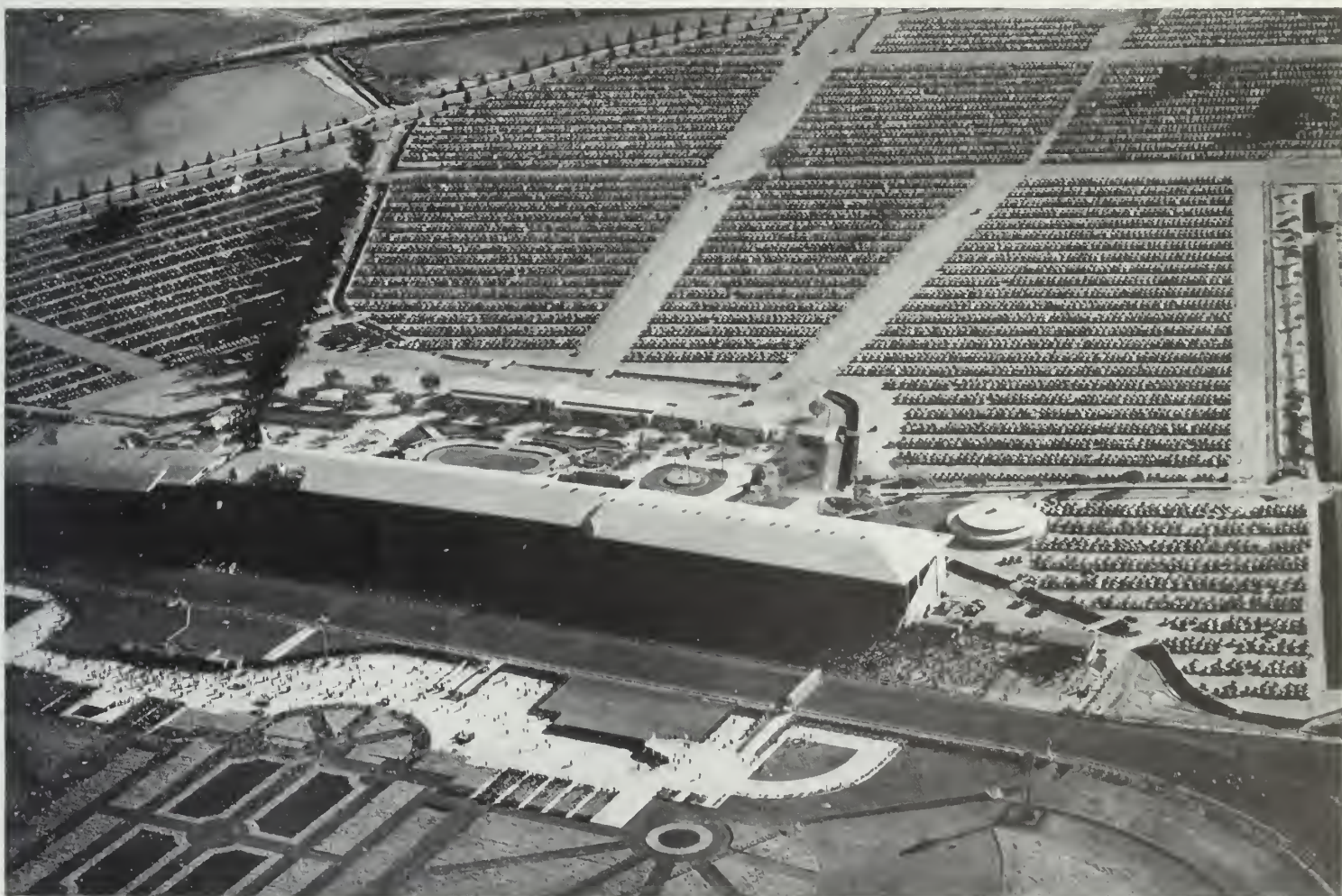
The Coney Island Futurity for two-year-olds was inaugurated and speedily

became the richest race in the world. The three most famous jockeys in our turf history, Isaac Murphy, "Snapper" Garrison and James McLaughlin, were beheld riding against each other daily. Such men as James Rowe and Frank McCabe scored successes as trainers that lifted their profession to levels hitherto unapproached.

But along with this imposing and spectacular success, like the growling of the bass in a symphonic rhapsody, soon to drown out the soloists in its unleashing, there was growing up what had started at Brighton Beach, apparently a mere fly-by-night enterprise, in the end to prove a Frankenstein. Continuous racing at the Beach had at one and the same time made Engeman a rich man and created a new type of racing, race-horse, owner, trainer and jockey. It had created also a new type of racing public—one intent not upon sport but upon the money to be got out of what had been substituted for it.

The day of the promoter had broken and he was not slow in awakening to a realization thereof. The first movement occurred in Jersey. There a whole cluster of merry-go-rounds sprung up, modeled upon Brighton Beach but run by men beside whose methods those of Engeman were patrician in their seeming and restrained in their aims.

Of these the most malodorous, as well as notorious, was at Guttenberg, just across the (Continued on page 62)



A far cry from the wooden grandstands of the racing renaissance following the Civil War are the luxurious appointments at such tracks as Santa Anita

Summer Horse Shows

by D'ARCY

JUNE saw the new show season at its height, and north, south, east, and west the most ardent exhibitor or the most fearful newcomers could easily find a spot to exhibit their horses.

The second week of the month, as a climax to the spring season, brought us to Upperville, the greatest colt show in America, both from the standpoint of quality and quantity. Held in a beautiful oak grove with the large ring and outside course deep in its shade, we found a tranquil, rural surrounding to



watch the large classes of young hopefuls, Thoroughbred and half-bred.

Upperville has a charm all its own. The friendliness, the picnic lunches under the huge trees, the neighborly interest in each others' colts, the jingle of the work-teams' bells in the distance, all made us appreciate the air of the country peace and camaraderie that should mark more shows in other sections of the country, bringing exhibitors together in the interest of a common sport.

Probably the three classes most keenly anticipated by exhibitors and visitors at Upperville are the yearling, two-year-old, and three-year-old Thoroughbred classes. Colts and fillies were divided in the yearling class which numbered 35 in all. The filly division was won by a large masculine daughter of San Utar out of Sun Slave, shown by the Hershes.

We considered the filly that scored fourth in this division an excellent individual, and the markings on our card would have placed her considerably higher. She was by Belfonds out of Sister Ship by Man o' War. Belfonds, the gray Montana Hall stallion who is sending his first crop of yearlings to Saratoga this August, won his high European reputation as a sire of fillies. Three of his daughters have been victorious in The Prix de Diane—the French Oaks—and one of these, *Commanerie*, went on to capture the Grand Prix de Paris in 1930.

Winners of first, second and third in

the colt division for yearlings are also destined for the Saratoga sales paddock. The blue went to W. H. Lipscomb's *Psychic Bid*—Ready colt; second to the same breeder's *Granville*—Duration colt; and third to Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart's son of Milkman out of Peake. The latter also is one of the first group of Milkman's to be sent to the Saratoga sales ring.

The two-year-old class was undivided as to sex but four colts took the awards, first going to Springsbury Stable's *Traumertan*, whose breeding is obvious from his name. *Spanish Spear*, last year's winner of this event is by *Espino*—*Mariyen*, and this handsome youngster, shown by Mrs. D. N. Lee, came right back to win the three-year-old lightweight class this spring. First in the middle- and heavyweight division was the same colt that was on top in the three-year-old class at Devon shortly before, the *Haggin Perrys'* heavyweight, *Zarp*, by *Sir Andrew*. This one also finished as reserve green champion to the more finished *Spanish Spear*.

Our only criticism of the show at Upperville concerned a trend rather

than the quality of the judging. After seeing many colts of excellent type and conformation perform in their divisions, we were rather amazed to see the championship pinned on a half-bred horse for the third consecutive year. Granting that the track absorbs a great many of the colts that we have seen shown here as youngsters, and that scouts from the North are always looking for prospects to strengthen their stables, still there should not be a dearth of registered horses that can perform well over a



course in this section of the country.

In spite of our enthusiasm for Upperville, we went away feeling that the championships for these past three years had belied the essential calibre of the show.

During Upperville, Mrs. G. P. Greenhalgh shipped a part of her string west to Detroit, which held conflicting dates. Out there, her home-bred *Sallyport* was clearly the best in the hunter division, and, at the closing of the show, changed ownership, going to Master Henry Buhl as a present from his grandmother. At Detroit, the outstanding green hunter, in the opinion of the judges, was the four-year-old owner-raised, schooled, and ridden *Avourneen*. *Miss Higbie* schooled this nice young mare cleverly at Camden last winter, and the much coveted *Ainsworth* trophy was a fitting reward for the work, interest, and time that she has put into the development of *Avourneen*.

Champion of the harness ponies at Detroit was *Miss Judy King's* sensational new *Lineroft Coquette*, purchased last winter from John Cuneo. This pony displayed great action and ability. When a little more settled, he will be an outstanding competitor throughout the circuit. Saddle horse classes were dominated by the strong home stable of *Miss Mary Fisher*. Her young walk-trot horse, *Buccaneer*, is thought by many to be the leader (*Continued on page 50*)



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL BROWN

Your Advantage

IT HAS ALWAYS gratified us to know that so many people consider Four Roses the finest whiskey obtainable. But, even so, we have not been content to rest on our laurels.

Year after year, we have constantly strived to make Four Roses an even finer whiskey. And in this we have consistently succeeded—to an extent even greater than we had believed possible. Have you tried today's Four Roses?

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A FARMER WHO DREAMED AND LOST, AND ONE WHO DUG IN; A SOIL MEETING



1. Those who own eroded land in the South should look into kudzu

THOSE who follow these notes on soil and its final product may recall from last month some account of a visit with Charles Allen Smart, R.F.D. 1, Ross County, Ohio. Since then Random House, New York, has published "Roscommon," Smart's first novel.

The book starts as a plain account of fact. By his fireside at Oak Hill of a chill evening Smart hears that Roscommon, David Macdonald's place, the finest old place in the county, is to go at auction. Debt, soilwash, weeds, and a dreamy inattention to detail have done it in. "I have to go out there tonight," Smart tells his wife, "I want to know where he's going and what he's going to do, and whether I can do anything for him. . . . Something is dying in Ross County, in Ohio, in the U. S. A. Something is dying, by God!"

He hardly knows the man. On his way to Roscommon he hesitates, then buys a quart of the best Bourbon, and shoves on. He falls in with a farm youth with time on his hands (not for just that evening, but for a lifetime, it seems; for his people at home seem to need him no longer, and he can find no other work). "If you haven't anything better to do," says Smart, "you might come along."

So these two youngsters of the county drive out to Roscommon to pay a call on David Macdonald, a widower, sitting in a home foreclosed, his furniture stacked for sale on the morrow, and only a grand old setter bitch to keep him company. These two young men drive in with their guest-offering. He receives them graciously, and fetches them ice and water from the kitchen. Then they talk.

They talk fiction. This defeated farmer, who let Johnson grass and the banks take his place while he dreamed and lived gently, and practiced offhand the art of letters (as Jefferson did), talks of the novel he was trying to write even as he continues to feed a waning fire with

little batches of his manuscript. The plot is that of a community co-operative reaching into all ways of life, operating naturally and sensibly in American midland fashion without any of the fads and freaks which generally cluster around "colonies." A lot of its sounds cock-eyed. Smart says so, sometimes harshly. Sometimes his host agrees, or half agrees; and the whole account of this dream of a rural utopia is made more human, compassionate and believable by outbursts of bitter doubt and rollicking laughter.

AMERICAN PEASANT

More Alexander Bodkin of Ross County, Ohio, has the most self-sufficient farm I have ever seen. He is 63 years old, short, almost squat, but straight as a drill-sergeant. He came from Russia in 1906. He had fought for the Czar in the Boxer Rebellion and did not want to be drafted for the Japanese War. He worked in various parts of the South and finally got going in a building supply business of his own in Tennessee. At the height of his fortunes, around 1932, his credit rating was \$150,000.

Then things went to smash and he lost his business, his home, his credit rating, everything except about \$125 in cash, and other such odds and ends as some scrappy building material, and the motor of a power-boat. This motor runs the patched-up battery-plant which lights his home and barn today.

He came up here to Ross County and got about 60 acres of steep, brushy cutover hill land on credit. "It was a wilderness," he says. You can see this was true by looking at the growths that hem in on all sides his little farm today. With his own hands he built his own house and a barn and a cistern. The place had no water on it. He places his barn so that the roof, feeding rain to a cistern, would by the force of gravity lift running water to the kitchen and second story of his house. All this took two years. He brought his wife up from Tennessee, and they settled down to make a living—"Not make money; make a living; that is safer," he says.

The house is comfortable. The stone chimney is rough-looking, but it draws like all get-out. Mr. and Mrs. Bodkin both work hard. "We are happiest when we are occupied," she says. They have a big garden, vast stores of jellies and preserves, two goats and a kid, a Guernsey cow and a calf, eight sheep, eight hogs, a big flock of chickens.

"All my livestock are good stock. They are all purebreds. I like them.

I tend them," he said. But it is his field methods that are the most interesting. Of his 60 acres he plows but three, and these he plows on the contour, raising corn, with strips of grass left between, to stay soil runoff. He says he will not raise corn next year; he doesn't need it. "What will you feed your stock?" I asked. He answered, "Young grass."

That is mainly what his stock get now; and they are in excellent condition. He showed me, with eager excitement, how he does it. Every day of open weather he and his wife go out into their half wooded clearings and cut young grass, no higher than five or six inches, by hand. They bunch it carefully and carry it to a sort of elevated floor close up to the tin roof of their barn. Monday's chopped grass is piled in a narrow windrow here; next comes Tuesday's, and so on; and there, out of the beat of the weather, it dries, yet stays green. Elementary dehydration! The product resembles, and is infinitely cheaper than, the output of commercial grass-dehydration plants. "Any grass is good feed," More says, "if you cut it young and dry it this way."

The family lives plainly but well. There are four grown children, all out in the world and prospering. Last summer a daughter who is an interior decorator in California came with her husband for a visit, in a Packard. You wonder how they got it down that woods lane, but there it is, right in front of the house, in a photograph. "My children, they are rich. They can do anything! But I like it better here," says their father.

SOIL MEETING

Here in Maryland we do not take our county lines lightly. Baltimore County, where I was raised, and Harford County, where I live now, maintain friendly relations, but regard themselves as rather distinct provinces; and as for the borderline country up close to Pennsylvania, those are foreign parts, for fair.

Within the past few years, however, strange things have happened. Washed-down topsoil, staining our creeks and branches, thinning our farms, has ignored county lines completely; so last fall farmers and land-owners in both Baltimore and Harford counties voted to establish the Gunpowder Falls-Deer Creek Soil Conservation District, and to work out farm-by-farm measures of soil defense as if this large watershed were all one piece of ground, which it is.

Meetings were held in both counties, and at the border. We elected five supervisors—practical men, with their feet on their own acres; asked Washington to give us some more



2. Kudzu, an Oriental leguminous vine, heals soil and makes feed

help in terms both of boys and technicians at the Black Horse C.C.C. camp; and signed co-operative contracts with the Government to bring 20,000 acres of our farm land, as a beginning, under contour cultivation, strip-cropping, retirement to grass or trees, or such other treatment as the local supervisors, the owners, and the Government people agreed to be right and suitable.

Not so long ago we held the first dinner-meeting of the District. Nearly two hundred farming people of both counties, of all religious sects, and of all degrees of wealth from tenants to tycoons sat down together to a bountiful fifty-cent country dinner served by the Dublin Parent-Teachers Association in the basement of the Dublin Methodist Church. There were a lot of two-minute speeches by people from around the District. "It takes good ground to raise a meal and a crowd like this," said one farmer; and I thought that was the best speech of all. But Milton Eisenhower, Director of Information of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, was good too; and so was Judge John Robinson's account of it in "The Bel Air Times." In part:

"Dr. Eisenhower showed that erosion is due to ignorance, neglect and greed on the part of land-owners in attempting hurried and special crops and in disregarding the most elementary precautions. . . . This argument was reinforced by picture-slides shown by Dr. A. L. Patrick. Pictures from China, from Mesopotamia and other ancient countries showed that the soil that once fed teeming millions is now blasted away by rain and wind, and it will be centuries before their original fertility can be restored."

Any one who wants to know how to go about forming such soil districts can find out by sending 10 cents to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, and asking for Miscellaneous Publication No. 293, "Soil Conservation Districts for Erosion Control."

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YOUNG VOTERS! Is this is your first opportunity to vote better make sure that you can vote. Inquire of your local authorities where, when and how to register. Do it NOW! Tell your friends.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

(Please fill in and mail with your coupon)

- I am a Democrat I am a Republican
1. Roosevelt is or is not responsible? Is Is Not
2. Roosevelt was or was not unjust in ousting long-serving Farber? Was Was Not
3. It is or is not proper for President's family to use prestige of President's office for financial income? Is Is Not
4. President should or should not violate third-term tradition? Should Should Not
5. President is or is not justified in ignoring his promises? Is Is Not
6. Delay in national defense program is or is not due to bungling? Is Is Not
7. Should or should not public funds be used for political campaigning? Should Should Not
8. We do or do not need a business executive to manage world's largest business problem, National Defense? Do Do Not
9. An individual or nation can or cannot prosper by extravagant expenditure? Can Cannot
10. We should or should not trade horses for a stranger horse? Should Should Not

(See column to the right)

*"What can I do
for Willkie?"*

Millions of eager Americans—art asking what Willkie will win and if we work for him, and if we jump in and help him win. Remember he has to beat the most powerful political machine I paid for with taxpayers' money in America's history. If you wish to back Willkie in a large number of people at biggest cost—best way.

NEW WAY TO HELP WILLKIE WIN

These messages appear in the magazines in proportion to the money volunteered by Americans—the People's own public effort paid for by the People—a low-priced way for you to help elect the People's candidate, Wendell Willkie. Each \$2 you contribute pays for a Willkie message such as this one to an average of 1,000 magazine readers—an easy quick way for you to tell a lot of people about Willkie at a fifth the cost of penny postals, a tenth the cost of letters. This self-sustaining campaign operates economically. As the money comes in all of it is put into these magazine messages and "follow up" literature postage, etc. when there is more contributions which at once get you more messages. Your money does a definite job promptly.

NON PROFIT

The records of this volunteer non-profit enterprise and its advertising agent, are open for inspection. Books to be audited by C. P. A. Ballrooms or Congress are sent to contributors. No executive salaries. Voluntary helpers give their time. *The Fall Campaign Independent of any political party. No one will ever get any money except for the Willkie's expenses to cost \$2.00 more.*

Your contributions can enlarge this campaign to magazines and farm journals scattered where votes are very important where truth is needed—in certain states. As it is vital to spread Willkie gospel, as fast and as wide as possible before November election date anyone interested in speeding up this magazine campaign for Willkie is hereby invited to underwrite a giant unopposed contribution on every page such as this in the mass circulation magazines and farm papers.

How Many Readers For You?

Send your money in once. There's not much time left. Send \$2 for each thousand magazine readers you wish to get for—also your ideas or points to stress in this campaign for our next President.

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The same type of spontaneous enthusiasm that nominated Willkie, will elect him.

THIS IS A CRUSADE of Republicans and real Democrats to choose a President who will restore national confidence to the point where national income will be sufficient to carry out our tardy defense program—the world's biggest business—a job for a truly big business executive.

MR. WILLKIE, you face the most colossal business problems any business man ever faced—putting this country into sound condition and directing our defense program. You have the combination of executive experience, fighting ability, brains, energy, humor, integrity, level head, spiritual qualities, simplicity, and sincerity, to be a truly great President. You will not break your promises. You will choose big assistants, not yesmen or screwballs.

You will not be a money waster. You do not come of a wealthy family. You worked your way to the top by sheer courage and ability.

You will be more statesman than politician. And you have no embarrassing political debts to any Hagues or Kelly-Nashes!

You know war, from personal service for your country at the front.

Labor wants you because of your good record with labor—ever since you were a laborer.

Born and raised in farm country, and a good farmer yourself (according to your Indiana neighbors) you know the problems of the Farmer. You have a constructive associate in Mr. McNary, with his splendid knowledge of agriculture.

Your election will establish a new national unity—the will of the People.

TRUE DEMOCRATS—fed up with confused issues, broken promises, autocracy, wastefulness and anti-democracy, disgusted with the delay in our defense program, outraged by that disgraceful one-man convention and Third Term grab, distressed at the tossing overboard of real Democrats—they will no longer mistake New Deal for Democracy—they will go Willkie!

THIS MESSAGE is paid for by the Willkie Magazine Fund, an absolutely independent, non-profit, voluntary enterprise, interested solely in electing Wendell Willkie the next President of the United States. Read column to right. J.O.N.

Country Notebook .

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE DIFFERENCES IN LIVING IN OR ON THE COUNTRY

I OVERHEARD May Clarkson telling that nice Englishwoman, Mrs. Benton, "Oh, yes we have lived in the country for many years."

May Clarkson does not live in the country—she lives *on* it, and so do a great many—too many—people, for their own happiness and the country's good.

To live in the country and to be of the country requires roots both in the soil and in the community. Love of land alone is not enough, nor is true neighborliness alone enough, but these two together are the deep and enriching foundations of what life in the country is at its best.

The love of land needs little explanation, for in lesser or greater degree it is probably possessed by everyone. However, in its connection with living *in* and not *on* the country, the author very definitely excludes the purely acquisitive affection. By love of land is meant such a feeling of kinship with the earth that all that is good which grows upon it, and all that contributes to its beauty and fulfillment, is cherished.

"Why, the country in January and February is too dreary and horrible for words!" How often does one hear this from those who live in the city or on the country. To some of us who love the country, these months are well loved for many reasons, a good one being the unforgettable beauty and silence of their days of heavy mists, when earth and sky are one and the far cry of crows pierces one's heart with ineffable sadness, for no reason at all.

May and Harold Clarkson are fairly representative of the "on the country" group. Thirty-two years ago, they bought the old three hundred acre Conover farm on the outskirts of the small village of Lincolnville. Here they built a large and comfortable house and have lived for eight months out of each of the 32 years.

Lincolnville has a population of, roughly, 450 souls, and these are divided about equally into four groups — farmers, laborers, white collar workers and large landowners.

How many of her neighbors of these 32 years does May Clarkson know by name? Less than 20 and of these only two not in her own economic group—her gardener and the postmaster.

How many of her neighbors know her by sight and name? Almost all of them, but unlike May, who is honestly unconscious of their existence, and consequently thinks of them not at all, they, in the course of years, have formed very definite opinions regarding herself and her like and these are necessarily based on sins of omission rather than of commission. So poor May, who is

a kind, generous, clever and attractive woman, who cares deeply for her own small circle of family and friends, has unwittingly sown seeds of distrust and contempt in her neighbors' hearts and is reaping a harvest of misunderstanding and hatred.

This is no exaggeration, it is the truth, the same truth which is found in the parable of the Good Samaritan, where those who passed by on the

Since last October Mrs. Babcock, a country woman by choice and instinct, has written for COUNTRY LIFE of country things to be found in city shops. Now she returns to the country.

Better to fit her new and wider field of comment the title of the department has been changed from "The Sports-woman" to that above.

She has chosen for her subjects, "the wisdom, the humor, the courage as well as the foolishness, the fears and the faults and the vital interests of those of us who live in the country."

other side, the Levite and the Priest, were as scathingly condemned as were the thieves who very nearly killed the unfortunate wayfarer.

There is a small, unpainted frame house adjoining May's three hundred acres. It was there before May came to Lincolnville and she has walked and driven by it thousands of times. Mr. and Mrs. Bell, whose it was, had in 32 years only one contact with their new and nearest neighbor. A real estate agent representing May called to tell them that their house was too near May's fine iron gates and that he had been empowered to offer a generous sum for its purchase. Mr. and Mrs. Bell refused the offer.

Not long ago three quarters of Lincolnville knew that Mrs. Bell was dying of cancer, that there was not the money for nurses and that old Mr. Bell, as proud as Lucifer, was doing all the housework and looking after his poor darling. The year following Hester Bell's death, Lincolnville was able to express its affection for John Bell when he, too, was stricken with the same disease.

A few weeks before his death, when he lay on the brown couch by the window, May drove out of those fine iron gates onto the highroad and right by the window. His eyes followed her down the road but he said nothing. Late in the evening, he turned to Mrs. Sammis and Mrs. Bingham, who kept the evening watch, "This country," said he, "ain't



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L. R. Johnston, General Manager

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by *BETTY BABCOCK*

never going to be what it should be till all folk care about each other, like you, Sally, and you, Emmy, are caring about easing the last days of a worthless old man like me. You're good neighbors."

This set Sally and Emmy to thinking how often neighbors had helped them and again to speculate about these strange people who had lived in Lincolnville so long but had never been a part of it. Why had they come to the country if they meant to keep on living like city people!

None of these strange people had come to David McComb's funeral last fall, though plenty knew him, he being such a fine veterinary and having doctored their dogs and cows. It was a shame to have missed it, though; so many had come, plenty had had to stand beneath the open windows of the old farmhouse to hear Reverend Emerson reading Dave's favorite passage from Isaiah and to hear him tell how Lincolnville had lost in David McComb its best citizen, as indeed was the truth.

Surely, thought Emmy and Sally, May Clarkson and her like were Americans but they might just as well have been Hindus for all that their neighbors knew of them. You could forget about them till something came along like the Day's house burning down to the ground the day after Christmas. The house

old set having been consumed by the fire.

Young Mrs. Mayhew, who married Bill Mayhew's Johnny last year and only had lived in Lincolnville twelve months and so didn't know said, "Why don't you ladies ask Mrs. Clarkson? She would have the money and surely would be glad to help."

No one had spoken for quite a spell after this. It isn't easy to explain the only interest Mrs. Clarkson and her friends ever take in Lincolnville is to come to school meeting to vote down spending any additional money for education or health; nor what you don't rightly understand yourself—that here are human beings who live next door to you for near a life time and don't know you from Adam. Nor can you explain how it is you just never did find the spunk to get past the big doors and the butler to make a neighborly call.

Young Mrs. Mayhew had seemed to understand our not answering. "Oh," she said, her pretty face going quite white and set. "I hate rich people, they are hard and cruel."

Mrs. Ashdown answered for us, "Mabel, money has mighty little to do with this. You will find that there are some people, be they either rich or poor, who never learn to live in the country. It's a shame for them and for us, too."

Mrs. Ashdown and the other members of the Ladies Aid, however, do not know of the special difficulties which confront those of May Clarkson's economic group, who may have earned acceptance by the community as neighbors.

Money is a cursed obstruction to understanding and trust. Those possessing it can forget it, but rarely are those with little, or less than little, able to forget or freed from the feeling that the more fortunate are different from themselves. No one a bit or much better off than her country neighbors can hope to gain their affection and trust without a long apprenticeship in humility.

The pride of the rich is as nothing to the pride of the poor. Perhaps there will be occasions, such as Mr. Day's lost teeth, when money will be acceptable, but this is not what country neighbors value. Do you care that old fat Mrs. Plimpton lives alone in her cracker box house up on the wind-swept hill; do you care that the Rassinis are going to be homeless because their house is to be sold for unpaid taxes amounting to less than the price of your new tweed coat; do you care that the children of your community have not the opportunities for health, religion and education needed to make them fine Americans? Do you care enough for your community as a whole, and your neighbors as individuals, to work for the welfare of the first and to share the joys and tragedies of existence with the latter? If you do, you live *in* and not on the country.



BLACK STAR

had gone so fast that Ralph and Ellen had been lucky to get themselves and the five children out alive, let alone saving anything. The Ladies Aid had straightway called a special meeting and it was just like Mrs. Ashdown to say that the Days could walk right into her house and she would be right comfortable and snug in a room in the barn, and for Mrs. Kelly to offer, through her big-hearted husband, all the secondhand lumber the Days might need to build them a new house. All the other ladies promised clothes and blankets but no one had, and there seemed no way of raising, the \$75 needed to buy a new set of teeth for Mr. Day, his



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THE PRESERVING KETTLE IN A LAND OF PLENTY; ICED COFFEE AND DESSERTS

WE who live in a land of plenty should give heed to those who are not so fortunately situated. Before winter comes the sinister spectre of famine will speed through Europe on swift, sure feet and will knock with bony knuckles at a million doors. Death by starvation is most unpleasant. There is only one house-painter on earth to whom I could wish it.

The readers of COUNTRY LIFE, most of whom live in the country and whose gardens have ample supplies of vegetables can make definite contribution in time of international food shortage by taking steps to prevent the waste of any of the surplus vegetables that are now ripening beneath the summer sun. The more of these products that can be preserved for home use the more will be left of commercial crops for much-needed export to our friends.

There is something infinitely sane and honest and wholesome about the preserving kettle. Our grandmothers dealt with it of necessity before the days of George Cobb and the American Can Company. Now let us of today deal with it again. May it simmer and bubble in ten million American kitchens so that naught of good garden fare from tree or vine or root shall perish and be lost in a world that may starve.

For younger housewives who have never had to learn the art of canning, preserving and dehydrating, there are many excellent books of instruction. I will list three of them which are in use in my own home—"Successful Canning and Preserving," by Ola Powell Malcolm (Lippincott); "Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making," by Janet M. Hill (Little Brown and Co.), and the

Chapter on this subject in "America's Cook Book," by Eloise Davidson (Scribner's).

ICED COFFEE

So far as recorded history goes, the shrub that bears the coffee bean originated in Abyssinia. The Arabians get most of the credit for discovering how to brew it; the Viennese refined it, gave it a fool's cap of whipped cream, used honey for the sweetening agent—and a Strauss waltz (we like to believe) for a background. It reached its greatest heights of quality and production on the mountain slopes of Latin-America, but it took, however, the genius of some inspired American hostess to pour its essence hot and strong over cubes of ice in tall glasses and finally to establish iced coffee as one of the really delicious and distinguished drinks of the summertime.

September is made to order for an All-American (or should it be Pan-American?) iced coffee celebration—but that doesn't mean coffee can just "let itself go." As a matter of fact, the iced coffee season offers an excellent opportunity for a general coffee review because all coffee (hot or cold) has to be fresh and strong enough to live up to the thousand years of history and experimentation behind it. One heaping tablespoon of coffee to the measuring cup of water is the regular requirement for hot coffee, but if you're going to pour the brew over ice you'd better make it two heaping tablespoons of coffee to the cup for full flavor—and to allow for dilution by the ice.

Once freshness and strength are assured then it's time to think of fancy fixings, if you want them. We



Mr. Gaige set this patio luncheon table in a contest sponsored by McCutcheon's; his

will all be serving up "frothy coffee frosted" and "foamy coffee whips" before the summer is any older if we follow suggestions like these that come from Virg Clarahan, one of the leading authorities on the subject: flavor the whipped cream toppings with ground cinnamon, grated orange rind, oil of cloves, almond extract, or chocolate syrup (more Viennese than Alt Wien) . . . make it frosted coffee and combine the favorite summertime beverage with the ice cream course for another modern cooler with real coffee flavor . . . or make it a "dessert beverage" in the efficient manner and serve two summer courses in one with all the good qualities of each securely retained. Here's one example called "Cinnamon Coffee Float." It cries for grillwork and mantillas . . . a distant guitar and the click of castanets (or are those ice cubes I hear?):

CINNAMON COFFEE FLOAT

Frozen Mixture:

- 1/4 cup ground coffee
- 2 3-inch pieces stick cinnamon
- 2 cups milk
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

COFFEE

Add ground coffee and stick cinnamon to 1 1/2 cups of the milk in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water, cover and heat five minutes. Strain through cheese cloth or fine strainer. Mix together brown sugar, cornstarch and salt, add remaining 1/2 cup milk and slightly beaten egg yolks. Combine with the coffee milk and return to double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened; cover and cook five minutes longer. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry and

fold into the mixture with the whipped cream. Turn into tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze until firm. Stir once when partially frozen.

To serve, put a large spoonful of the frozen mixture in the bottom of each tall glass. Fill the glasses 2/3 full with regular strength coffee (chilled) or double strength coffee (hot). Stir until frozen mixture is melted and top with an additional spoonful of the frozen mixture. Makes eight servings.

Just to show the versatility of the modern brew, this trio of coolers is presented for your edification:

SPICED ICED COFFEE

- 3 cups double-strength spiced coffee
- 3 pieces 2-inch stick cinnamon
- 12 whole cloves
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 6 tablespoons cream

To make spiced coffee, put the cinnamon and whole cloves in the bowl of the vacuum coffee-maker, into the cold water for percolator and steeped method, and into the pot of the drip-maker. Dissolve the sugar in three cups of spiced coffee, add the cream. Pour into tall glasses two-third filled with ice. Makes four servings.

COFFEE RUM FRAPPE

Frozen mixture:

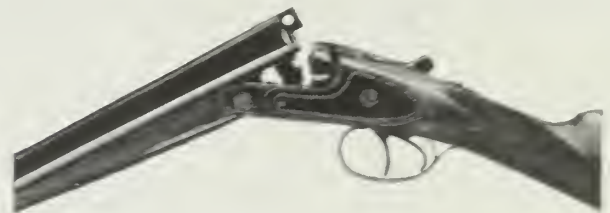
- 2 cups freshly-made coffee
- 5 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons rum flavoring
- 1 egg white
- 3 1/2 cups freshly-made coffee, chilled

Dissolve four tablespoons of the sugar in the coffee, add the flavoring; cool. Pour into tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze until firm, but not hard. Beat egg white until stiff and add remaining tablespoon of sugar; add the frozen mixture and beat until fluffy, but not melted. Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze until firm. Fill tall



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glasses half-full of freshly-made coffee (chilled), add the frozen mixture to fill glasses. Makes four servings.

COFFEE JULEP

- Mint leaves
- 1 jigger rum or 1 tablespoon rum flavoring
- Powdered sugar
- Shaved ice
- Regular-strength, freshly-made coffee (chilled)

Crush one sprig of mint with rum and one teaspoon powdered sugar in the bottom of each tall glass. Fill glasses with crushed ice and pour over the chilled coffee. Garnish with a sprig of mint. Makes one serving.

THE HORSE IN WAR

(Continued from page 30)

but cavalry formations . . . moved at almost the same rate of speed. Each of our infantry regiments has approximately 500 horses and most of our artillery is horse drawn. In accordance with the communications of the headquarters of Wehrmacht, in its report dealing with the campaign in Poland, five armies took part in the great decision. According to this, we may assume . . . that Germany used more than 200,000 horses in the campaign in Poland and that this large number made possible the pace of advance of the attacking armies."

The United States is one of the greatest of all horse countries—but it also happens to be the greatest motor country, both from the manufacturing and using standpoints. High-powered salesmanship of the motor interests has put the motor in many places where the horse naturally belongs; this is especially true on the small farms and on many of the large ones.

Figures from the Department of Agriculture show an alarming decrease in horses in the United States. In 1925 there were 16,401,000 horses, while in 1930 this number dropped to 13,511,000 and still going down until, in 1935, we had only 11,858,000.

Most persons seem to think that in this country there have always been and always will be plenty of good horses for everyone and every purpose, but such is not the case. The experience of foreign buyers, and later of our own army, in buying horses during the World War proved that there were very few horses of sufficient quality for army use. There was no scarcity of horses at that time; it was the quality that was lacking. There were hundreds of thousands of light horses on the western ranges.

The best were used for working cattle; the remainder were practically worthless.

The Army Horse Breeding Plan was presented to Congress in 1920 and, with its approval and the funds appropriated for breeding in accordance with it, the first real effort to raise the standard of the light horse was put into effect.

The Remount Service, operating

the Army Breeding Plan, provides stallions and supervises breeding activities. The farmers, ranchers, and others having mares actually carry on the breeding. From experience the Remount Service has found that the Thoroughbred makes the best sire to breed to cold-blooded mares to produce a good horse suitable for use of the cavalry. This, gentlemen, is where you, your organization and the great sport of racing, which you control, come into the picture.

Good Thoroughbred sires are necessary for the production of good army horses. Racing is the acid test of Thoroughbred breeding; without racing the Thoroughbred would no doubt deteriorate. Racing people know exactly how they want their running horses put together, and very naturally like to start with a colt as nearly mechanically perfect as possible. They therefore select and carefully mate their mares from this standpoint as well as for gameness, stamina, speed, and the will to win.

Temperament and a good disposition are also desired—so far everything is exactly as the army wants it in Remount stallions—but racing people must have speed and early speed, horses to win at two, and they will sacrifice other desirable qualities for this early speed. Much has been written about racing two-year-olds and that short distance races are ruining the Thoroughbred. There seems to be little doubt but that curtailment of early racing, with a greater number of races at a mile and a quarter and more, would make for better horses.

It is racing and racing only that has developed the Thoroughbred and brought him to his present perfection and I am sure that racing with its present organization will further improve the Thoroughbred. This is well, for the army needs more and better Thoroughbred sires to carry on the Army Breeding Plan to the maximum permitted by appropriations.

Let me note here that I know of no government appropriation for which the country and the people get a greater return, dollar for dollar, than the small annual appropriation (never over \$100,000) for this breeding plan.

Under no circumstances should this breeding program be stopped or even curtailed. In ease of a general mobilization it should be kept going at top speed or even increased. Horses cannot be made overnight like tanks and planes—it takes a minimum of five years to get a horse to troops and if the breeding is seriously checked any year its effect will be felt five years later when it might prove most serious.

Breeders of half-breds in many parts of the United States are doing a grand job, producing wonderful horses of Thoroughbred type which have strength and stamina. The American Remount Association, through the Half-bred Stud Book, which it took over in 1934, has revived interest in the half-bred, as is shown by the fact that 12,000 of the 18,000 half-breds recorded

to date have been recorded since 1934.

The Half-bred Stud Book was deliberately planned and is being efficiently operated to improve the type of horse needed by the army for national defense. Racing proves and tests the Thoroughbred sires for these half-bred horses; therefore, racing is a distinct asset, if not absolutely necessary, to the production of the best type horse for the army. The War Department is heartily in favor of legalized and properly regulated racing as a means of developing suitable sires for use in the Army Horse Breeding Plan. The continuance of racing is therefore of utmost importance to the army. As Von Oettingen puts it, "in the breeding of horses one very great factor has cooperated which is more or less absent in the breeding of other animals. This mighty factor was passion. Battle and sport are the foundation of horse breeding. These two have, as if by magic, produced a passionate love for this breeding."

REDDING FURNACE FARM

(Continued from page 19)

very much to the fore. The great cow barn and all the other dependencies are quite as admirable in their way as the dwelling and they may well be, as they are, a source of proper pride to the owner. It would be hard to find a more completely appointed establishment for the most enlightened type of modern dairy-farming than the cow barn and the adjacent dependencies, as the illustrations will bear witness.

The old part of the barn is that which has the overhang, with its supporting round columns, on the

and the cows are taught to observe well-planned traffic regulations in leaving their places, going to the milking room and returning, so that there is no congestion in the passages. At the entrance to the milking room is a washing-stall where each cow's udders are washed before she is sent on into a milking stall. In the upper part of the barn are the hay-lofts and storage for feed. The bull house, a pump-house for sewage-disposal, and the manure house are also new structures. The bull house has three generous pens for the two Holstein bulls and a Guernsey, and each pen opens into a separate yard by a self-closing door, horizontally hinged, that the bull can open from either side. Every interest at Redding Furnace Farm centres in the herd of dairy cattle. There are a few farm horses, to be sure, but there are no other specialised animal activities to divert attention from the supremacy of the cow.

Of the 531 acres in Redding Furnace Farm, 109 are planted in corn; 29 in oats; 83 in alfalfa; 40 in clover and Timothy; 26 in soy beans. The rest of the land is in pasture or woodland. And while speaking of food-supply for the herd, it should be said that the owner, while fully conversant with all the best modern practice in dairy management, has no particular pet theories of his own on breeding and feeding.

Dairying at Redding Furnace Farm is treated as a very real and serious business, and is a conscientious effort to produce good milk under the most favourable and sanitary conditions. The quarters for a hundred cows, and all the arrangements for handling the milk, from the milking-room—which is a model of ingenious modern equipment—to the despatching of it to the city, are beyond adverse criticism. The herd is composed partly of Holsteins, partly of Guernseys. If the dairy at Redding Furnace Farm does not always show an ideal profit, it is owing to no fault at the production end, but rather to the inequities that characterise the distribution practices, a trouble from which all farmers suffer, whether they produce their milk in antiquated squalour or in modern cleanliness.

The old furnaces and forges, the offices, the storehouses, the houses of the furnace hands have all long since vanished or left only inconspicuous vestiges. The master's house is no longer the centre of what must once have been almost a village in its own right. The humming industrial life has disappeared. But the indestructible beauty of the countryside remains, bucolic serenity and peaceful farm pursuits have come into their own again, the old clustering dependencies have been repaired and sometimes put to new uses, as adding a neat garage to the upper part of a hillside springhouse, and the master's house bears eloquent witness to a phase of our national social history that we shall do well to remember and esteem.



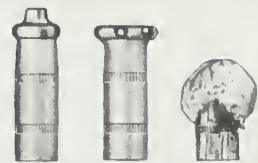
C. V. D. HUBBARD

Two levels of turf make for a richly comfortable appearance

south side, and the ell at the eastern end—that part which houses the calving stalls for the cows and contains stabling for the farm horses. The new part is the long, high southern extension; this affords accommodation for the herd, fifty places for cows on each side of the broad feeding alley that runs down the centre of the building. The milking room opens off from one side of this part of the barn,



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MIGRATORY WILDFOWL REGULATIONS FOR 1940; TAKING YOUR GUN INTO CANADA

ON August 9 the Federal regulations to govern the taking of migratory game birds during the 1940 season were formally approved by the President. The annual announcement of these regulations is anxiously awaited by nearly 2,000,000 gunners and by an unknown number of sporting goods dealers, guides, boatmen, and others who have something to sell to the nation's wildfowlers. And then there are thousands of Americans who do not shoot and who do not belong to the duck gunners' service of supply but who are nevertheless very much interested in the welfare of the migratory bird resources of the continent.

A comparative analysis of the 1940 regulations is likely to prove disappointing to gunners who would like to do a great deal of shooting in a very short time. The main and principal purpose of these regulations is, of course, to preserve the migratory game birds from possible extermination and to allow their numbers to increase until each species is at approximately the maximum population that can be supported by its range throughout the continent. To accomplish this the total annual kill *must* be kept at a point somewhat below that of the numbers annually produced. The government is also concerned with the problem of distribution of the usable surplus of these game birds on the democratic theory that if a crop of ducks is to be harvested it should be shared by the greatest possible number of citizens. It has been determined that very short open seasons and large bag limits

are not favorable to this principle. A short season may allow gunners in one region a great deal of shooting while those in other areas have little or none due to vagaries of flight or weather conditions.

For this reason the open season on waterfowl has been increased from 45 to 60 days.

The 60-day arrangement is favorable to a more equitable distribution of the total bag. Within the span gunners everywhere have a better chance to do their shooting at times when the birds are "in." The extra 15 days allows some leeway to offset the possibilities of unusual conditions of flight and weather.

THERE were rumors going about that the canvasback was to be removed from the restricted three-a-day group and put in with other ducks under the regular ten-a-day bag limits. There was much talk, too, that the wood duck, after twenty-two years of theoretical immunity was to be taken from the list of birds on which there is no legal open season and placed in the three-a-day group, but neither of these proposals materialized.

A great many woodcock shooters—men who would count the year lost that did not find them among the alders and birches of their favorite covers—have questioned me concerning the reports of extensive losses suffered by the bird during the past winter. I was unable to give them much positive information, but nearly all of them concluded about like this:

"Gosh! I hope they're all right! But if there's any doubt about it,



P. S. DAILY

for Heaven's sake, let's quit shooting until the birds can catch up!"

For a time the reports of the Service's field men as to the extent of damage to the woodcock were reassuring, but later careful studies in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, New England and the Maritime Provinces were not so encouraging. It seems certain now that the birds are not up to normal abundance. Though by no means facing disaster, the woodcock will profit—and so will the sportsman—by having the open season shortened from 30 days to 15 days, and this has been provided for in the 1940 regulations. It is hoped and expected that the full season can safely be restored in 1941.

Bag limits on all except wild geese, mourning and white-winged doves remain the same as for 1939. Daily bag limits on geese have been reduced from four to three.

The mourning dove, another species that winters in the South and is susceptible to losses from snow and cold has been given additional protection through a reduction of the daily bag limit from 15 to 12 birds, and the same limits apply to the white-wings.

A change in the daily shooting hours is to be noted. In former seasons shooting began at 7:00 a.m. and ended at 4:00 p.m. This season it will be legal to shoot from sunrise until four o'clock in the afternoon. Already I have heard complaints of this change based on the argument that it is a nuisance for a gunner to keep himself informed as to the exact time of official sunrise, which, of course, changes from day to day. On the other hand, in my journeyings through the land I have heard more protest at the old seven o'clock ruling than at any other.

It is a fact that wildfowl are likely to move more freely at sunrise or a little before than at a later time, yet I am inclined to think that the real reason underlying the preference for sunrise shooting is a sentimental one. Early morning shooting is a traditional exercise. Until a few seasons ago we had always done it. We like to arise in the cold and utter darkness of a wildfowling day to huddle briefly over the eggs and coffee before stumbling out to the frost-rimed skiff, and we like to sit and shiver from cold and ecstasy while the light flows up from the eastern horizon and wings begin to whistle overhead. Our discomforts and self-inflicted deprivations make what comes afterward more valuable and rare in our estimation. To us there is something unnatural and queer about the business, a subtle conviction that we have missed our cue if we linger in the warm luxury of our blankets, to arise belatedly, eat our breakfast unhurriedly and finally sally forth to do our wildfowl-

ing in a day already well-advanced. We are remotely miserable, as a man may be who has gotten his undershirt on back side to and hasn't stopped to change it. Now that Uncle Sam permits us to suffer again, lots of us are happier.

In the preceding paragraphs I have mentioned, I believe, the principal changes to be noted in the 1940 regulations adopted under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Detailed information as to opening and closing dates, zones, and so on will be found elsewhere or may be obtained from the Fish and Wildlife Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

There is no relaxation of the rules prohibiting baiting and the use of live decoys, nor of those applying to guns and other devices.

Many gunners will be disappointed over the baiting—live decoy decision. In fact, and in spite of this cautious liberalization of 1940 seasons, every wildfowler throughout the land will be able to find a provision or a prohibition that presses somewhat painfully against the ribs of accustomed privilege. I have located a few on my own account.

Yet I find great consolation in the knowledge that these restrictions are based upon honest investigations incessantly conducted by expert observers throughout the entire continent. I know, too, how carefully and painstakingly every bit of information and evidence is sifted and evaluated by those whose duty it is to translate the facts concerning bird populations, the condition and abundance of food supplies, cover, damage from weather, disease and predation, and many other factors as well, into regulations affecting the recreational activities of perhaps 3,000,000 Americans, but which will infallibly preserve a renewable resource that may nevertheless be easily destroyed. By these devices a population of approximately 30,000,000 wild ducks has, since 1934, been increased to double that number. We have found that it works.

These are perilous times for all decent people, but every sportsman will endure the coming ordeal with better spirit if he can but feel that when it is over and done there will still be flights of wildfowl between the Arctic and the Gulf, and honest, appreciative wildfowlers to occupy our old blinds in the event that we ourselves have no further use for them.

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SUMMER HORSE SHOWS

(Continued from page 38)

of his division this season. He won the stake at Lake Forest under the able handling of Charlie Dunn, who was showing him for the first time in the ring. The harness pony championship at Lake Forest went to Adrian Van Sinderen's Temptation, and this little fellow went better than at any time this year to beat Lincroft Coquette by a close margin. The latter appeared to tire somewhat in the deep going.

Crispin Oglebay, who seems to have the best two-year-old filly at the running tracks this season in Level Best, dominated the light-weight division at Lake Forest with Holy-stone, while Roger Hyatt's Oklahoma-bred Reconstruction was unquestionably the best of the middleweights, taking five classes and then going on to be judged champion of the show, with Holy-stone reserve.

While Lake Forest was in progress, the Rolling Rock stables of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mellon together with Mrs. A. E. Reuben's Hasty House Farms stable were having much their own way at Toledo. Outside of the events limited to local horses, the only hunter class accounted for by another stable was one for middleweights won by Mrs. Woodward's Woodbine. Miss Barbara Stranahan scored an excellent win with her good bay horse, Little Joe, and our old favorite, the Springsbury Farm's Billy Do, was able only to account for a single class over the big jumps.

Mrs. Reuben placed first, second, and third in the suitable class, and she also won the green. Now all these horses were picked, developed, and shown by their owner, and this feat impresses us as very creditable for any one lady to accomplish. At the end, the championship was nip and tuck between Rolling Rock's Gone Away and Mrs. Reuben's Hasty Lassie, the latter winning more firsts, but the former nosing her out on points.

While the Middle West was busy

with these shows, the East, too, offered plenty of interesting activity at Ox Ridge and Fairfield. For many, the high spots of these two exhibitions were the new champion, Bally Bohill, owned by Mrs. Charles Munson and very ably ridden by Mrs. Joshua Barney, and the outstanding riding by the children tutored by that brilliant instructor, Gordon Wright.

Bally Bohill was brought to this country by Arthur McCashin and sold to Mrs. Munson, who has owned him for the past three years.

Another horse that made a favorable impression at Ox Ridge was the working hunter champion, Detonator. This upstanding horse by Transmute out of a mare by The Finn takes strongly after his sire. He was presented to the Westchester and Fairfield hounds by Alvin Untermyer, and shown by the club.

Reserve to Detonator was Miss Peggy Carpenter's Little Flight, the latter going on to Fairfield the next week to take the working hunter rosette from Miss Deborah Rood's Silver Play, previously reserve green champion at Devon.

Foggy Morn, the consistent open jumper from the Schlusemeyer stable, continued piling up open championships, winning at both Ox Ridge and Fairfield.

Other horses at these two Connecticut shows that deserve mention

for hunters, and should such a distinction, borrowed from the racing world, ever be bestowed upon a show horse, we think that Bond Street would be the undisputed holder of the title this year, because his consistency and general ability have won him universal acclaim wherever this remarkable hunter has been seen in action.

Frankly, it was a delight to see Fred Wettach win the jumper championship with Plymouth Rock, and not only because the little gray mare put up the top performance of her career to defeat such horses as Hi Rock Farm's Foggy Hour and Pompo; Miss Wynn's Beer Baron and Mr. Lang's Royal Lassie, but also because Wettach himself is remembered by all show followers for his handling of Going Up and Kings Own in the open classes a few years ago.

The Albees well-rounded string of saddle horses accounted for both the three gaited and five gaited championships, taking the former with the brilliant brown mare Katie Scarlet and the latter with the bay gelding, American Royal. In addition they had another excellent string to their bow in the little gelding, Hot Toddy, who was able to capture the five gaited limit class opening day.

Monmouth also had good pony classes and Herbert Schaffner's



Miss Bruner Hunneman on Blue Zip, from the portrait by the well known painter, Franklin B. Voss

and that will be interesting to follow are three green ones: Damas, an English importation of Martin Vogel Jr.'s; the Haggin Perry's To Victory, fresh from her reserve championship at Upperville; and Mrs. Edward Lasker's Skylark, undoubtedly the most consistent four-year-old seen in the East this year.

The northeastern show circuit continued in full swing during the July heat, and saddle horses and hunters moved from Fairfield to Westchester, Huntington, and Monmouth. Monmouth County's hunter championship went to Bond Street, the horse who had previously achieved top honors at Devon and Wilmington. In our opinion there ought to be a "triple crown"

pony. The Mad Swede, succeeded in outpointing Cyril Harrison's last year's champion, Justa Tot. Saturday morning was reserved for breeding classes and Miss Muriel Cleland's superb Negofol mare, Frock, and her produce, dominated the showing. This mare, a cast-off from Montpelier Farm, has had just about everything her own way in all breeding classes within vaning distance of Bedminster for the past few years and, of course, she is an excellent type for prospective hunter breeders to look at carefully. A study of this mare's individuality should do much to determine the type of mare used to produce top hunters. Far too often we have heard newcomers to the sport say

that some cast-off from their hunter string, due to some defect in the field, will be consigned to the broodmare ranks. We can't think of a better way both to produce inferior horses and flood the horse market with culls and dregs, when with a little experience it is quite possible to procure mares of excellent type and breeding, sure to be an asset to any hunting man. One mare of this sort ought to return far more on the investment than could any group of mares of indifferent quality. We feel this especially true this year after seeing the Saratoga market and remarking how many fillies of excellent conformation are passed over even by discriminating buyers for fillies more fashionably bred.

After a lapse of several years, Huntington Valley made a successful return to the circuit this season. Earl Teater again had the Albee horses at top form to dominate the saddle division. Against the younger saddle horses, Hot Toddy was clearly best and American Royal, a recent acquisition from Miss Lulu Long Combs, together with the mare, Sensation, accounted for their classes.

Little Squire, Audwill Stable's beguiling gray pony was the reserve jumper champion at Huntington Valley. Standing only 13.2, this little fellow always appeals to the public and for years he has been a prime favorite wherever shown. Little Squire's courage and handiness in winning the high jump was remarkable. Sure to be a drawing card at any show, he will be much sought after by managers. The hunter champion here was the well known Lord Brittan with the fine young horse, Martin Vogel's Demas, reserve.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

(Continued from page 29)

bait and the chances are that you will also find a school of stripers. Look for them at the mouths of inlets, when an outgoing tide is sweeping the tinker mackerel out to sea. Look for them on the broad beaches when the squid are lolling in the surf or when schools of menhaden are moving along the shore. Or at the mouths of "herring runs," in the summertime when adult alewives are returning from their breeding sojourn in fresh water, and later in the fall when the young are venturing out for the first time. Watch the diving terns, whose sharp eyes can always find the surfacing minnows.

Lure the bass with what they are feeding on, or with an artificial bait which successfully imitates it. Stripers may be omnivorous, but they are also suspicious. When butterfish are on the day's bill of fare, a sand eel jig will be regarded with suspicion, regardless of how temptingly it may be drawn across the bass's range of vision. When they're not striking, don't assume they're not there; change your bait.

In the old days there were three standard baits used for stripers: eels (or eel skins), squid, whole or in

sections, and mackerel jigs; excellent lures, all three, but far from an adequate selection to provide for all occasions. Since the bass came back in such quantities in 1937, much of the experimenting by fishermen has been with this matter of baits, and today it would be easy to name twenty different lures which have proved effective at various times and under various conditions. Streamer flies, for instance, and feathers and spoons and fresh-water bass plugs and sea worms, with and without spinners, and tin jigs in dozens of different shapes, sizes, and colors.

Today, then, the surf fishermen know a lot more than they did four years ago about where and when to look for striped bass and about how to lure them. What many of them do not know is that most of the fish they are having so much fun catching were the result of one amazingly successful spawning season. Unless nature can come up with another "dominant year class" sometime in the near future, all the surfcaster's knowledge and all his fine selection of lures will be of about as



Striped bass will take many baits.

much use to him as a good set of passenger pigeon decoys. Once again he will be hoping to catch two or three bass a season.

Is there anything he can do about it? Well, he can remember that the female striper does not spawn until she is almost twenty inches long; if every fish under twenty inches were returned to the water, each female would have at least one chance to spawn. Better still, he can support legislation to protect these immature fish—some of the Atlantic coast states have already made a good start in that direction. Finally, he can remember that striped bass formerly spawned in rivers all the way from Canada to the Gulf—the Pilgrims found "basse" second in abundance only to cod—and that damming, pollution, and seining have gradually eliminated one good breeding area after another. If, through the organized efforts of the rod-and-reel fishermen, some of these rivers could be restored to the stripers, there would be little reason to fear that the luck they have had in the last six years would ever desert them.

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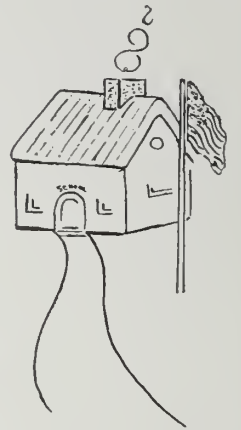


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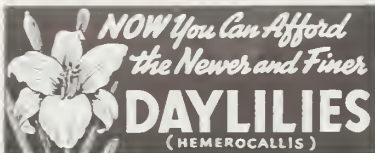
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Gardens .

AN ENCHANTING SMALL GARDEN IS LIFTED BODILY FROM A VERY LARGE ONE

SEPTEMBER and October are the months to get busy, frightfully busy, on planning a new garden, or remaking an old one. The failures and disappointments of this summer are forgotten, or, better still, the experiences of a few failures will be a guide to the future, and the successes can be repeated, but always in a bigger and better way!

What would gardeners do without "next year?" How often we hear and find ourselves saying:

"Next year I will change this or that." "Next year I won't be such a boob about this or so."

In other words, in the back of the brain is the idea that next year there will not be a single mistake, but that every bit of the garden will be perfect all the time. A gardener's para-

you want to linger awhile and think pleasant, peaceful thoughts, hoping to forget for a moment the misery and upheaval of the world.

Behind the fence are some trees. These trees are essential, as the garden depends on them for shadows. They must not be of too dense a variety, like Norway maples, or evergreens, or they would make the bowl a little black hole of Calcutta. Elms, willows, dogwoods, or pears, in fact any trees that are feathery and open, will do the trick.

The main part of the bowl is grass, and at the bottom is an engaging figure of Pan blowing his pipes. Real water splashes from them into a small, round marble pool. In spring, this is surrounded by a circle of forget-me-nots, and pale yellow prim-



The main part of the bowl is grass; in the spring the figure of Pan is encircled by forget-me-nots and primroses

dise—has anyone ever achieved it, I wonder?

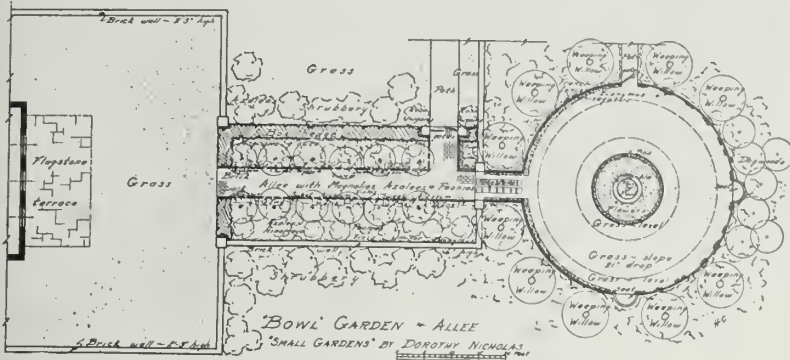
This month's garden is a part of a very large and very beautiful one, designed by a well-known landscape architect. In itself, however, it is a whole little entity and could be used, or the idea could be used, as a charming small affair all on its own. As the plan shows, the design could not be simpler, but this simplicity, plus the perfect proportions, and the restraint of the planting, make it a little gem.

A brick walk leads to it, with the gayest kind of spring planting on both sides. It is important to have this gay and colorful, as it must be a contrast to the simplicity, not to say severity, of the garden you are walking into. I will return later to the planting of the path, but first let us have a good look at the little garden itself.

It is round, and shaped like a bowl. Its background is a high stockade French fence, on which euonymus vines are trained. Charming recessed seats in the fence makes



The planting along the entrance path is



Sizeable detailed blue-prints may be obtained on request from Country Life

roses, edged with dwarf box. The effect on a lovely May day is enchanting, especially in the early morning or late afternoon when the shadows are most beguiling. Little Pan blowing away so earnestly in his secluded small garden; the only sounds, the water from his pipes and the birds singing in the trees; and the only color, the blues and yellows of the forget-me-nots and primroses.

In summer, these flowers are changed to a planting of annuals, either small pink begonias, or white vinca (*madagasca*), or dwarf blue ageratum. Make it all the same thing though, please, or it would look fussy and might irritate little Pan!

Needless to say, the turf in this small bowl must be perfect. No weeds, no crab grass, no bare spots, all a smooth green piece of velvet (meaning, gentle reader, care, good soil, fine seed, and lots of fertilizing!)

Now we will go back to the planting along the entrance path. As I said before, this is a section of a large planting scheme involving many individual gardens, brick walls, paths, etc., so, to incorporate it in a more modest scale, a bit of imagination must be used. On this plan, I have

pretended there was a house, terrace, lawn, and shrubbery, and then put in the real path and little round garden. This should show how easy it would be to use these ideas on a small scale and in a practical way.

The actual planting along the path shown in the picture, is as follows: magnolias (*glauca*) which give shade and shadow, but do not become too dense, and under these trees bright pink azaleas (*hinomayo*), peonies, blue iris, dark purple violas (*Jersey Gem*), and white alyssum. This makes a lovely gay planting, which, as I before remarked, is essential.

As seen in the photograph, the different heights and outlines of the various plants are important. Take the German iris for example. Their spiky leaves make nice accents all through the summer. This is an asset, apart from their beautiful blooming ability, and heaven knows we are grateful for that ability because they flower just as the tulips are departing and the garden is apt to have a dullish turn of mind.

There are many other ways of planting this path, if so desired. One suggestion is this: crab apples (*arnoldiana*—as they grow tall and



GOTTSCHO PHOTOS

of magnolias, pink azaleas, peonies, blue iris, dark purple violas and white alyssum



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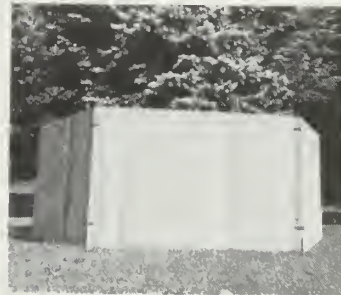
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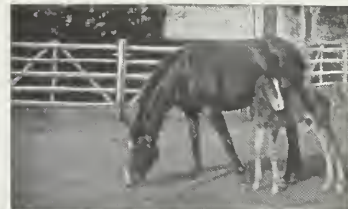
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not too bushy), azaleas (*vaseyi*), columbine—pink and blue, tulips—pinks, lavenders, and dark crimson, forget-me-nots, and grape hyacinths.

Another idea would be to keep this entrance border all white: dogwoods, white azaleas, white narcissus (*recurvus*), white tulips, white German iris, and iberis (white perennial candytuft). Although this would be without color, the contrast of an all white alley way, leading to the quiet little round garden, would be very satisfactory.

Whatever planting is used, I would advise making a foundation of a ground cover, preferably myrtle (*vinca minor*), so when the spring bloom is over, a carpet of green will remain to see you through the summer months.

KNOW YOUR WEATHER

(Continued from page 14)

sky, and alto-cumulus or the sheep herd cloud. These clouds will shortly disappear under the rising sun. Later, usually by 10 a.m. the cumulus clouds, the most beautiful of all clouds begin to form. Under the brilliant sun which shines down on the earth in the first of the "high," columns of heated air are forced aloft with the water vapor from the saturated soil, and soon rise to altitudes where the surrounding cold air condenses the water vapor to clouds. These are fair weather clouds, and though by noon they may thicken to form dense rows of strato-cumulus, and though from this strato-cumulus brief showers may come, they will all have disappeared by late afternoon and the sun will again have set clear. Before the cumulus clouds go the fresh northwest winds will have whipped out their margins into fracto-cumulus.

An ice storm results if, after a long, intensely cold period that has reduced the temperature of the earth, of the trees, and all objects near the earth—if then it should rain—the rain freezes as it strikes the cold earth, or the cold objects near the earth. The result is a coating of ice.

Ice storms are most severe in eastern United States. One of the most spectacular and disastrous occurred in New England November 26-29, 1931. They also occur, though in less severe form, in many states to the west. Southern states, most states of the Canadian border, and Far Western states experience them, if at all, in very mild form.

The ice storm is one of nature's most picturesque displays. If the storm was caused by a cold northwest wind accompanying the rain, which is often the case, the following day will dawn clear. The rays of the sun then glitter as if from myriads of glistening jewels as they strike the ice.

One must enjoy the beauty of an ice storm, not deplore the damage it causes, for there is no protection from it.

Against hail the farmer has a protection, but one only. It is insurance.

Hail is the result of weather's most boisterous mood; it is formed in the most violent of storms. Hail may accompany a thunderstorm; indeed, hail almost never occurs except in a thunderstorm. Under the conditions that produce small but swiftly rising masses of air, as in a cumulo-nimbus or thunderhead cloud, rain may form in the lower cloud masses, but instead of falling to earth, be carried up by the vigorous ascending currents. Up, up it goes, until it reaches a region so cold that it freezes; and still up, collecting about itself a layer of snow. At last it is literally blown out of the ascending column of air and falls to one side of the cloud. But at lower levels it is sucked again into the uprush of air at the cloud's base. Up again it goes to become coated with water, which again freezes in the higher regions. Again it becomes coated with snow. Again it falls. Again it is sucked in, to make the circle once more. Finally the hailstone, becoming too heavy for even the violent whirl of air, breaks through to come pounding to earth; to fall, usually, at the eastern edge of the thunderstorm. Its last great fall may wear it off until it may be teardrop in shape; but it still will show concentric circles of ice and snow, perhaps only one layer of each, perhaps two, perhaps three, perhaps four. And every layer means a tumultuous journey of thousands of feet upward, thousands of feet back and thousands of feet up again.

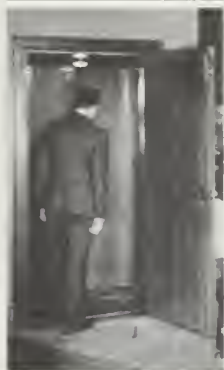
Tornadoes, the most spectacular and disastrous of all small storms are the terrors of the central states, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border. No man-made structure above ground can resist the destructiveness of this wind demon. In the Middle West, the protection against tornadoes espe-



These give rise to thunder storms

cially at the rural schools is still the "cyclone cave."

The writer had the rare but perhaps not enviable opportunity to witness and to photograph the tornado here illustrated. The account of this experience with one of the most spectacular and most devastating of winds follows:



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The day was not sultry when this tornado appeared for it was too early in the spring (April 6), but it was warm and pleasant. Though clouds had appeared during the morning, they cleared at noon to show a sky with a bright sun that continued to shine throughout most of the afternoon. Toward sundown a very heavy, green-black cloud, like a cumulo-nimbus, rolled over from the southwest and began to



GARLE PICKRELL

Rising winds disperse cumulus clouds

hail. The hail came gently at first and then in great hard balls. For several minutes this continued, then came a cessation and the sun burst forth from its low position in the west (it was six p. m.), illuminating the edges of the ragged cumulus and fracto-nimbus clouds to a brilliant white. But the heavy green-black cloud above our heads was more ominous than before.

The tornado was unmistakable even to us who had never seen one before. It looked like a great thick rope hanging in a long, loose arch from the cloud immediately above. The tornado was black and ragged at its upper end, but it faded out until the lower lengths were the color of escaping steam. A southeast wind had swung the foot away to the west of the mother cloud, so that though the head of the tornado was directly above our heads, the foot on the earth was nearly a mile away. At the head could be seen the funnel mass of cloud, rapidly spiraling; at the foot a dust cloud arose and fell, to rise and fall again as the tornado raced over cultivated field and meadow. The column of steam-like cloud could be seen reaching through this dust cloud to the ground.

The mother cloud was traveling northeastward, but the southeast surface wind moved the foot of the tornado to the northwest. As a consequence, the tornado became longer and longer. Loops appeared in it (the beginning of such a loop may be seen in the illustration), the loops moved up the long cloud to appear like coils, and then the tornado broke. With the breaking of the steam-like cloud, the tornado disappeared, but the dust cloud at

the base continued its whirl for nearly a mile before it, too, disappeared. From the green-black cloud there now fell a heavy rain, but the tornado had gone.

This tornado was longer than most, but the foot was narrower than most, for it was never more than 300 feet wide, and at times only 100 feet. The devastation it accomplished wherever this narrow foot struck was as appalling as if it were the largest, those that cover 1000 feet. It made a path seven miles long in the ten minutes of its life, and though it moved through open country it damaged every building it struck, and completely demolished one house.

A tornado is a powerful whirl that is started by convection currents, not at the ground level as in the case of a "dust devil," but in the cloud level, some thousands of feet above. Convection currents must be especially powerful aloft to start the tornadic whirl: such conditions occur only on the east or southeast margin of a "low," and most frequently in March, April, or May when cold air aloft is in marked contrast to the earth-warmed air of sunny days. The whirling mass of air with its funnel-shaped cloud may extend only slightly beyond the cloud which forms it, and so never reach the earth. But too frequently the rotating air will involve the air below it, and so set up a whirling column that extends down, down until the earth is reached. Hail is formed by the same violent, turbulent uplift and descent of air that starts the tornado. Indeed, hail seems always to accompany a tornado, to precede it, or to follow it, though a tornado does not necessarily always accompany hail.

THE visible part of a tornado is the cloud that is formed about the axis of whirling winds. These winds rotate so violently from 300 to 500 miles per hour it is estimated, that they greatly reduce the air pressure toward the center of the whirl: this reduction causes the air there to expand and to cool; and the cooling forms a visible cloud.

The destruction caused by tornadoes is tremendous (the tornadoes of Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and South Carolina on April 6, 1936, killed more than 400 people and did \$20,000,000 damage). The unbelievably high winds destroy everything in their path. And when the storm passes through a city (as at Gainesville, Ga., on April 6, 1936) the result is appalling. The vacuumlike center of the storm causes the internal pressure of the air in buildings to burst the walls open as it passes over. The force of the winds will lift and carry away objects as heavy as a locomotive. In addition to the great destruction, the tornado does freakish things: it drives straws into boards, and takes the feathers off chickens. For instance, one of the unlikely pranks of the tornado here illustrated was to kill a horse by driving a corn cob into the front of its head.



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YEARLING SALES

The annual yearling sales at Saratoga are generally considered the best barometer to the condition of horse affairs in the United States. (And, in no small measure, therefore, because of the close relationship between horse affairs and the economic, also of the state of the nation.)

The sales were held from August 2, a date somewhat earlier than usual because of the large number of new consignors, through August 20. Crowds that seemed quite up to the standard of past years, if not quite so eager, visited the sales with regularity. Prices, in the opinion of most, were excellent considering the conditions; only a few observers were distressed at the trend they showed.

In all, 693 yearlings were sold for \$1,226,725. That is an average of slightly more than \$1,770 per yearling.

Last year, 643 yearlings were sold for \$1,350,475—an average of \$2,100 per yearling. The number of yearlings offered last year was the largest since 1930 and represented an increase over 1938 of 15%. This year, the number of offerings broke all records.

The top price of the sale this year was \$18,000 paid by Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan's Brookmeade Stable (after something of a struggle, particularly with the ever-present Mrs. Ethel V. Mars) for a brown colt by Sickle out of Friendly Gal, a daughter of Sir Gallahad 3rd out of a Sardanapale mare—thus of the finest Franco-British breeding. Last year two colts went for \$20,000, one by Blenheim 2nd, the other by Sir Gallahad 3rd.

There were fewer individuals going for \$10,000 or more this year. (Last year there were 15.) Yet, there was no very noticeable weakness in the market for yearlings that ranged in price from \$2,000 to the \$10,000 level. Here is a list of those who went for \$10,000 or more, 12, and all colts.

\$18,000: br. c., by Sickle—Friendly Gal, by Sir Gallahad 3rd; offered by R. A. Fairbairn, bought by Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan's Brookmeade Stable;

\$16,000: imported ch. c., by Hyperion—Gwyniad, by Salmon-Trout; from Claiborne Stud to Mrs. Jane du Pont Lunger's Christiana Stable;

\$15,000: b. c., by Pharamond 2nd—La Chica, by Sweep; from Leslie Combs, agent, to W. E. Boeing;

\$12,700: ch. c., by Physic Bid—Ready, by High Time; from W. H. Lipscomb to Brookmeade Stable;

\$12,500: ch. c., by Blenheim 2nd—Gotoit, by Mad Hatter; from Claiborne Stud to Mrs. E. G. Lewis;

\$12,000: br. c., by Bull Dog—

Rose Leaves, by Ballot; from Coldstream Stud to Mrs. Ethel V. Mars' Milky Way Farm;

\$12,000: b. c., by Blenheim 2nd—One Hour, by Snob 2nd; from R. A. Fairbairn to Millsdale Stable;

\$11,600: b. c., by Pharamond 2nd—Helen Drake, by Ultimatum; from Warner L. Jones, Jr., to Milky Way Farm;

\$11,500: b. c., by Bull Dog—Felina 2nd, by Swynford, from Kenneth N. Gilpin to John Hay Whitney;

\$10,000: b. c., by Bull Dog—Fairy Eyes, by Pot au Feu; from Coldstream Stud to Jack Howard;

\$10,100: gr. c., by Sir Gallahad 3rd—Triumph 2nd, by Stefan the Great; from Claiborne Stud to William Woodward's Belair Stud;

\$10,000: b. c., by Broadside—Friseur, by Sweeper; from Leslie Combs, II, to Mrs. E. G. Lewis;

Buyers came from all parts of the country and they at least knew what the fashionable breeding of the day is. Ladies—Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Mars, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. C. S. Bromley, Mrs. John D. Hertz, Mrs. C. S. Payson's stable, Mrs. Mervyn Warner LeRoy—were as active as usual. Well known racing figures made substantial purchases—among them Mr. Whitney, Carleton F. Burke, Neil S. McCarthy, Thomas Piatt, Mr. Boeing, Louis B. Mayer, Cleveland Putnam, Myron Selznick, R. J. Kleberg—and there were some notable newcomers, particularly Walter Chrysler, Jr.

OPINION

Before the sales, there was a rather sharp divergence of opinion as to whether or not this was the time to buy Thoroughbreds. Some contended that there will be more racing than ever this coming year, particularly now that the first track has been settled for New Jersey. Others, looking at the tents erected in Saratoga for the stable help—there were so many horses there this year that the men couldn't sleep in the stalls, as they usually do—that there won't be enough money to go around. Some see a bigger racing world than ever before; others see so many horses in competition that the poor individual racing man will get a lower average than ever before. . . .

HORSES FOR WAR

The presence of British and French horse buying commissions in the United States during the early months of the war led to the general impression that a considerable number of our horses had been shipped abroad.

This is not so. Actually, more horses have been imported into the



edited by PETER VISCHER

United States since the beginning of the war than have been shipped out.

The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture in Washington advises COUNTRY LIFE that in the period from September 1, 1939, to June 30, 1940, inclusive, 7,273 horses and 4,141 mules were exported. During the same time 10,136 horses and 1,245 mules were inspected for importation.

FAMOUS HORSES

Among the horses imported into the United States as a result of the war are many famous ones. Not the least of these is the stallion Bahram, purchased for \$160,000 by a syndicate consisting of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Walter Chrysler, Jr., Sylvester Labrot and James Cox Brady; he is to stand at Sagamore Farm in Maryland at a fee of \$2,500.

Bahram is generally accepted as the best horse produced in England in the last quarter century. He was bred and raced by the Aga Khan; a son of Blandford he was out of Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Bahram was unbeaten. He was a consistent two-year-old in 1934, won five races and about \$58,000, and was placed at the head of the Free Handicap, in which England's juveniles are annually rated. In 1935 he won his four starts: the Triple Crown, consisting of the 2,000 Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger and in addition the St. James Palace Stakes at Ascot.

CROMWELL'S THOUGHT

Thomas B. Cromwell, veteran Kentucky breeder and judge of horseflesh, founder and first editor of "The Blood-Horse," has printer's ink as well as Thoroughbred blood in his veins. At frequent intervals he gets out an interesting pamphlet in which he not only offers to arrange purchases and sales of Thoroughbreds for reasonable commissions but also offers some pungent comment on the current scene.

In the latest number of his booklet to come to hand, he has this to say under the title "Another Thought":

"Anyone going into racing with the intention of making a profit, is entitled to deduct from his other income the losses, if any, incurred in the operation of his racing stable. A person, a Hollywood actor, say, with an income as low as \$100,000 a year, could, if he had losses, have the Government paying about 40% of the cost of operation of his racing stable. On an income between \$100,000 and \$150,000, the tax is 68%. The tax increases progressively up to 85%.

"There is a noted movie magnate in California who has an income in the 85% tax bracket. He is in racing, and has lots of fun out of it. We do not, of course, have access to his books, but, if he is losing, the Government is paying 85% of his racing stable costs.

"So, if you, or any of your friends, are wanting to have your fun partially at Government expense, just to sort o' offset what you have been contributing to those 'benefits' for farmers, etc., why not buy a few yearlings and start racing stables, to be followed by breeding establishments?"

TRAIL RIDE

The Green Mountain Horse Association scheduled its fifth annual 100-Mile Trail Ride, August 29, 30, and 31, from Woodstock, Vermont. The entries suggested another very successful event.

The Vermont ride is the "grandfather" of all the other 100-mile endurance rides which are held throughout the country at the present time. It might be interesting to note that no less than twenty 100-mile rides are planned for this year, which shows, to some extent, how interest in trail riding has increased.

The unusual popularity of this type of a contest is undoubtedly due to its sporting aspect. It is one of those peculiar situations where an amateur has as much chance of winning as a professional. The contestant also has to make some preparation and some contribution to this affair himself. It is not a case where a stable boy can train the mount and the owner do the riding.

The primary object of the ride is to stimulate greater interest in the breeding and use of good saddle horses possessed of stamina and hardiness, and qualified to make good mounts for the trail, and secondly to encourage and demonstrate the class of horsemanship that is required in long distance riding.

Horsemanship is as important as the condition of the horse and no poor horseman or horsewoman ever won an endurance ride. The horse must be in as perfect condition as it is possible to put him and this is very easily done if the rider is willing to spend a short time daily, for a month or so prior to the ride, following advice given in the many articles that have been written on "Conditioning Horses for Endurance Rides."

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scents into the valleys below. Some trails are through the forests with evergreen boughs almost touching the rider on each side as he rides by, and others are across fields where one may have a gate to open and close (*don't forget to close!*) to keep the farmers' cows in their proper pastures.

The riders have seven hours in which to ride forty miles. This includes whatever time they take out for lunch, watering their horses, changing shoes, if necessary, and the various other things that consume time on a ride of this type.

The second day's ride will be over a different route but under the same conditions and in a similar environment. The third morning the riders will cover twenty miles in three hours and this will complete the 100 miles.

The ride is not a race for no one is allowed to finish in less than 17 hours. When the ride is over the judges will be interested only in the condition of the horses. The horse that is in the best condition—if his time record is perfect—will be the winner even though the rider has to eat from the mantel for the following week.

POLO

(Continued from page 15)

more "normal" year, might still be required to sit on the sidelines. It is undoubtedly a good thing for the game.

Apparently five teams will appear as follows:

GULF STREAM: J. H. H. Phipps, Michael Phipps, Winston Guest, J. C. Rathborne. Obviously not a side to be trifled with, consisting of a useful No. 1 and three stars who have played the game from Calcutta to Buenos Aires, from London to Manila. Michael Phipps is a player of great dash. Winston Guest has played polo that ranks with the best, and Cocie Rathborne is not a back to be pushed around.

GREAT NECK: G. H. Mead, Jr., J. P. Grace, Jr., Stewart Iglehart, R. E. Strawbridge, Jr. This team is a tribute to the growth to full

stature of Iglehart's game; this 10-goal star is no longer just a player, he is now a leader as well. In Mead and Grace he has undertaken to lead two youngsters from Yale, the former a nippy No. 1, the latter a ruthless No. 2. Bobby Strawbridge, chairman of the Polo Association, was on his first Open Championship team in 1920 and has been on 17 Open Championship teams since, more than any other polo player.

TEXAS: C. B. Wrightsman, J. P. Mills, Cecil Smith, George A. Oliver, Jr. No team with Cecil Smith and Wrightsman's pony string can be ignored. Frankly, it will depend largely on Mills's form in the important offensive position; young George Oliver, making his first appearance in the Open tournament, will impress critics of the game with the power of his game.

BOSTWICK FIELD: Stephen Sanford, G. H. Bostwick, C. S. von Stade, William Post, H. Pete Bostwick organized the team that won the Open last year; he is a shrewd bargainer and in Charley von Stade picked up one of the future greats of the game. Judging from his experience, Laddie Sanford could play No. 1 with his eyes shut, while Post is one of the best backs in the business.

AKNUSTI: G. S. Smith, R. L. Gerry, Jr., E. T. Gerry, Alan Corey. Here are three really good players who have elected to take a youngster, Corey, also from Yale, along with them. This team is stronger than you might think because it is so well designed.

Some captious critics have considered this rather a moderate polo season. As I look over the teams in the Open, I am amazed to see how well balanced they are—from 24 to 28 goals—and how wide the experience of the players has been.

Of the 20 players listed, nine have played International polo for the United States, 11 have played in England, seven in Argentina, three in India! California and Texas have seen all the outstanding players engaged, and some of the youngsters.

It will interest polo players to learn that the teams in the Open



The Great Neck team that won the National 20-Goal Tournament: E. V. Carpenter, Stewart Iglehart, Mrs. Pete Bostwick, J. P. Grace, Jr., Gerald Dempsey

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were selected by the leading players of the game themselves in an effort to produce a good tournament. There are no 30-goal teams in this year's event, as has often happened in the past, but if anybody could have produced such an outfit its entry would have had to be accepted. This is still the "open" championship.

As a spectator, my favorite part of a polo tournament is the day of the semi-finals. Then you see all four of the teams that are looking for first honors, generally on the same day, when impressions of pace are as fresh as the differences in scores. I particularly enjoyed the semi-finals of the 20-goal tournament, two matches played the same afternoon, July 25, on Bostwick Field and at the nearby Roslyn Polo Club.

It was a stifling hot day. And in the stand at Bostwick Field, huddled in the shade of a few trees, were just 96 people. (I counted them.) In the stand opposite, right out in the sun, were eight. Two of the eight were Dev Milburn and I—and I must say I thoroughly enjoyed this game.

The greatest player of all time—and I'm sure Tommy Hitchcock will understand this superlative—had two nephews in the game, young Skiddy and Charlie von Stade, the latter just out of a sickbed with a fever of 101. He was very intent on the game, followed it closely with frequent pungent suggestions, but nevertheless managed to discuss modern polo between shots and periods.

Every generation of players, he said, has its heroes and emulates them. A few years ago every youngster wanted to slam the ball like Hitchcock. Today they all want to dribble, to tease, to baby the ball in the manner of Iglehart. . . . Very unsatisfactory, very bad polo, except for a great artist; he wishes they'd learn simple strategy and stick to it; hit hard and accurately; get there fast; get *it* there fast. Polo is a game of speed.

Iglehart demonstrated himself a fully developed polo general in the 20-goal tournament. Brilliantly, he led a team consisting of the veteran Gerald Dempsey, young E. N. Carpenter and young Peter Grace to a substantial victory. First they beat the Hurricanes, 8 to 6, then Aknusti, 13 to 3, then Pegasus by a score of 10 to 5, then, in the final, Bostwick Field, by 12 to 7.

The following teams took part:

<i>Hurricanes</i>	<i>Delhi</i>
R. L. Eisner	Shaw Robinson
Stephen Sanford	E. H. Gerry
G. A. Oliver, Jr.	J. T. Mather
A. L. Corey, Jr.	R. L. Gerry, Jr.
<i>Pegasus</i>	<i>Texas</i>
Del Carroll	C. B. Wrightsman
C. C. Combs, Jr.	Louis Rowan
C. R. Harrison	Cecil Smith
Tom Gny	J. B. Gilmore
<i>Eastcott</i>	<i>Aknusti</i>
Merrill Fink	W. H. Chisholm
E. A. S. Hopping	J. P. Mills
E. W. Hopping	E. T. Gerry
J. M. Schiff	H. A. Gerry
<i>Great Neck</i>	<i>Bostwick Field</i>
G. H. Dempsey	H. H. Webb

J. P. Grace, Jr. G. H. Bostwick
S. B. Iglehart F. S. von Stade, Jr.
E. N. Carpenter C. S. von Stade, Jr.

East Williston
Henry Lewis
J. K. Secor
William Post, II
R. E. Strawbridge, Jr.

The scores:
Great Neck, 8; Hurricanes, 0
Pegasus, 9; Eastcott, 2
Bostwick Field, 6; Delhi, 3
Texas, 11; East Williston, 4
Great Neck, 13; Aknusti, 3
Great Neck, 10; Pegasus, 5
Bostwick Field, 12; Texas, 9
Great Neck, 12; Bostwick Field, 7

As this is being printed, five teams appeared in Cleveland for the National 12-goal tournament. An account of the event will appear in the next issue.

HUNTING ON A BUDGET

(Continued from page 21)

the woods, hunting on their own hook. For he knows that, unless they find a fox on the way, the first faint note of his horn will bring them right back to him.

Beach is not a man of independent means. Throughout the summer, he works from dawn until dusk on his farm. In winter he adds to his income by selling the hunters he and his sons raised and made. But he will accept no recompense for his services to the Hunt.

"I've been offered many a good salary to be huntsman for other packs," he said. "But I turned them down. If a man loves hunting he doesn't want to be paid for it."

Because of Beach's system of getting hounds that will hunt and then letting them get on with their work with no unnecessary interference, there are no pretty pictures of hounds closely packed going to covert, though once they are running they might often be covered by the traditional blanket. However, leading figures of the rival hunts will confidentially admit that Casanova has the fastest and most efficient pack in the state. It is worthy of note that every official of the Hunt and most of the field are mounted on Thoroughbreds. They have to be to keep up with those running hounds.

In addition to its officials, Casanova numbers many sporting characters among its subscribers. J. Chauncey Williams, formerly Master, is one of its most ardent supporters. So is William Gulick, who with his young sister and brother is always out. North Fletcher and Alex Calvert, who live in Warrenton, prefer to hunt with Casanova, and the grand old man of fox-hunting, Harry Worcester Smith, often vans over from Middleburg to enjoy a keen day's sport.

The fame of the little hunt is beginning to spread and several newcomers have recently bought places in the Casanova country. That very sporting couple, the E. Gardner Primes, acquired a lovely but run-down old estate for the proverbial song and, by the judicious expenditure of a few thousand dollars, have made it one of the loveliest in Fauquier County. Another recent

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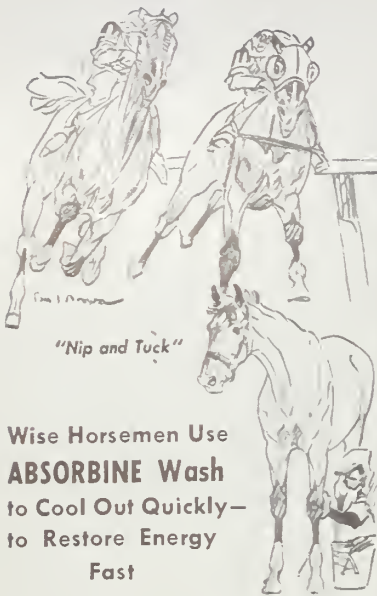
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purchaser of land is Miss Mary Maxwell, who rides hard and well.

So well stocked with foxes is the Casanova country that the Hunt hopes never to adopt the practice of importing foxes and turning them loose. In fact, Miss Nourse is violently opposed to such a policy.

"It's too hard on the farmers," she says. "Too many foxes kill too many chickens. Sport is a fine thing, but it must not interfere with a man's livelihood. Foxes are protected in Fauquier County, but if we take advantage of that fact, there will be protests, protection will be taken away and the next step is a bounty. Then good-bye to sport."

With all of its natural advantages, its fields of grass tilting toward the sky, its patches of woodland covert, its Thoroughbreds and its running hounds, its picturesque personalities, the thing which makes Casanova so fine is its spirit. Everyone connected with it loves good hunting and, stripped of pomp of ceremony, that is what they get. The unselfish co-operation of the whole community is the fundamental basis of the success of this experiment in hunting on a small budget. In these times, when many a fine tradition is falling by the wayside, it is heartening to see a group of men and women successfully fighting to preserve one of the greatest amenities of country life.

RACING IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 37)

Hudson from New York and almost directly west a few miles from Central Park. Its presiding genius was Gottfried ("Gus") Walbaum. Familiarly known as "the Gut," in a few seasons it had established for itself a peculiar infamy needful to describe.

Not far away, on the outskirts of the city of Passaic, another plant, known as Clifton, was established at about the same date. For a time it affected a certain respectability but ultimately sunk to nearly the same depths as "the Gut." While, if possible, still lower ones were reached at a third point, Gloucester, just opposite Philadelphia.

Like mildew, the infection spread. Chicago, in her old West Side, Garfield Park, Hawthorne and Harlem plants had a similar ensemble. And wherever the prospect attracted, the vultures flocked.

Naturally, it was in and about New York that conditions became the most alarming. The sink-holes of Jersey were eating at the vitals of the sport. Public sentiment was aroused. It was evident that something would be done.

The first move was made in Jersey itself. Legislative action, after some stormy episodes, not only blotted "the Gut" and its congeners off the map forever, but along with them stately Monmouth Park as well—and racing became a dead letter in the state, to remain so for fifty years.

To forestall such a thing in New York a Board of Control was formed in the spring of 1891, which consisted of a group of gentlemen delegated by the different major tracks to

work with a few eminent owners and breeders. In 1893, after a somewhat turbulent term of two years it was succeeded by The Jockey Club which today still remains, as it has been since its formation, the greatest single force for good in the entire organization of the American turf.

The condition of racing through the middle 1890's was indeed parlous. While Guttenberg, Gloucester and Clifton had disappeared they were replaced by another set-up of merry-go-rounds planted here, there and everywhere through the East as the promoters thought they saw an opportunity to operate.

They extended eastward into New England, where one got under way at Narragansett Park, R. I. Maryland and Virginia were sprinkled with them. Southward they spread their net as far as Charleston. Lurid scenes were enacted in and about Chicago, which reached their climax at Garfield Park, where in a gun-battle with the police Jim Brown, a Texas turf desperado, died with his boots on.

The suppression of all racing in the state for several years ensued; but just over the line in Indiana, like festering sores, there appeared replicas of the authentic Jersey pattern: Worth, Lakeside, etc., etc., where the game went on the year around.

St. Louis was visited by the plague. Her once splendid meetings were replaced by those held at a cluster of nefarious tracks, including one across the Mississippi in Illinois at East St. Louis, all owned and controlled by a gambling syndicate. Long winter meetings—too long to be healthily—were growing up in California.

It was fortunate, just then, that not only were the efforts of The Jockey Club strenuous and effective in the regulation of affairs in New York, but the public was enabled to feast upon the real riches of the sport through the appearance of another succession of wonderful performers—Domino, Clifford and Henry of Navarre; Morello, Yo Tambien, Lamplighter; Ben Brush, Ornament, Imo, Ethelbert, Ramapo, Plaudit, Hahna, Hastings, Handspring, Hamburg, Jean Beraud, Requitat, Ogden, Yorkville Belle, Tammany, Voter, and others whose performances betokened that racing, when properly conducted, was still the greatest of all sports.

After Walbaum had been driven out of Jersey he managed to get hold of the plant at Saratoga, for inefficient management had been undermining it. Once he took command something worse followed. Practically all the time-honored fixtures were discontinued. The selling platters and the vultures moved in and took possession. What had once been a tower of strength became a byword.

Recognizing the fact that as long as this endured the whole situation was threatened, a group of leaders of the sport, with William C. Whitney taking the initiative, organized, took over the historic plant, remodeled it into virtually its present shape and replaced it in its rightful position.

Jerome Park had been swallowed up by expanding Greater New York in 1895. Morris Park lasted for an-

other decade and then joined the "things that were," while the new and greater Belmont Park, America's most extensive, aristocratic and magnificent racing plant, took its place, the first meeting being held in 1905.

A new Golden Age, renewing the glories of twenty years before, seemed to have dawned. Sheepshead Bay carried on more brilliantly than ever. Gravesend remained stalwart. On the mainland, Empire City Park, up in Yonkers, built originally for the trotters, had been converted to



Samuel D. Riddle's great Man o' War

the use of the Thoroughbreds. Brighton Beach, under a new régime, had become a major track.

In other parts of the country the outlook was rosy. Washington Park had resumed operations and the American Derby was again giving Chicago its great annual pageant. At St. Louis a \$50,000 race was given in connection with the World's Fair of 1904. The prestige of the Kentucky and Latonia Derbies was increasing. The California Derby and Burns Handicap were attracting eastern stars to the Pacific Coast, and three new courses had been built there for winter racing, Tanforan, Ingleside and Ascot Park.

This, however, was but the calm before the storm. Behind and beneath this impressive facade the same forces of destruction were at work as before. The Jockey Club could control racing in New York—but not elsewhere, and even in New York it was unable to thwart the appearance of a merry-go-round within gunshot of Belmont and Sheepshead: the Jamaica of today, now a very different thing indeed but in the beginning viewed with alarm by the real friends of the turf.

Promoters were busy on all sides seeking what they might devour and, so long as they got theirs, indifferent to the morrow. Anti-racing sentiment was the inevitable reaction, with the "reform element," real or so-called, only waiting the appearance of a leader to go into action.

That leader appeared in the person of Charles Evans Hughes, now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, but then the newly-elected "reform" Governor of New York. He had allowed himself to become bitterly antagonistic to racing and seemed cognizant of none of its good though all of its unworthy aspects. Armed with power, he used it un-

sparingly; at his behest the legislature passed laws severely repressive; after several seasons of apprehension and dismay, during which the ultimate disaster was preparing, in 1911 the gates of every major track in the Empire State closed, to remain so for two years.

Gov. Hughes's example proved contagious. A wave of repression swept the Union. Once it had done so, racing was dead not only in New York and New Jersey, but in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, California and Tennessee.

Kentucky alone refused to join in the crusade. With her immense breeding interests at stake, despite terrific pressure, she stood firm.

There was but one really bright spot. Just at the time when the anti-racing wave was raging, Maryland went the other way! Years of repressive legislation had brought the logical reaction. She passed a new law, Pimlico returned to activity, to renew and far surpass her ancient glories, and three new plants, Laurel, Havre de Grace and Bowie, were built in rapid succession.

But Maryland and Kentucky, plus a few widely scattered "small fry" could do little to offset what had occurred. Cloture in New York was a body blow beyond remedy by any such pulmotor. In its wake two major consequences matured.

The first was paralysis of the breeding industry and the utter demoralization of values. By 1911 this had reached such a stage that the average auction price for yearlings fell to but \$230, or about 15% of what it is today. Stallions and broodmares went begging, many of the latter being sold for common use and their identity destroyed. Ruin and beggary stared breeders in the face.

In a desperate attempt to minimize the disaster, hundreds of Thoroughbreds were shipped out of the country and sold in foreign lands, usually for small prices, until that was brought to a sudden and permanent stop by the action of The Jockey Club in England, which passed its famous "Exclusion (or Jersey) Act," by which all but a scattering few of our Thoroughbreds were pronounced "half-bred" and the foreign market for them abruptly closed—to remain so to the present writing.

The second was the determination of a majority of our most eminent breeders and owners to transfer their activities to England and France, these including such men as August Belmont, II, Chairman of The Jockey Club; Harry Payne Whitney; J. R. Keene; J. E. Widener; Clarence H. Mackay; A. K. Macomber; etc., etc.

If one were to ask for proof of the inherent stability, vitality and worthiness of racing to America, it could in no other way be so forcibly adduced as by the fact that instead of succumbing under this accumulation of disasters, which at the moment seemed irreparable, it not only survived but has evolved into the gigantic institution which it is today. No transformation in a stage spectacle has been more astounding.

What led to it was, as must always be the case, the conviction on the part of the public that the re-

formers had gone altogether too far and, in their determination to glut themselves, had overstepped the limit. It awoke, in the course of a few seasons, to a realization that something had been taken away from it that it loved, wanted—and was going to have back. Not, perhaps in the same form, precisely, as before, but one that circumstances would dictate.

The result has been the turf as it now exists in this country. The revival was undertaken by a small group of men with the courage of their convictions, in 1913. Of modest dimensions, it had an immediate and remarkable effect.

Gathering force as it proceeded, in a few seasons it, in its turn, became a tidal wave, wiping out not only the damage which had been wrought by the destroying one that preceded it, but, like an inundation of the Nile, depositing an increment on every shore it touched.

It seems needless here to enter into detail regarding a course of events so recent that it is familiar to all, which has climaxed with the legalization of the sport in almost every state of the Union and the creation of state racing commissions to supervise its administration.

We can only indicate the enormous expansion that under these auspices has taken place, which, during the past year, culminated in totals well-nigh incredible: 2,199 separate and distinct racing days—16,967 different races run and \$15,312,839 paid out in stake and purse money, for which no less than 12,804 different horses competed.

Still, as before, the forces of destruction are at work threatening to bring the tremendous edifice down about our heads. Amid all the glare and blare, the hurrahs, the splendors and the thunders, there are ominous undertones far from reassuring. A still, small voice makes itself heard insistently among the experienced and the thoughtful. It says in warning accents:

"Racing is being overdone. It is top-heavy, inflated and unbalanced. It is ceasing to be a sport and is becoming just a commercial affair with the 'handle' and the taxes the be-all and end-all. It is being run for the benefit of the poorer and not the better horses, the latter used merely as window-dressing while over the counter shoddy goods is passed."

Often the grade of racing seen at our most pretentious tracks is shocking.

The proportion of high-class horses in training is pitifully small. The percentage of really able trainers and skilful riders is low. The neglect of distance racing is unpardonable. The excess of sprint racing and two-year-old events is flagrant. There are cracks in the edifice and creaks in the machinery which bode no good. The house needs cleaning and, in some spots, fumigation.

Look well to these things if you do not wish history to repeat itself. Remember that the lessons of the past, though easily forgotten, are a premonition of what the future may bring forth. (Conclusion)



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Livestock

TEST-TUBE CALF: A. V. M. A. MEETING: PERCHERON SHOW

A HEALTHY bull calf has recently been born, and his sire and dam were 3,000 miles apart at the breeding time!

The excitement started last October when a glass tube containing the "germs of life" from a Jersey bull was carefully packed in an ice-filled thermos jug at the Golden Gate International Exposition and raced across the country by plane to the prospective mothers-to-be at the New York World's Fair.

Experts from the colleges of agriculture on both coasts, air transportation agencies across the nation, and veterinarians at both ends of the flight were coordinated to establish the artificial link between the animals. It was the first transcontinental artificial insemination experiment ever conducted.

It was a practical test of methods evolved in the laboratories of various agricultural experiment stations. It was quite dramatic, and, of course, was undertaken with an eye for its publicity value, the idea being to stress the possibilities of artificial breeding to dairy breeders.

According to Lewis J. Morley, executive secretary of the American Jersey Cattle Club, "Success of this experiment dramatically demonstrates the practical possibilities of artificial breeding. Our real interest is not in spectacularly long flights, but rather in the practical application of the principle demonstrated on a neighborhood, county, state, and regional basis. Thus we can distribute the seed of outstanding sires over a relatively much larger number of dams than is naturally possible and, through their progeny, improve the great American dairy herd."

Of course, under normal conditions such long distances wouldn't be involved. As a matter of fact, almost all of the artificial breeding work being done now—and it is carried on in 25 states—is quite local. Groups within a county, or two or three counties, form cooperatives and maintain bulls at some central point. Still, this experiment shows that mere mileage need not be a hindrance when certain bloodlines are desired, and this applies not only to cattle but to horses, sheep, hogs and some other animals as well.

There was considerable speculation as to whether this experiment would work. Time was an uncertain element, and other unknown quantities entered into it, such as the vibrations of the plane, and the problem of keeping all the steps of the process on schedule. This meant the perfect teamwork of a fairly large group of people scattered across the country.

Actually, four cows were impregnated. The fact that only one of them produced a calf might make

it appear as if the experiment were not too successful. However, this was pretty close to the average for natural matings at the fair last year—four services were necessary in many cases due, not to the fault of the fine purebred cows or bulls exhibited there, but quite probably because of the excitement of the crowds, unaccustomed surroundings and, possibly, change of feed. The fact that one of the artificially inseminated cows calved shows that the experiment was practical.

The calf in question is a purebred Jersey and has just been registered with the American Jersey Cattle Club as Patsy's Fair Flight Count. His dam is Riverside Oxford Patsy, owned by F. L. Chesney, Glendale, Ariz., appearing in the Borden exhibit at the New York World's Fair at the time of breeding. The calf was born at Chesney's farm at Glendale.

The sire was Golden Blonde Count, owned by Falklands Farm, Schellsburg, Pa., and was in the National Dairy Show at the Golden Gate International Exposition when the test-tube experiment was made.

The calf's dam produced 679.24 pounds of butterfat on a mature 365 day equivalent basis. This is her third calf.

NATIONAL SHOW

As this department has announced before, the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul is to be the scene of this year's National Percheron Show. The dates are August 24-September 2.

Those who go there will see many of the finest Percherons in America, representing herds from at least 10 states, competing for the more than \$6,000 in premiums offered. This, incidentally, is the largest sum appropriated for Percherons at any show this year. In addition to the regular premiums special \$10 awards are offered to Minnesota winners, the first time such recognition for local breeders has been given.

Among the well known winners entered in this show are Lynnwood Don, Charles J. Lynn's 2-year-old junior champion at the last International Livestock Show; Obusier, reserve grand champion at the '38 International, and owned by Fred P. Schell, Jr., Liberty, Mo.; and Royal Flash, 2-year-old winner at the National Percheron Show last year, and owned by Dr. H. A. Van Osdol, Indianapolis, Ind.

The judges will be Prof. J. L. Edmonds of the University of Illinois, and R. B. Cooley, Purdue, Ind., associate.

One of the attractions of the show is an amateur photography contest with Percherons as the subjects of the pictures entered. Other high spots



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are a banquet honoring W. H. Butler, Columbus, O., voted "achievement breeder" for the year by the Percheron Association for his outstanding contributions in Percheron breeding; selection of "Miss Percheron, the outstanding equine beauty of the show"; a 4-H judging contest; and presentation of trophies by Gov. Harold E. Stassen.

The popular and constructive type-study conferences for which the Percheron association is noted, is also part of the program. Awards will be given to winners of special classes in action, body conformation, underpinning, head, neck, and shoulders.

DISEASE CONTROL

Just before this appears in print, more than 2,000 veterinarians are going to convene in Washington for one of the most important veterinary meetings in the history of this country. It will be the 77th annual convention of the American Veterinary Medical Association, to which a majority of the veterinarians in this country belong.

One reason for the importance of this meeting is the war. The Army Veterinarian Corps takes care of all Army animals, and also all animal food that goes to the Army. Due to the times, this Corps has been greatly enlarged, and its work, and the discoveries in animal disease control made by the whole body of veterinarians has taken on a new significance.

The Association feels that in times such as these it is vital to prevent any sort of livestock epidemic from cropping out, and it has been promised that this meeting will reveal new methods of eliminating animal disease. What these discoveries are has not been made known, and won't be until some 75 addresses and scientific papers prepared by outstanding

practitioners from all over the United States, Canada, and Hawaii have been delivered and discussed.

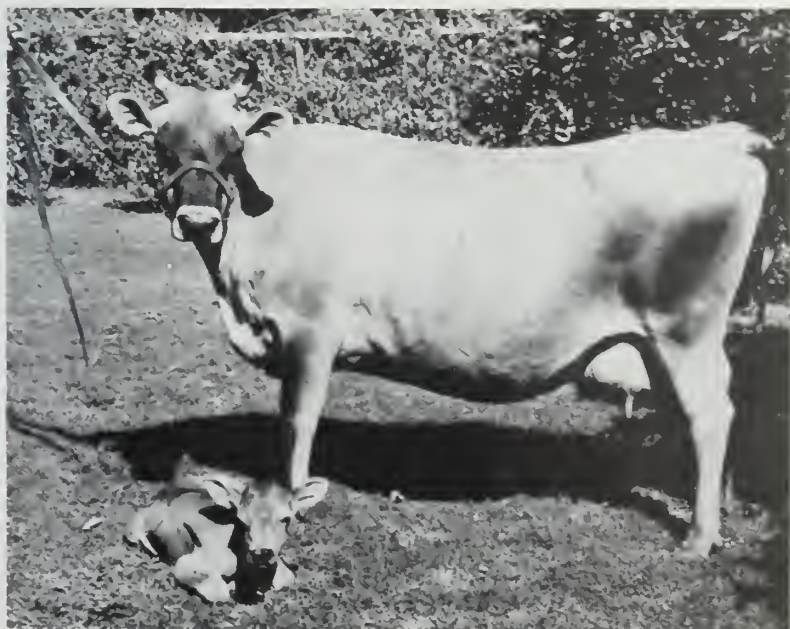
Horses, cows, dogs, and other animals are going to be brought to the grand ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel for large and small animal clinics, and the newest methods will be demonstrated. Also in conjunction with this meeting will be clinics and demonstrations at Fort Myer, Va., and at the Animal Disease Station, Beltsville, Md.

The most recent scientific knowledge of such diseases as equine encephalomyelitis and brucellosis, will be brought to the attention of this gathering; and new methods of combating bovine mastitis, and Bang's disease in dairy cattle will be revealed.

The diseases which overcome other animals, such as hog cholera and erysipelas; diseases of sheep and goats, will be carefully discussed and diagnosed. Many papers will also be devoted to poultry disorders. One of the most important topics before the meeting will be the elimination of rabies in dogs.

Dr. Cassius Way, president of the Association, predicts that: "New knowledge to be revealed at the Washington convention will enable the nation's veterinarians to cope more effectively with the animal diseases which annually destroy millions of dollars of American farm income and which have caused the death of countless pets."

The award of the 12th International Veterinary Congress, highest honor which the veterinary profession in the United States can bestow, will be announced during the convention. It will go to the member of the A. V. M. A. who has made the most noteworthy contribution to the advancement of veterinary science during the year. Last year, Dr. John R. Mohler, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, won the award.



Riverside Oxford Patsy and her "transcontinental test tube calf," recently born

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Sire—Langwater Philosopher 187794 AR—Sire of 2 Grand Champion bulls, National Dairy Show, Grand Sire of Green Meadow Melba World's Record Cow

Dam—Langwater Gem 122456—12500 lbs. M.—686 lbs. F.—Class D. Dam of 4 AR daughters, 4 AR Sons, Langwater Charm is the dam of Langwater Charming that sold in 1936 Langwater Sale to Wey Acres for \$3000 and of 'Charming's' full brother Langwater Charmer 254705, Herd Sire at Gerar, that will be sold in the Gerar Sale together with 10 daughters and 3 sons.

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(2) **Franchester Cedar** with 16 daughters—own brother to Franchester Clara 2nd place Class DD, 9th place Class B, with 2 records over 920 lbs. F.

For location of Avis Acres see the 'For Sale' advertisement of Avis Acres Farm in this issue.

8TH VIRGINIA GUERNSEY BREEDERS ASS. SALE

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Saturday, September 28

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Kennel & Bench

VINTON PETER BREESE; A NEW PROGRAM; THE LATE SUMMER SHOWS

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death in his 61st year of Vinton Peter Breese; editor of dog departments in COUNTRY LIFE since 1935; eminent judge of dogs; one time artist; well-known and colorful figure at dog shows and wherever dog lovers gathered.

Breese was a popular "all-rounder." He had an extensive and accurate knowledge of all the breeds of dogs commonly exhibited and made his selections without fear or favor. A large entry was assured whenever he officiated.

During his 40 years of judging, he had a part in more than 300 shows, many times doing the entire show, and it is said that at least 30,000 dogs had come under his judgment. In spite of this great number of dogs, good, bad, and indifferent, that he passed on during his career, he had a remarkable memory for individuals. Often, in the course of conversation, he would reminisce on the points of some dog long since dead, or the judging of some class many years before.

Originally a cartoonist and comic strip artist on daily newspapers, he soon relinquished this work to take up drawing, painting, and his life-work of judging dogs, and writing.

He wrote about dogs over a period of 35 years, being first engaged as Associate Editor of "Field and Fancy," predecessor of "Popular Dogs." Five years later he became Kennel Editor of "Town and Country," a position which he held until he was appointed editor of the "Dog Stars" department of COUNTRY LIFE in 1935. His articles on dogs appeared continuously in COUNTRY LIFE from that time until his death on August 12.

He judged at Westminster about a dozen times, at three of which he had the honor of choosing best in show. He also was engaged at practically every major show throughout the United States and Canada.

Probably the largest judging fee ever paid to an American judge (\$1100) was paid to Breese for passing on about 500 dogs at the Hollywood, Cal., show last year.

Breese's last assignment was the Sporting Group at this year's Morris and Essex, a show at which he officiated ten different times.

see in the magazine in the future.

In accordance with this policy a list of questions about dogs was recently sent out—not to dog people necessarily, though there were many of them on the list—but to John Reader, chosen at random as far as names are concerned, but divided as to locality so that all parts of the country were represented.

These people were asked, for instance, if they liked dogs—or didn't. What kinds of dogs they had; who took care of them; what they were fed; if they showed them, or ran them in field trials, and other things it is important for us to know. And they sent in their answers, so complete and in such numbers that we now feel we have a better idea than ever before of what people want to read about dogs.

Some of the results of this questionnaire were about what you would expect. Others were rather surprising. For instance, we knew that almost everyone likes dogs but were amazed to find that 84% of the people who answered were definitely interested in dogs. Only 8% of them don't own a dog.

Of the total, 75% take care of their own dogs, 7% have a kennel man, 12% show their dogs, 56% never show, and while only 4% actually run their own dogs in field trials, a full 25% are interested.

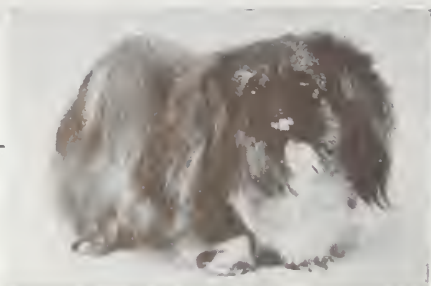
As to feeding, 30% use dog biscuit, 41% use canned food of one kind or another, 48% feed raw meat, and 41% cook their own dog food. When their dogs get sick 73% call a vet right off and 69% depend on veterinarians' prescriptions rather than prepared medicines.

A surprising number of people train their own dogs, 56%, as against the 6% who send their dogs to a professional. We wonder what the accomplishments of some of these home trained dogs consists of! Only 2½% have their own kennelmen; 17% of them have dogs trained for field work, and 26% are "obedience trained." The latter meaning everything from house-breaking to schooling for competition in obedience trials; 16% have dogs that do pretty much as they please—they aren't trained at all.

The people who kindly wrote in the space at the bottom of the card, stating what they would like to see in COUNTRY LIFE in the future, gave us the most specific, therefore the most important, information of all.

A majority of them were interested in training. Such notations as "how to train cocker spaniels," "more about training," "proper training of dogs," "care and training of different breeds," "training of field dogs," led everything else.

Next in importance was the inter-



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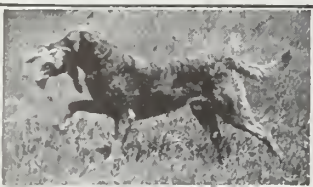
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QUESTIONNAIRE

Though the editors of COUNTRY LIFE don't like to annoy their readers with a lot of involved questionnaires, it is felt necessary, from time to time, to ask them how we are going. Whether they like what is now offered; what they are interested in; and their suggestions, if any, for things they would like to

est in field dogs. They want to know how to train the various breeds for work in the field and for field trials; more articles on field trials, and on shooting dogs and hounds. They wanted pictures, too. "More pictures of show winners," "good photographs of all breeds"—these are typical of a great many requests.

Discussion of the various breeds ranked with "more photographs" in popularity, and closely following was "Care." Strangely enough, few people came out and said they wanted more about shows. Though many implied this interest by demanding "more about dogs," photographs of prize winners," etc., and a few, bless their souls, said "doing O. K." So apparently we have been giving the show people what they want.

All this simplifies our problem greatly. We know what the majority of our dog-loving readers want and we are going to give it to them. News, which has always been an important part of our dog department, will not be neglected, of course. Those who have liked things the way they were will not be disappointed.

But there is going to be a lot more—a much greater variety. There are going to be, in this department, and as features elsewhere in the magazine, articles on training. They will contain helpful instruction for the average dog owner, and be interesting to the expert at the same time. They will be timely too. For instance, articles on training dogs will appear in the early fall and the spring, in issues preceding the months when people actually get out with their young dogs, so that our suggestions may have practical application.

There will also be articles on obedience tests, feeding, preparing dogs for showing, keeping them in condition through heavy work and other all year 'round problems. Shows, field trials, obedience trials, and other important events will be reported accurately, and interestingly, and as soon as possible after the event.

We feel most enthusiastic about

this dog department of the future. We plan to make it more of a service to you than it has ever been before. We hope you will be just as enthusiastic about it as we are, and will keep us posted on what you as a dog lover are doing, or planning—and ask us questions.

SHOWS

On Labor Day, September 2, the Ox Ridge Kennel Club holds its annual dog show on the grounds of the Ox Ridge Hunt Club at Darien, Conn.

Friday the 6th starts a "triple" for many exhibitors when the Interstate Poodle Club holds its third annual Specialty Show at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.; Percy Roberts, the famous professional handler, will adjudicate. The large prize list and many sterling silver trophies for both miniatures and standards should ensure a record specialty show. The Tuxedo Kennel Club's all breed show follows on Saturday the 7th, on the same grounds, where John G. Bates heads an excellent list of judges. The polo field at the Westchester Country Club at Rye, N. Y. will be the scene of the Westchester Kennel Club's show, where Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge will judge best in show. Obedience test classes will as usual be a feature. This show is only a short drive from Tuxedo, and the club offers special inducements to exhibitors for the week end.

The following Saturday the Devon Dog Show Association at Devon, Pa., holds its show on the horse show grounds and on Sunday, the 15th, the Montgomery County Kennel Club 12th Annual Terrier Show at Plymouth Meeting, Pa., makes a "double" only a few miles distant. At Glendale, Calif., the same day, the Glendale Kennel Club's annual show is held.

On September 20 and 21 the Intermountain Kennel Club at Salt Lake City will be judged in its entirety by the celebrated all around judge, Charles G. Hopton.

On September 20 the Dalmatian Club of America holds its specialty at Far Hills, N. J., and on the 21st the Somerset Kennel Club holds its



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annual all breed show on the same grounds. The last "double" of the month is the Suffolk County Kennel Club on the beautiful grounds of the Huntington-Crescent Club at Huntington, Long Island. An excellent judging list includes Leonard G. Buck, who will judge the specialty of the Long Island Cocker Spaniel Club, which makes the American cocker classes at this show their specialty. James M. Austin, chairman of the bench show committee, and Richard M. Kettles, Jr., club president, have spared no effort to insure a record interest. The Westbury Kennel Club Show, on the Phipps polo field at Westbury the following day, has dedicated the show this year to the American Red Cross.

THE WOODCHUCK

(Continued from page 35)

is your game! See? Where the land gives down toward the stream? He is farther from cover than I would be were, but a good stalk should yield you a shot. Go back then, and walk down yonder small valley; then climb that little knoll near its bottom, completing the climb upon your belly with your weapon before you: a waving firearm does nothing to allay the suspicions of a groundhog. And walk softly.

Well, Scholar, I can only say that if your shot had been as good as your stalk that you would have had the creature in your bag. But it was a long shot for you and many a good man might well have done no better. Your approach, however, was faultless, and that is a great part of the sport, and most necessary; for these be fearful creatures and while one may let you very near, stupidly staring, for every one such there will be ten or twenty which will dive for safety at your first approach. Now we could sit here for a season and get another chance at this gentleman but I think it best not. Instead, we will mount yonder eminence and look the country over with my perspective glasses, which are of untold advantage in a field like this, where manure has been spread abroad. It is most surprising how nearly a groundhog can resemble manure—high manure. It is merry, is it not, to think upon how much powder and ball, how

many well-held shots, have been wasted on high manure?

As I live, sir, there are two lusty fellows across the valley and within easy distance of that old wall. Nay, go not down the hill toward them—it would avail you not. We will slab the hill, as the farmers say, and attain to the wall through that tongue of alders. There.

Now along the wall till we are over against that pile of cordwood. Low, Scholar, low! On your hands and knees—not on your dignity. Think not upon your ludicrousness—think upon mine! Softly! There they are! Take the nearer. You have him! Now the other sits up astonished! Quickly! There, sir! Two very well-held shots for you, and me, to be proud of! Fine, heavy beasts, are they not? And skillfully drilled, I'll be bound!

Do with them? Why, there are several things to do. Some merely leave them to pollute the blessed air; some take the tails for trophies (mean enough trophies I think them) or to prove their skill; some eat them. Are they good food, you ask? Well, Scholar, how rich their flesh is in units of nourishment I know not, but it is edible and is relished by many. I have dressed it thus and have dressed it so, and have used up good store of onions and garlic and of pepper and salt and the best butter. It is, as I said, edible, but I must agree with the great Mr. Burroughs that it is of the earth, earthy. As for these, we will take them to the Doctor to be food for the fanciful-furred raccoons which he breeds for the markets. They, it seems, thrive upon this flesh: I do not.

See yonder farm lad! He too is hunting for groundhogs with his good

**DO NOT READ NOW
ANSWERS**

to questions on page 70

1. No. 2 on chart.
2. No. 14 on chart.
3. No. 13 on chart.
4. No. 9 on chart.
5. No. 10 on chart.
6. No. 8 on chart.
7. No. 3 on chart.
8. No. 11 on chart.
9. No. 7 on chart.
10. No. 5 on chart.

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blue overalls and his rifle; and I will wager a farthing I know what sort of a rifle it is, and it would not fetch ten shillings in trade at the store in the village: and I will wager yet another farthing that he will bag his game. These farm lads are the ones from which hunters are made. Scholar, and no mistake. It makes me to wonder as to our wisdom in the purchasing and cherishing of fine weapons, such as that in your hands, and of your fine boots, and of breeches. There was a—have a care! This ground is most springy and wet! Now bear to your left, up past the sugar-house.

As I was saying, there once came a man from the Great City who would have me take him out to shoot woodcocks, and he had not only a fine gun of a best make, but was attired in nearly everything which could be purchased at the great stores of Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. Fitch, of which you may have heard. Also he spoke correctly the jargon of the field and discoursed well upon guns, dogs and game. His performance in the field, however, was such as to provoke both mirth and pity. It was a saddening experience. Scholar, you are to believe me when I say that much as I love fine weapons—and I would have rackfuls of them if I could—I would liefer



BLACK STAR

make creditable practice with an inferior tool than to be shamed by the superiority of my weapon to myself. This, sir, is not advice: it is soliloquy.

Is this not a fine sweep of country to view? I have hunted foxes here in winter, for this is a favored place with them. It is said that they prefer to dwell in the den made by a groundhog rather than in one of their own digging, which may be true for aught I know. I would much liefer dwell in a house made by a carpenter than in one made by me, so I incline to believe the saying. Do you see a stile upon the second hill, there just beyond the thick wood? 'Twas there I was humiliated but this very last winter, in this wise:

The Doctor had invited me and my friend Robert to hunt foxes with him and his excellent hounds after the manner of use in this hill country. The fox was started in these nearby woods and the chase moved first this way, then that, and finally the hounds went out of hearing. I made my way up to that stile the better to hear and to see, but it availed me naught. The prospect there is most brave, however, so I remained to look about, seated next

the stile upon a rock from which I had brushed the snow. The day was sunny and without wind, and the genial airs so worked upon my senses that a lethargy overcame me and I fell into a doze. A patter of feet awoke me and I turned my head to look squarely into the eyes of a big, old fox not ten yard distant! I was in such a pother of arising, removing my mittens and reaching for my gun, all at one time, that Sir Fox reached cover in safety; and if that was not a grin upon his face, then I have never seen one.

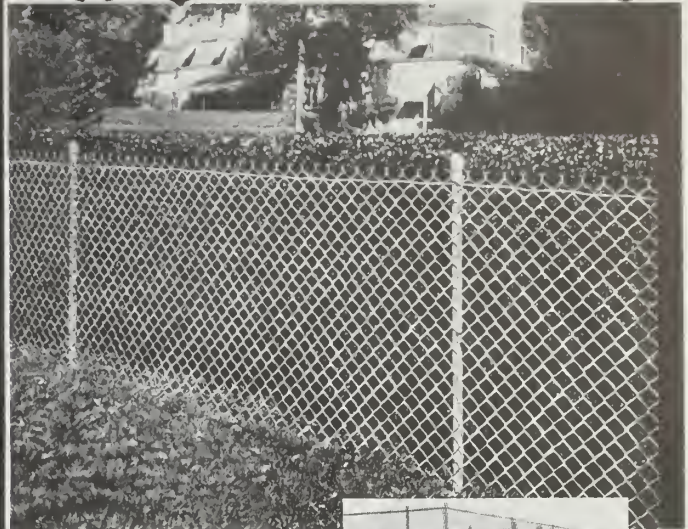
WHOA! Right by yonder wall! Another groundhog: better take him. Nay hold! Hold, I say! Let me use the glasses. As I live, it is a mother with four young, and they are coming this way! On your belly now and stay there! The low scrub to our left is riddled with dens, and I believe the family is moving into one of them. Leave the rifles! We need them not. Now crawl to the scrub. Flat! Use only your elbows. Soft! Just faintest whispers! Here they are! Observe their antics; are they not amusing? Closer—keep going—we can get right among them. There! the farthest is not five yards from us! Watch the little ones eat, and see how anxiously the mother oversees them. Sh! She has observed us, but is not yet sure we are not logs. Hark! That low, soft chuddering is her voice. Perchance she is urging caution. No, she is merely giving instruction in the art of genteel scratching: that is how it is done in the better circles! Two are coming around behind us.

Hi! How quickly they went! How did she give the alarm, did you observe? Nor did I; nor do I know why she became frightened then and not before. Whew! Scholar, we deserve tobacco: Here!

Was that not a pleasing sight? Now she is bringing up her young with as much love and care as though they were not to be harried to their deaths; for that is their fate. The farmer's boy will shoot or trap them, his dog will kill them, he himself will, by use of his tractive engine, poison them in their burrows with noisome fumes. Perchance they are better served with the death we deal them when we place a bullet in their heads. Let us hope so; and do you see to it, sir, that you so place your bullets! And to that end I do give you this rifle. Nay, fret not with thanking: It has long been in my mind. But kill cleanly and in moderation and I am well enough thanked. Now hie you to yonder wall and from it you should see a beast within seventy paces. Take him if you can, and I will await you by the little waterfall.

Ah! you have him, and a grizzled old gaffer he is! Place him with the others and we will drop them at the kennel of the worthy Doctor. And now for that good ale we have awaited! The cups, please! How it foams! How pleasantly it laves the parched membrane of our mouths and lifts our spirits! The honest Mr. Borrow truly says that the time for advice is after ale; but I have heard no man say that after advice is not also a good time for ale.

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- TRAVELLING HACKNEY STALLION, by Cooper** 38" x 42"
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- HORSE AND JOCKEY. Artist unknown** 8" x 10"
Good colour.

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WRITE: COUNTRY LIFE, BOX 35, 1270 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Young Sportsman

It was not easy to decide who should receive the five dollar prize this month but we think most of you will agree that Charlotte Wilds' horse deserves a blue ribbon. Madeleine Moote's block print is very good too, and Anne Curtiss' story about Good News and Nancy Gregg's illustrated story about the rescue are each of their kind well worthy of publication. Congratulations to all.

For next month our suggested subjects are "The football game," "Hallowe'en," "My best day with hounds," "A week-end in the country," "How I learned to shoot." We want more contributions from the young men and boys.

Remember drawings have to be in ink, all contributors must be under 18 years, all contributions must bear your name, age, address and the signature of parent or guardian that it is your own original work.

DINAH TO THE RESCUE

Snapdragon was nervous. He reared up and kicked the stall with a crash! "You noisy thing, take that, and that! So you are trying to break the stall, are you?" Edgar, the stable man hit Snapdragon two hard cracks with a riding whip. Snapdragon had never been hit before and he was in a stable for the first time so the beating made him even more terrorized! The more Edgar beat him the harder Snapdragon kicked. One moment later Snapdragon's master, Mr. Feller arrived. Dinah, his favorite hunting dog ran into the stable first.

"Woof," she said in amazement, for she saw Edgar beating her best friend, then with a vicious snarl she attacked Edgar. She was only a small dog and couldn't do much but she bit his leg badly. Edgar kicked her as hard as he could.

Mr. Feller arrived in time to see Dinah kicked. He stood there

speechless and then went into action. He saw the whip. He saw the terrified horse. Collaring Edgar he sent him out of the door.



Drawings by Nancy Gregg, the author of this story

"You are dismissed," he bellowed, "and . . ." Mr. Feller heard a low whinny and turning saw Dinah lying in a heap on the floor. Quickly he went to her aid and found that she had many bad cuts and bruises as well as a sprained front leg.

That evening, while Mr. Feller and Dinah were at the veterinarians, Edgar was scheming, scheming a revenge.

Two days later Snapdragon was missing. Mr. Feller, having returned from the veterinarians with Dinah, went into the barn to let Dinah see her chum. He heard no welcome whinny which worried him and rounding the stall door saw Snapdragon's stall . . . empty!

Days passed, still no clue could be found about the missing colt. Dinah was still recovering from her accident but she sensed the absence of her friend. On the third Dinah was all right and was able to do her morning chore which was to bring in the mail. Mr. Feller had

put an "ad" in the daily paper and hoped to receive an answer with some news. Today Dinah brought in a letter from a man on the other side of town. Mr. Feller hurriedly tore it open and read:

Dear Mr. Feller,

I saw your ad in the paper and I was just wondering if you might come over here 'cause I saw a man fitting the description of Edgar Morris. He was leading a bay colt with four white stockings and a white blaze on his head. The colt had a black mane and tail. My dog held him for a while but I couldn't get there in time.

Yours truly,

Sam Ellsworth, Jr.

"Come on Dinah, ol' gal, we had better hurry. I can't miss a chance like this. I sure hope that I can find Snapdragon." Mr. Feller exclaimed as he grabbed his hat and coat.

Half an hour later Dinah and Mr. Feller were at Sam's place. Sam showed Mr. Feller where he saw Edgar and the colt.

"Do you have a dog that might follow his trail?" questioned Mr. Feller.

"I sure do. Say Oliver, come here. Come on boy, look here, see, can you follow it? That's a boy! You see." Sam said as he held on to Oliver's rope, "Oliver is a good dog, that is when he wants to be."

The first trail Oliver followed ended suddenly upon a skunk who was having his breakfast. The second trail was successful. Dinah was very excited and ran ahead keeping just in sight. Sam and Mr. Feller heard a happy bark. They ran ahead, saw Edgar running away with Snapdragon!

"Siek 'em Oliver, grab 'em boy," Sam ran for Edgar and Mr. Feller chased along also. Snapdragon was

too excited to follow along calmly so he reared and plunged and then broke free. He cantered back to Mr. Feller and Dinah. Happily the two touched noses.



Snapdragon and Dinah meet again

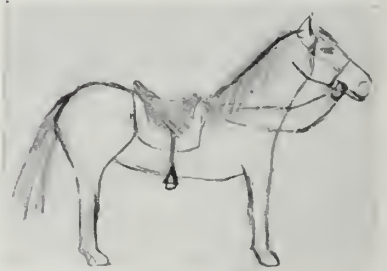
All was well in the Feller household for Snapdragon was back and Edgar was put in jail.

Dinah was a heroine and Snapdragon had earned his oats.

NANCY GREGG, AGED 13,
SCARSDALE, N. Y.

GOOD NEWS

Good News is my favorite riding horse. He is a chestnut. This horse is quite old and as I'm a beginner, I ride him most often. Sometimes I ride other horses, but I cannot like



"Good News" drawn by Anne Curtiss, the author of this story

any of them as much as this favorite. Good news is probably the most gentle of horses I have ever ridden.

ANNE CURTISS, AGED 10,
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I.



Block print by Madeleine Moote, Tulsa, Okla.; aged 16

Drawn by Charlotte Wilds, Kenilworth, Ill.; aged 16

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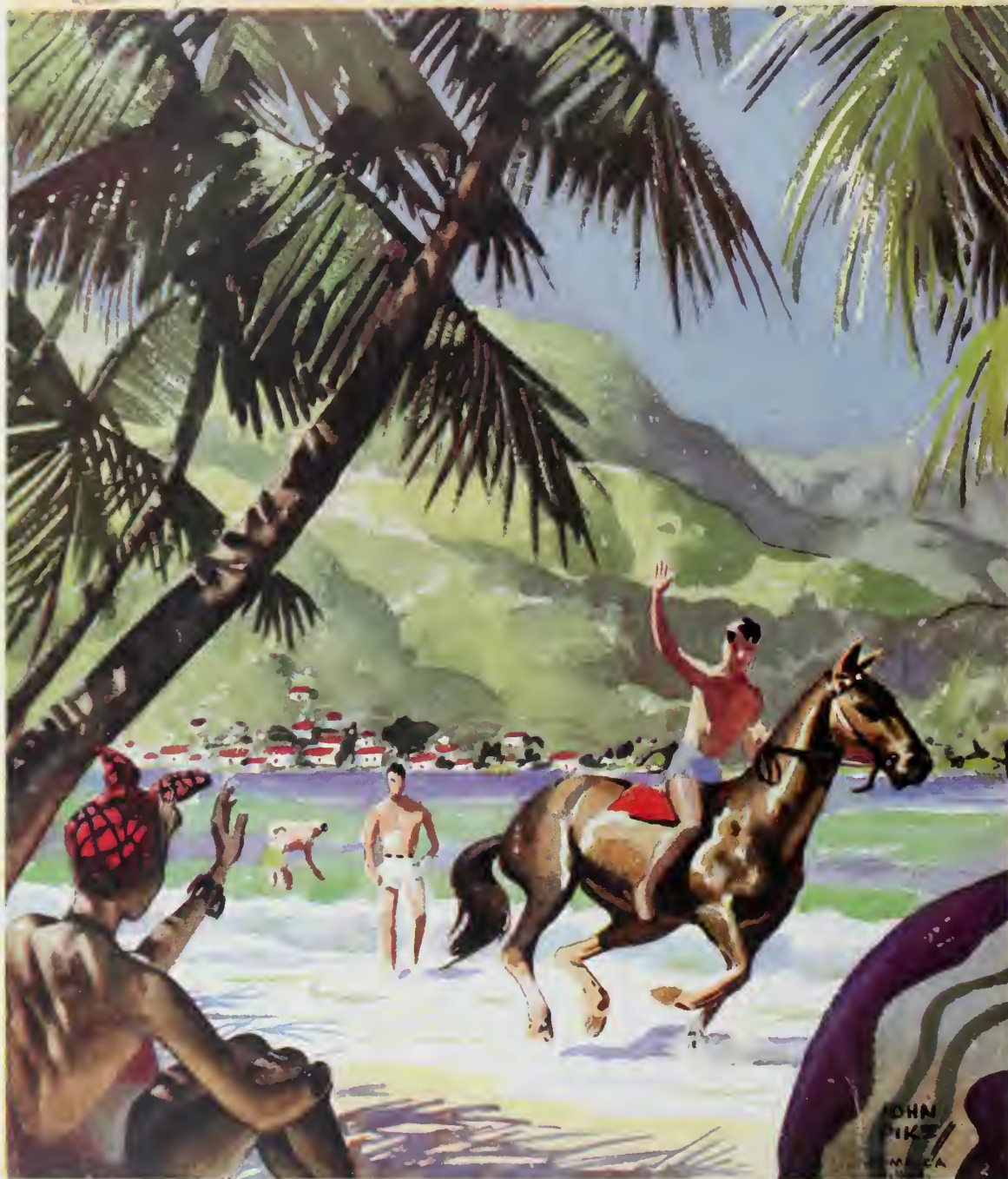
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The CALENDAR

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- Oct. 2-19 LONG BRANCH, Toronto, Ont.
- Oct. 2-30 LAUREL, Md.
- To Oct. 5 CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN'S RACING ASS'N., Hawthorne, Ill.
- To Oct. 5 BELMONT PARK, L. I.
- To Oct. 5 NARRAGANSETT PARK, Pawtucket, R. I.
- Oct. 7-19 JAMAICA, L. I.
- Oct. 7-Nov. 2 ROCKINGHAM PARK, Salem, N. H.
- Oct. 8-19 Lexington, Ky.
- Oct. 12-Dec. 7 BAY MEADOWS, San Mateo, Cal.
- Oct. 21-Nov. 2 EMPIRE CITY, Yonkers, N. Y.
- Oct. 22-Nov. 2 Louisville, Ky.

HUNT RACE MEETINGS

- Oct. 5 HUNTINGTON VALLEY HUNT CLUB, Jenkintown, Pa.
- Oct. 9 and 12 ROLLING ROCK HUNT RACING ASSOCIATION, Ligonier, Pa.
- Oct. 16 and 19 ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB, Media, Pa.
- Oct. 19 MONMOUTH COUNTY HUNT RACING ASSOCIATION, Red Bank, N. J.
- Oct. 23 and 26 ESSEX FOX HOUNDS, Far Hills, N. J.
- Nov. 2 WEST HILLS, Huntington, L. I., N. Y.
- Nov. 2 PICKERING HUNT, Phoenixville, Pa.
- Nov. 5 and 9 UNITED HUNTS RACING ASSOCIATION, Belmont Park, N. Y.
- Nov. 9 MIDDLEBURG HUNT RACE ASSOCIATION, Middleburg, Va.
- Nov. 16 MONTPELIER HUNT, Montpelier Station, Va.

HORSE SHOWS

- To Oct. 5 ST. LOUIS, Mo.
- Oct. 2-5 PIPING ROCK, Locust Valley, L. I.
- Oct. 4-5 FARMINGTON HUNT CLUB, Charlottesville, Va.
- Oct. 5-6 ROCK SPRING METROPOLITAN EQUESTRIAN CLUB, W. Orange, N. J.
- Oct. 5-12 PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL LIVESTOCK, Portland, Ore.
- Oct. 6-12 AK-SAR-BEN, Omaha, Neb.
- Oct. 10-12 ALBANY CAVALRY, Albany, N. Y.
- Oct. 12 MARSHALLTON, West Chester, Pa.
- Oct. 12-13 SLEEPY HOLLOW, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.
- Oct. 17-19 CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Nov. 6-13 NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, New York, N. Y.

DOG SHOWS

- Oct. 5 LADIES' DOG CLUB, Waltham, Mass.
- Oct. 5 TREATY CITY KENNEL CLUB, Greenville, Ohio
- Oct. 5-6 FRESNO KENNEL CLUB, Fresno, Cal.
- Oct. 6 DAYTON KENNEL CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.
- Oct. 6 WORCESTER COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Worcester, Mass.
- Oct. 8 ROANOKE KENNEL CLUB, Roanoke, Va.
- Oct. 9-10 WICHITA COUNTY KENNEL CLUB, Wichita Falls, Tex.
- Oct. 10 DANBURY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Danbury, Conn.
- Oct. 10 LUMBEE KENNEL CLUB, Lumberton, N. C.
- Oct. 10-11 PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL KENNEL CLUB, Portland, Ore.
- Oct. 11-12 MAUI KENNEL CLUB, Maui, Hawaii.
- Oct. 12 CHARLESTON KENNEL CLUB, Charleston, S. C.
- Oct. 12 DOG FANCIERS' ASS'N OF OREGON, Portland, Ore.
- Oct. 12 KENNEL CLUB OF WILMINGTON, Wilmington, Del.
- Oct. 12 SHORELAND KENNEL CLUB, Lake Forest, Ill.
- Oct. 12-13 TEXAS KENNEL CLUB, Dallas, Tex.
- Oct. 13 ROCK RIVER VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Rockford, Ill.
- Oct. 13 VENTURA COUNTY DOG FANCIERS ASS'N, Ventura, Cal.
- Oct. 14 PIEDMONT KENNEL CLUB, Charlotte, N. C.
- Oct. 15 FORSYTH KENNEL CLUB, Winston-Salem, N. C.
- Oct. 16 CAROLINA KENNEL CLUB, Greensboro, N. C.
- Oct. 16-17 FORT WORTH KENNEL CLUB, Fort Worth, Tex.
- Oct. 17 DURHAM KENNEL CLUB, Durham, N. C.
- Oct. 18 DANVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Danville, Va.
- Oct. 19-20 SAN ANTONIO KENNEL CLUB, San Antonio, Tex.
- Oct. 20 CALIFORNIA CAPITAL KENNEL CLUB, Sacramento, Cal.
- Oct. 20 LANGLEY KENNEL CLUB, Newport News, Va.
- Oct. 23-24 HOUSTON KENNEL CLUB, Houston, Tex.
- Oct. 26 QUEENSBORO KENNEL CLUB, Elmhurst, L. I.
- Oct. 26-27 GULF COAST KENNEL CLUB, Beaumont, Tex.
- Oct. 26-27 SILVER BAY KENNEL CLUB, San Diego, Cal.
- Oct. 29-30 TREASURE ISLAND KENNEL CLUB, Galveston, Tex.

OBEDIENCE TRIALS

- Oct. 6 DAYTON KENNEL CLUB, Dayton, Ohio.
- Oct. 8 ROANOKE KENNEL CLUB, Roanoke, Va.
- Oct. 10 MAUI KENNEL CLUB, Maui, Hawaii.
- Oct. 12 SHORELAND KENNEL CLUB, Lake Forest, Ill.
- Oct. 26 QUEENSBORO KENNEL CLUB, Elmhurst, L. I.

FIELD TRIALS (SPANIELS)

- Oct. 11-13 ALBANY SPANIEL FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Albany, N. Y.
- Oct. 12-13 ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, Fort Barry, Cal.
- Oct. 12-13 ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL FIELD TRIAL CLUB OF ILLINOIS, Waukegan, Ill.
- Oct. 18-19 BATH COUNTY FIELD TRIAL ASS'N, Hot Springs, Va.
- Oct. 19-20 ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB OF THE CENTRAL STATES, Northbrook, Ill.
- Oct. 25-28 ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL FIELD TRIAL ASS'N, Fishers Island, N. Y.
- Oct. 31-Nov. 2 CONNECTICUT SPANIEL FIELD TRIAL ASS'N, Saybrook, Conn.
- Nov. 8-10 COCKER SPANIEL FIELD TRIAL CLUB OF AMERICA, Verbank, N. Y.
- Nov. 9-10 NORTHERN CALIFORNIA FIELD TRIAL CLUB, San Francisco, Cal.
- Nov. 13-16 MONMOUTH COUNTY SPANIEL FIELD TRIAL ASS'N, Vanderburg, N. J.
- Nov. 20-21 ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB OF OHIO, Cleveland, O.
- Nov. 22-23 RAVENNA ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL CLUB, Ravenna, Ohio.

FIELD TRIALS (RETRIEVERS)

- Oct. 5-6 MIDWEST FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Chicago, Ill.
- Oct. 12-13 MISSISSIPPI VALLEY KENNEL CLUB, Peruque, Mo.
- Oct. 24-26 ROLLING ROCK CLUB, Ligonier, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS (POINTER AND SETTER)

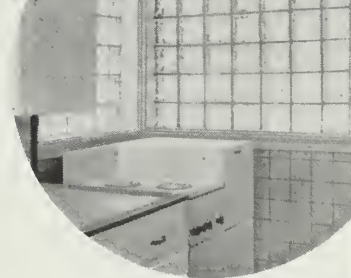
- Oct. 4 ORIOLE FIELD DOG ASSN., Towson, Md.
- Oct. 4 SUSSEX COUNTY SPORT AND CONSERVATION LEAGUE, Newton, N. J.
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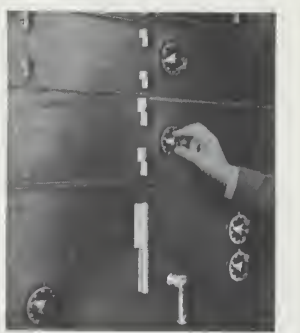
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- Oct. 21 KENTUCKY CONSOLIDATED FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Lancaster, Ky.
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- Oct. 25 CHICAGOLAND FIELD TRIAL CLUB, Addison, Ill.
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- Oct. 25 BAY COUNTIES GUN DOG TRIAL CLUB, Tomales, Cal.
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- Oct. 26 ANNE ARUNDEL FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Annapolis, Md.
- Oct. 26 ASSOCIATED FIELD TRIAL CLUBS OF CONNECTICUT, SEDALIA FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Sedalia, Mo.
- Oct. 26 VAN WERT COUNTY BIRD DOG ASSN., Van Wert, Ohio.
- Oct. 27 NEW ENGLAND COVER DOG FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Manchester, Conn.
- Oct. 28 WEST VIRGINIA AMATEUR FIELD TRIAL ASSN., Huntington, W. Va.

FLOWER SHOWS

- Oct. 1-11 GARDENS ON PARADE, New York World's Fair.
- Oct. 3 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, TABLE DECORATIONS, Worcester, Mass.
- Oct. 4-6 EAST TEXAS ROSE GROWERS ASSN., ROSE FESTIVAL, Tyler, Tex.
- Oct. 9-11 MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, EXHIBITION OF FRUITS, VEGETABLES, AND FLOWERS, Boston, Mass.
- Oct. 10 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, Worcester, Mass.
- Oct. 12 NEW ENGLAND GOURD SOCIETY, FESTIVAL, Worcester, Mass.
- Oct. 16 HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, MONTHLY MEETING AND EXHIBITION, N. Y.
- Oct. 17 WORCESTER COUNTY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, FRUIT TABLE DECORATIONS, Worcester, Mass.
- Oct. 20-22 TRI-STATE FLORISTS ANNUAL CONVENTION AND FLOWER SHOW, Bismarck, North Dakota.

ART EXHIBITIONS

- To Oct. 1 PERMANENT COLLECTION, CARPENTER GALLERIES, Hanover, N. H.
- To Oct. 1 THUMB BOX COLLECTION OF FOREMOST AMERICAN PAINTERS, BARBIZON PLAZA ART GALLERY, N. Y.
- Oct. 1-26 PRINTS AND PORTRAITS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS, GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, N. Y.
- To Oct. 4 EXHIBITION OF RAEMAKERS' CARTOONS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N. Y.
- Oct. 4-27 "ARMS AND ARMOR," BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, Md.
- Oct. 4-Nov. 17 "THE STAGE IS SET," BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N. Y.
- Oct. 4-Nov. 17 ALL AMERICAN PRINTS, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Boston, Mass.
- Oct. 5-Nov. 10 CALIFORNIA WATERCOLOR SOCIETY, ANNUAL EXHIBITION, LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM, Cal.
- To Oct. 6 SHAWLS, CAPS, AND LAPETS, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N. Y.
- To Oct. 6 OILS BY S. V. CANNON, SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF ART, Cal.
- Oct. 6 CRAFTS BY ADULT EDUCATION GROUPS, WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, Del.
- Oct. 6-31 PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, BY SOUTHWESTERN AMERICAN INDIANS, NEVILLE MUSEUM, Greer, Wis.
- To Oct. 10 MEXICAN PRINTS, BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, Md.
- Oct. 10-31 "MISSION TRAILS" LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM, Cal.
- Oct. 11-27 BRAINARD PHOTOGRAPHS, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N. Y.
- To Oct. 13 LOAN ROOM SHOW, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N. Y.
- Oct. 13-Nov. 3 EXHIBIT OF ART WORK BY DELAWARE SCHOOL CHILDREN, WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS, Del.
- Oct. 13-Nov. 4 NATIONAL CERAMIC EXHIB., SYRACUSE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, N. Y.
- To Oct. 15 BATIKS BY ST. LOUIS ARTISTS, CITY ART MUSEUM, St. Louis, Mo.
- Oct. 15-26 PRINTS BY ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS IN THE SERVICE, GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, N. Y.
- Oct. 15-Nov. 15 EXHIBITION BY MEMBERS AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS, CITY ART MUSEUM, St. Louis, Mo.
- Oct. 18 OPENING JACOBAN ROOM, BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, Md.
- To Oct. 19 ITALIAN DRAWINGS FOR JEWELRY, COOPER UNION, N. Y.
- To Oct. 20 SILK SCREEN PRINTS, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N. Y.
- To Oct. 20 SUMMER EXHIBITIONS, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, Ill.
- Oct. 25-Dec. 1 GLASS, POLITICAL CARTOONS, BROOKLYN MUSEUM, N. Y.
- To Oct. 26 EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE, GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, N. Y.
- Oct. 29-Nov. 9 JOINT EXHIBITION, RECENT PAINTINGS BY H. DUDLEY MURPHY, NELLY LITLEDALE MURPHY, GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, N. Y.
- Oct. 30-Nov. 20 NATIONAL SOCIETY OF MURAL PAINTERS, WHITNEY MUSEUM, N. Y.
- October JAPANESE SCREENS, MATSUDA COLLECTION, SYRACUSE CERAMIC SHOW, DAYTON ART INSTITUTE, Dayton, Ohio.
- October CHINESE TEXTILES, PERSIAN MINIATURES, PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD MISONNE, ARMOR FROM HEARST COLLECTION, ATKINS MUSEUM OF ART, Kansas City, Mo.
- October-Nov. 7 ANNUAL FOUNDERS' SHOW, GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES, N. Y.

STATE FAIRS

- To Oct. 5 OKLAHOMA FREE FAIR, Tulsa.
- To Oct. 5 PANHANDLE, SOUTH PLAINS FAIR, Lubbock, Tex.
- Oct. 5-12 PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL LIVESTOCK EXPOSITION, Portland, Ore.
- Oct. 5-20 DALLAS, Tex.
- To Oct. 6 DAIRY CATTLE CONGRESS AND NATIONAL BELGIAN SHOW, Waterloo, Iowa.
- Oct. 8-12 RALEIGH, North Carolina.
- Oct. 12-19 NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW, Harrisburg, Pa.
- Oct. 16-23 GRAND NATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION, San Francisco, Cal.
- Oct. 19-28 SHREVEPORT, Louisiana.

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LETTERS

FROM ENGLAND

To THE EDITOR:

The enclosed letter was received a few days ago from Lord Dorchester, and it occurred to me that it might be of interest to you or your fox-hunting readers.

MARGARET COLT,
Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

DEAR MARGARET,

I've just finished ten of the most strenuous weeks that have fallen to my lot since the war started. As you know by now, this "blessed Island" is now a fortress, not merely defended on its outside, but one mass of defensive ramifications within itself. In the preparation of the latter, local knowledge, such as is acquired by years of traversing the country on foot or horseback, by bicycle or motor-car, is invaluable, and moreover saves days and weeks of reconnoitering by map and visits on the part of those not so intimately acquainted. Consequently I—and many others, notably ex-M.F.H.s and country folk—have been co-opted from our units, or business retirement—whichever it may be.

I never thought (or rather I have often thought) how useful in war would be the local knowledge acquired in the hunting field or out shooting. Knowing exactly where a wood ends, or a stream is impassable to foot, horse, or gums; where a bog blocks access or egress; which bit of high ground commands a view; where one outlook over a stretch of country intersects another similar view point, etc. Points where you put your first whip command for parachutists and how many such watching posts are required to cover such and such an area; interlocking communications to be established by bicycle in case a telephone is cut, and so on.

Pray that the need never arises in your land, but fore-warned is fore-armed . . .

And now with the Hun at our gates—how is it with us? Not so bad, I assure you. True, the air-raid warnings wake us up, bombs fall, and shrapnel bursts in the sky at intervals, and no doubt these visitations will become more frequent and more intense as time goes on. But until one is actually hit or one's own home goes up and comes down in a heap, one just carries on and gets on with the job.

There is no shortage of essentials, although certain luxuries are curtailed. Plenty of petrol for those who really need it and sufficient for ordinary purposes, but the ration is strictly applied.

Yet on any summer afternoon in the country with hay-making in progress, but for the continual droning of aircraft overhead, it is difficult to realize that we've got a war on our hands. Of course it is different in the prohibited coastal areas, but inland you'd notice nothing except (if you knew where to look) certain arrangements for blocking roads, a head poked over a hedge when you least expected it inquiring for your identification papers, a great coming and going of troops of all kinds, young ladies of the Auxiliary Transport Service in khaki and peaked caps and their opposite numbers in the blue of the Air Service. But at night you would know . . .

Financially we country gentlemen shall have to change our habits most drastically, but we are all in the same boat, so what does it matter? After all, yachting, fishing, hunting, shooting—these things should never have been a business, such as they had become to many of us. Farming must take their place, but I don't doubt that some of us will find place for a beagle or two and time to hunt a hare, or even a fox, before we put up the shutters.

So I want you to picture us—not complacent because of our sea-moat and our sea power, our qualitative (not quantitative) air superiority and our comparative immunity up to the present—but as quite aware that such an attack, by air and land, as it is difficult to contemplate will presently descend upon us and that we shall suffer enormous casualties, experience unexpected shocks and unforeseen surprises, yet we shall withstand them, and in due course (I pray) carry the war into the enemy's country.

After all, what is death? We've all got to face it, some sooner, some later, and though I personally shall hate being bombed badly, the form it may take is really immaterial. The point is that before we go we shall each have contributed something towards leaving a better world for our descendants.

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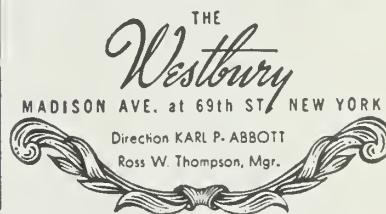
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This lovely house designed by the author, now the home of Seton Porter at Locust Valley, L. I., is the result of years of planning

GOTTSCHE

Building a House in the Country

by BRADLEY DELEHANTY

It has been said that that man who has not seen war, married, and built a house has not tasted of life to the full. The first of these supposed requisites for a rounded existence has been, unfortunately, the lot of far too many of us; the second comes along with reasonable regularity in the natural course of events. There is nothing much that one has to do about them; they just seem to happen.

But building a house is different. Springing from no less deep a set of atavistic impulses, it is an act which calls for long planning and much prayerful thought if it is to be accomplished successfully. The picture of your house-to-be should have been taking shape in the back of your mind for a long time before you make even your first call upon the architect of your choice. And there are other places, too, where the component fragments should be found in advance; in note books, in the case of the orderly; on the backs of envelopes and of restaurant menus in the case of the great majority of us.

If you are a prospective country house owner and are visiting a friend already established on his own acres and you see a dining room, a library, or an entrance hall whose dimensions and detail you like, do not hesitate to pace it off and to make notes. It will flatter your host and will provide extremely helpful material for later discussion. Then, too, snapshots, magazine clippings and other pictorial matter showing your preferences in architecture, materials and decoration will supplement your verbally expressed wishes when you finally talk with the man who will first put them on paper, and then into the brick or frame or stone of your long-cherished dream. But since, unless you have already acquired or selected your property, all preconceived

ideas may have to be modified, more or less radically, to meet the requirements of the terrain eventually picked out, it would be well to go over certain points to be considered before you purchase your share of this broad land.

Beginning with the November issue Bradley Delehanty, architect of many famous country places, will conduct a regular monthly department, "The Country House," for this magazine. In it he will discuss in detail the virtues and drawbacks of building methods and materials; will go into such various aspects of country house construction as heating, air conditioning, insulating; the construction of tennis courts, swimming pools and hot-houses; plumbing and kitchen equipment, furniture, tableware and painting; fencing, insurance, maintenance, and the dozen other problems which arise to puzzle, harass or amuse the country dweller, actual or prospective.

First, of course, is the question of what you want of country living. Is it a farm, which you will operate as such, breeding cattle or horses or pigs, and raising your own feed; is it an estate to be left in a comparatively wild condition, which will provide for fishing and shooting; is it a place, large or small, whose primary purpose would be to provide seclusion, either for complete rest or for the carrying on of work which brooks no interruption?

Having decided, among these, and perhaps many others, where do you want to live? If you are entirely foot-loose, you have a pretty big country to choose from. But if you are tied to a city, even though the strings pull you there only on occasion, there is still a very considerable quantity and variety of land to be had within reachable distance of even the largest centers of population.

How much land do you want? This is one to be answered partly in terms of desire and partly in terms of overhead. Remember that a home in the country is to provide comfort and pleasure and a sense of well-being, not to add to one's cares. A good rule of thumb is to provide plenty of room for yourself outdoors, without buying a lot of land you won't know what to do with. Unused land has an appetite for money equalled by few animate and no inanimate objects.

Whatever your choice, there are two elements equally important to all, scenery and weather. By the latter, I do not mean climate in the general sense, since already that has entered into your selection, but rather the direction of the prevailing breezes in summer, the sources of storm in winter. To overlook these elementary and unchangeable factors may mean that the most carefully planned and staunchly built house becomes a place of discomfort at one season and of worry at another. If, as Ruskin adjured, you "build not for today but for posterity" and are hoping for the full savour of putting down roots in one part of the world where roots would seem to have a chance of survival, you will give close study to the site of your dwelling and to the points of the compass.

Have you ever seen the old stone farm houses which mark many of the small surf- and wind-beaten islands off the coast of Maine? There they stand, solid



SECTIONAL · PORTION · LOOKING · WEST ·

F. S. LINCOLN

Here you see three steps in the planning of this house; the germs of some ideas, a blueprint rendering, and a scale model of the house and landscaping



COUNTRY LIFE PHOTO

Architect and clients visit the site



GOTTSCHE

The hallway of the completed house

and weatherproof after 100 years and more, not alone because of their careful and painstaking construction, but, also, because of their builders' acceptance of the protections which nature provides against her own more turbulent moods.

Scenery of a sort can be made, if one has large, very large, sums of money and the right landscape architect, but it takes time. And whether or not you are building for posterity, no one, not even Ruskin, would deny you the right of enjoyment of your property during your own days on this good earth. Your children, and their children, will benefit, not suffer, if you choose something ready now to satisfy the need for settled beauty in living. Do not, for the sake of convenience, or economy, or even good, fat land, buy in a country that does not gratify the eye and solace the soul.

You have already thought of all these things, have you, and in the light of your investigation and knowledge, have bought your land? Very well, then, it is time to call upon your architect.

In selecting the artist-technician who will render your ideas into tangible form, pick one who (a) has designed successfully houses of the type you want and (b) will be sympathetic with your wishes. Give him a complete program of your requirements; have a mind of your own, but be prepared to listen, to give and take. A good architect will rarely try

to impose upon a client a building which is an expression of his ideas, rather than those of his employer, yet his is the function of assimilating your needs and tastes, even your personality, and integrating them into a design that is harmonious, true to them and to his own artistic integrity. Else, why did you go to him? A happy working partnership of owner, architect, builder, landscaper and decorator is the surest way to achieve what is, in essence, a very personal expression of one's attitude toward life.

THERE was a time when wealthy Americans planning to build went to Europe for their designs. Not for the influences of this or that architecture, but for models from which they might erect replicas, or near-replicas, of old French or English or Italian houses. While in certain individual cases the results were happy, the practice was artistically unsound. Architecture, like language and customs, is, at its best, an indigenous growth. A forcible importation is no more good for it than a digging up and transplanting would be for a 300-year-old oak. The very thing which these copyists most admired, whether they knew it or not, was the native *rightness* of their models. And this they violated when they reproduced them in utterly different settings.

American domestic architecture has developed from colonial thought in home design, and though the inspiration may have been English, Dutch, French or Spanish, the final results were expressions of these influences which, coupled with regional customs, made them distinctively American. New England, the Middle Atlantic States, the South and the Southwest have contributed versions admirably suited to their climates and to the needs and activities of their residents.

It is well to draw upon the past—the past of your region—in the design of a new house. There were reasons for the particular style that developed there, reasons that, in the main, are as good today as they were then. And with the building of a country home you are preparing to take part in the life of a countryside that had a history and traditions before you were born. Obviously, you wish to be a part of it and of them, or you would be putting your money into a pent-house, where there is just as much sun and fresh air and bodily comfort as are to be found in the depths of the loveliest country.

You will be a newcomer, probably, and as such your traditional attitude is one of respect for the local *mores*. By regarding their validity and by so building and conducting yourself as to fit them, you will make an artistic success of your house and, incidentally, friends of your neighbors in a surprisingly short time.

Do not mistake me in this plea for the

indigenons. There were many inconveniences and discomforts in the houses of our forebears which it would be folly to duplicate. By all means make your house as serviceable, as comfortable and as convenient as modern practice permits. It is the general over-all design of which I am talking, and even it can be modified—simplified, would perhaps be a better word—to meet the sound modern taste for a minimum of ornamentation and non-functional lines and areas, without destroying its fitness in the local scene.

BUT perhaps you are thinking of remodeling an old place. There are advantages to such a procedure that to many prospective home-owners offset the fact that age takes its toll of materials. For one thing, there is the pleasant feel of continuing a life that has flown through its channels until it has become mellow and settled. On the material side there are the benefits of existing roads and driveways and of utilities—water, light and power—already brought in from their sources.

Whether starting from scratch or picking up the threads of the past, the same principles hold good, and the same factors must be taken into consideration.

In general, the choice of material can depend upon your taste and your pocket-book. Brick and stone are the more enduring; more expensive to begin with than frame, but less expensive to maintain. In the older parts of the eastern

seaboard all three types of construction are commonly found within a few miles of each other, and you won't go really wrong in using any of them, although I feel that in eastern Pennsylvania and in large parts of New Jersey and Delaware, it would be going against nature to build with anything but the native stone so ably and beautifully used there for hundreds of years. Other regions, of course, have their own specialties, too.

A final word, if you are talking, or are about to talk, with your architect; be as careful in the choice of your builder as you were in deciding upon your designer, for the enduring success of the whole enterprise will depend upon his performance. Do not attempt to save money by accepting the low bid rendered by a known second-rater, or by the use of cheap sub-contractors. When an architect supervises construction, it does not mean that he is present to oversee the work of the masons and carpenters and other artisans employed on the job. It does mean that he pays periodic visits to assure the correct rendering of his plans. A bad painter can ruin an otherwise well-built house; a slovenly roofer means added expense, and perhaps serious damage; cheap-jack plumbers and electricians are perhaps the worst of all, for much of their work is hidden, vital and most devilishly difficult to get at if anything goes wrong.

In short, remember Ruskin's admonition in all things.



Finished and already covered with transplanted vine; the court yard and tree are shown in the background of the photograph of the model

The Motorized Country

—And What Automobiles Have Meant to Country Living in General

by HENRY F. PRINGLE

IT was in 1906 that President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton referred to that new menace, the automobile, in a speech. The devil wagons which were beginning to tear through the countryside, he said, had done more "to spread socialistic feeling in the country" than any other influence. This was because "to the countryman they are a picture of the arrogance of wealth."

The future President of the United States was right about the 1906 reaction of the farmer to the automobile. When the century opened there were only 8,000 cars in existence and these wheezed, puffed, roared and raised clouds of dust. When an automobile approached, the countryman had to jump to his horse's head. Runaways were frequent. In Tennessee, in 1900, a law required that anybody intending to sally forth in an automobile must publicly advertise the approaching peril a week in advance.

That was forty years ago. The automobile may still be a peril to life and limb, but not to the institutions of democracy. It has brought new and broader horizons to the countryman and the city man alike. It has bridged the gulf between the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the laborer. Golf, for instance, was once considered a rich man's game and so, to a lesser degree, was tennis.

WHEN William Howard Taft campaigned for the Presidency in 1908 he was warned by a constituent to keep secret his devotion to golf. "Thousands of laboring people," wrote this correspondent, "call it a dude's game. Cast aside golf and take an ax and cut wood."

President Roosevelt, who was working valiantly for Taft's election, agreed. He had received "literally hundreds of letters from the West protesting about it," he told the nominee. "It is just like my tennis. I never let a photograph of mine in tennis costume appear."

Can anyone imagine, in the current Presidential campaign, an attack on Wendell Willkie for playing golf or sailing a boat or being on the tennis court? On the outskirts of every American city is at least one country club. These, in the main, are supported by people of moderate means. They could not exist

if cheap, quick transportation were not furnished by today's automobiles.

Mr. Wilson of Princeton could not know, of course, that the socialistic influence of the automobile would soon be nullified by Henry Ford and other manufacturers. The farmer soon had his Model T or other light, inexpensive, mass-production car. Within twenty-five years there were 25,000,000 automobiles on the highways of America and 750,000 miles of those highways were built for their use. The modern horse was no longer afraid of automobiles. He was beginning to ride in them; that is, in trucks and trailers. He knew all about them except how to drive them, and in that he was very similar to certain thousands among his human masters.

If anything, the automobile had grown afraid of the horse. I have a gentleman-farmer friend living in New Jersey who sometimes amuses himself

by driving about the countryside in what is, I think, a Surrey. Anyway, it is made of wicker and it looks very antique and is an unusual sight. One night an exhilarated neighbor called my friend from some road-house. He disguised his voice.

"This is a member of the Vigilance Committee!" he boomed. "You've got to stop that practice!"

"Stop what?"

"Driving that carriage around. You're frightening the station wagons off the road!"

Predictions are always risky. The inferential prediction of Mr. Wilson that the automobile would lead us to Moscow turned out to be wrong. And so did the reiterated ones that the automobile spelled death for the horse. I suppose there are fewer horses now. The Department of Agriculture says that farm horses have dropped from 18,000,-



There is no hacking when this Westchester riding group meets for an impromptu show

BLACK STAR

000 in 1900 to 11,000,000 today. But that is far from the real story.

That amiable historian, David L. Cohn, tells part of the real story in his entertaining book, "The Good Old Days," which is based on the pages of the Sears, Roebuck catalogs. Cohn points to the pages of riding equipment—saddles and boots and crops and habits—in the latest catalog.

"The horse is vanishing from the farm," he writes, "but it is coming to the front door and entering the parlor. If the catalog is to be believed the horse that once plowed the farm is now taking the farmer's daughter out on gallops across the countryside, and she goes at-



THAYER PHOTOS

Few hunt race meetings see the coaches of yesterday, and the spectators come from afar



Galleries for the golf, tennis and polo of the Midwick Club, in California, come well motored

tired in 'Kerrybrookes. Because they are smart-looking and beautiful. . . . The cult of the horse, hitherto confined to a small group of people, rapidly became as popular and claimed as many devotees as Elks' Clubs during prohibition; horse shows were held in towns that had not had a good look at a horse since Buffalo Bill came through . . . and, finally, the girls took Horace Greeley's advice and began to go West where they put up at dude ranches and bestrode steeds whose poison fangs had been extracted."

This is confirmed by more serious historians. Prof. and Mrs. Robert S. Lynd are the authors of a famous book, "Middletown," which was published in 1925. It was a thorough, scientific study of a typical American town, and in due course it leaked out that the town which they put under their sociological microscope was Muncie, Ind. After a decade the Lynds went back to Muncie and produced a second book, "Middletown in Transition." They found innumerable changes; among them that two riding clubs had been organized and an annual

horse show instituted "which today draws entries from all over the Middle West."

And how are those entries transported to Muncie? By the automobiles, of course, which once were to have exterminated the horse. This is true all over the country. Parked along the streets outside of Squadron A in New York last-spring might have been seen trailers and horse vans from a dozen eastern seaboard states. Quick, economical transportation of horses from distant points has stiffened the competition at such relatively big shows as the spring one at Squadron A. It has, literally, made the small show possible. Needless to say, the automobile has also greatly augmented the gate receipts at such shows. The audiences come from miles around, just as the competitors do.

This past summer my wife and I attempted the hazardous experiment of becoming "natives" in Wyoming. The quotations are used advisedly. What we did was to rent a ranch house instead of living in protected safety at a dude ranch. Our main problem was the acqui-

sition of a couple of saddle ponies and without our car this would have been well-nigh impossible. But we got the names of breeders who had horses within our ability to pay and, equally important, within our limited equestrian talents. We thought nothing of driving 10 to 20 miles to look at some specimen. The first purchase was easy. We found a pony not five miles away for our small daughter. After long searchings we found a second horse at a breeder whose ranch was 70 miles from where we lived.

I HAVEN'T the faintest idea how much it would have cost to ship that horse to our place by rail. To have ridden him over would have been unpleasant and wearisome and have taken at least three days. The automobile solved it. We borrowed a trailer. We sent our combination cowgirl-nurse over to get our steed and it arrived the same day.

Perhaps some university president once branded the saddle horse a socialistic influence in the United States just as Woodrow Wilson excoriated the automobile. Rather curiously, the history of the automobile and the history of the horse—supposedly so in conflict—are not without parallels during the past forty years. The saddle horse, except in the West, was once limited to the filthy rich. Little girls and boys were once taught to ride because it was considered fashionable. I have friends who still remember with horror the lessons given by Prussian riding masters and the dreary circuits around the reservoir in Central Park. Children ride today because it is fun to ride. The horse, as well as the automobile, has become democratic.

Certain sections of our great national parks are barred to motorists. This is wise. Areas are needed where men and women may get back to a degree of primitive life, where the rumble of gas engines cannot be heard. Yet even these sections would be visited by few people were it not for the automobile. Cars take the tour- (Continued on page 69)

Lone Star Barony

The King Ranch — The Largest One-family Operation of its Kind in the World

by HAZEL OATMAN BOWMAN

ITS 900,000 acres spread over several counties in the southern part of Texas, the King Ranch is said to be the first planned cattle ranch in the United States, and the largest ranch in the world owned and operated by a single family.

Capt. Richard King, a New Yorker, founded the ranch in a virgin land at a time when there was no such thing as a cattle industry. The far-sighted Captain conceived the idea of building a ranching enterprise, and made his original purchase of 69,000 acres in 1852. He was assisted by his friend, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in the selection of land, and he had as his partner in his early ranching experience Capt. Mifflin Kennedy, from Pennsylvania. It was not possible then to go out and buy large numbers of cattle at a time, but Capt. King purchased small bunches here and there, and a considerable number in Old Mex-

ico, until finally he had his ranch stocked.

Establishing himself in the ranching business at that early date meant several things. First, it was necessary to adapt the virgin land to use and to develop it. Then King had to establish a market and build a railroad. Too, the only outlet in the beginning was for hides and tallow.

But the Captain was a man of perseverance as well as foresight. From the start he had faith in that country—so much so that he entered this bold ranching venture with the intention of buying all the land from the Nueces River to the Rio Grande, but this he failed to do.

At his death in 1885 there were 500,000 acres in the ranch, and he was succeeded by his widow, the late Mrs. Henrietta M. King. She chose as her chief counsel a young attorney, Robert

J. Kleberg, of Corpus Christi, Texas, who later married her daughter, Alice Gertrudis King. He proved an able successor, for during his management the greatest amount of constructive work on the ranch was accomplished. The land holdings increased to 1,000,000 acres, and the property was highly improved, well fenced and well watered.

Kleberg drilled the first artesian well in South Texas, a most important accomplishment in that it greatly increased the factor of safety of the ranch as a livestock enterprise. There are now hundreds of these wells on the property. The ranch was stocked with purebred Hereford and purebred Shorthorn cattle.



Cattle ranch, horse breeding establishment, Thoroughbred stud farm, the great ranch is also engaged in a program of game conservation



640 acres are in one square mile.
 1400 square miles are in the King Ranch.
 The King Ranch is larger than Rhode Island, two-thirds the size of Delaware.
 450 cow hands, mechanics and laborers, plus wives and families, live on the ranch.
 1800 cow horses are kept busy.
 There is a month's difference in the seasons on the southern and northern boundaries.
 1500 miles of smooth wire fence divide the range for 65,000 head of cattle.
 Automobiles travel in twos, carry compasses, when going across country.
 Breeding operations include the development of Santa Gertrudis cattle; a special strain of all-purpose saddle horses; winning Thoroughbreds, among them Ciencia.

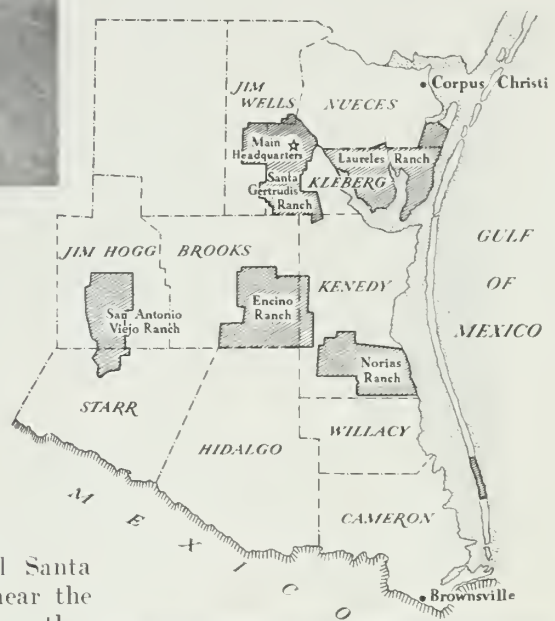
and Thoroughbred blood was bred into the horses.

Kleberg is said to have contributed more to his section of the country than any other man of his time. He brought in the St. Louis, Brownsville, and Mexico railroad, helped open the port of Corpus Christi, founded the town of Kingsville, where the College of Arts and Industries is located, and discovered the agricultural merits of South Texas, where citrus fruit and cotton are now grown successfully. Kleberg also was the first ranchman to dip cattle for eradication of the fever tick.

At the death of Mrs. King in 1925, the ranch was left in trust for 10 years, with active management falling to Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., as chairman of the board of trustees. The family holdings then increased to 1,150,000 acres. In addition there was a large amount of leased land. The cattle increased to 100,000 head, and there were 2,500 saddle horses and 500 brood mares on the ranch.

In 1935 the properties were partitioned, and the Kleberg family carried on the management of the King Ranch. Its acreage now totals 900,000. The Santa Gertrudis division, which is ranch headquarters, consists of 200,000 acres, in which is included the 69,000-acre Santa Gertrudis grant of land, the original purchase of Captain King. It derived its name from the original land grant from the Crown of Spain. Some of the ranch holdings extend to the Gulf of Mexico, and along its shores for approximately 50 miles.

The Santa Gertrudis home of Mrs. Alice G. K. Kleberg, headquarters of the ranch, bears the name of the original land grant; the map on the right, showing the Mexican-American border and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, shows the various ranches in the King Barony



In addition to the beautiful Santa Gertrudis headquarters place, near the town of Kingsville, there are four other large division ranches, Laureles, Encino, Norias, and San Antonio Viejo. The King Ranch is so divided for convenience in management. Each division has its superintendent and its own set-up.

SPANISH architecture predominates in the ranch homes and buildings. The great ranch headquarters, where Mrs. Alice G. K. Kleberg lives, was erected following the destruction of the original building by fire in 1912. It is a place of romantic and distinctive beauty in the Spanish manner.

At the present time the King Ranch is a corporation, with Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., as president and general manager. His brother, Congressman Richard M. Kleberg, of Corpus Christi, is chairman of the board; their mother, Mrs. Alice G. K. Kleberg, is secretary-treasurer; and Caesar Kleberg, a cousin, is assistant ranch manager. T. T. East, a brother-in-law, is cattle sales manager.

While Robert Kleberg gives more thought and study to this great ranching institution than any of the other



Capt. Richard King founded the ranch in 1852

titled officers, all are intensely interested in the property. The members of the Kleberg family, even to the youngest, all find something to do.

The important undertakings of the ranch at present are pasture develop-



ERNEST GRAHAM PHOTOS

Spanish architecture predominates in the ranch homes and buildings; the Santa Gertrudis house was built in 1912, replacing the original, destroyed by fire

ment, land clearance, soil and water conservation, cattle and horse breeding, and game conservation, all of which have been developed to a high degree. The King Ranch is unique in that it is not governed by precedent or by the policies of other ranches or ranching sections. It is an institution unto itself, and the management, through careful study and scientific experimentation, works out its own methods and problems.

Perhaps the outstanding accomplishment of the King Ranch is the production of its own breed of cattle. This was done through a breeding program carried on at the ranch over a long period of years for the purpose of determining the type of beef cattle best suited to the range conditions of that territory. Years of experience and close study, particularly during the lifetime of Robert J. Kleberg, Sr., had failed to disclose an existing breed suitable in every respect to the environment of the ranch. Through a scientific process of crossbreeding, a new breed of cattle, the Santa Gertrudis, was produced. It is believed to be the only breed whose origin is the United States.

In accordance with their purpose at the outset, the King Ranch operators succeeded in creating, in the Santa Gertrudis cattle, a breed unexcelled in beef



MORGAN

Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., with his daughter Alice

qualities, and, above all, of a hardy, thrifty nature, able to withstand heat and disease, and the frequent Texas droughts. This was accomplished by crossing Brahma cattle from India with the Shorthorns, or Durhams, of England.

The cattle with which Capt. King

stocked his land originally were the early native cattle of Mexico and Texas, the only kind available at the time. These common Mexican cattle flourished on the range and were by nature hardy and prolific, but they did not mature into the most desirable type of beef cattle. And that, after the ranch began to develop, was its primary object. In an effort to improve the beef quality of the cattle, bulls of the British breeds—Herefords and Shorthorns—were crossed with the native stock, and small herds of purebred cattle were bought until finally the original and grade cattle were all replaced, and the ranch was stocked with approximately 25,000 Shorthorns and 25,000 Herefords of pure blood. It was found that while the British breeds were more acceptable from a market standpoint than the original cattle, they were not as good range animals; they were not so prolific, and they suffered more from heat, drought, insects, and other natural enemies.

About that time Brahma cattle were attracting attention in some parts of Texas, and were showing themselves to be very hardy and prolific. A halfbred Shorthorn-Brahma bull was given to the King Ranch in 1910, and was bred to purebred Shorthorn cows. The offspring from this cross proved to be the best

range cattle that the ranch had ever produced, and the managers realized that these crossbred cattle should be watched and studied closely, for in them might lie the solution to their range-cattle problem.

During the spring of 1919 a comparison was made of all the female offspring of the halfbred gift bull and his son, and an equal number of the best and fattest purebred Hereford cows. They were placed in the same pasture under favorable range conditions, and their progress watched. It was found that the crossbred cattle, while not so uniform, were in every instance larger, heavier, and fatter than the purebred Herefords. Kleberg was convinced of the importance of breeding Brahma blood into the purebred herds.

RATHER than work with both of the British breeds, it was decided to concentrate on the Shorthorn cattle and to go into the experiment more extensively. Fifty-two Brahma bulls were purchased, and by a process of selection and cross-breeding, interesting results were obtained. After several years it was possible to single out the best individual first-cross bull, which was named Monkey, and which marked the real beginning of the improved breed of Santa Gertrudis cattle.

From experimentation to determine what percentage of Brahma blood would give the best range and market animal, the selection of three-eighths Brahma and five-eighths Shorthorn was made as being the best cross—one that seemed to give the maximum of size, hardiness, and fattening ability, the highest dressing percentage, and the greatest resistance to heat and insects.

By using the sons and grandsons of the bull Monkey on heifers of the first cross and again on the double cross resulting from mating first-cross bulls on first-cross heifers, and finally adopting in-and-in and line breeding methods to the foundation sire Monkey, the Santa Gertrudis breed was developed. The famous bull, Santa Gertrudis, was produced as the ideal type, and became the head sire on the King Ranch.

Today the Santa Gertrudis cattle are receiving attention both at home and abroad. Those exported have gone principally to Colombia, Venezuela, Costa Rica, and Cuba. The present demand for Santa Gertrudis bulls is far in excess of the ability of the ranch to supply them.

The development of the new breed changed the marketing policy of the ranch which has proved to be another advantage. Because they are so well adapted to that particular territory, the King Ranch is now able to fatten all the Santa Gertrudis cattle on its own range, and on some grazing areas leased by the ranch, and market them; whereas, before the special breed was developed, the cattle were sold to stocker buyers who shipped them to the feed-

lots or to the fattening areas, to be finished.

Of the 65,000 head of cattle on the ranch, between 25,000 and 30,000 head are marketed each year. The marketing plan of the King Ranch is to sell off the culls from the herds the year around. The calf crop is culled and the calves are taken from the cows at an average age of eight months. Although these

culled calves may lack the desired quality of those retained for replacement in the breeding herd, or held for the fattening ranges on the ranch, they are nevertheless fat and heavy for their age and sell well on the market.

The cut-back heifers, old cows, and old bulls constitute about 50% of the cattle that are marketed by the King Ranch each year. As proof of the excel-



The Thoroughbred yearlings on the King ranch are given their preliminary work on the ranch track



Fireproof broodmare barn; in foreground; Dawn Play, Split Second and On Hand



Equestrian, by Equipoise out of Frilette, by Man o' War; an injury prevented his racing



Macanudo, a young stallion of the special cow horse breed being developed on the King ranch



The ranch is famous for its men; above top left is Dr. J. K. Northway, ranch veterinarian; then Tom Tate, foreman; Ed Durham, another foreman; Manuel Garcia, cow camp "corporal"

lent beef qualities of the Santa Gertrudis breed and its marketing advantage, the steers from the calf crops average from one hundred to two hundred pounds heavier at one year of age than Hereford and Shorthorn cattle, and are carried to marketable weight in a shorter length of time. Also, the old bulls and cows and the cut-back heifers have consistently brought more per pound and have consistently outweighed either of the British breeds. It is noticeable that the old animals from the Santa Gertrudis herd have a smoother, fatter, and neater appearance than do the old bulls and

old cows of the earlier British breeds. The real producing problem, which presented itself early in the history of the King Ranch, was the improvement of the range, for by supplying more and better grass, the land would in turn produce more and better cattle. An important step in the range development program was the eradication of mesquite timber and brush from land that would otherwise be valuable for grazing purposes. The clearing of the mesquite land was done at first by the use of Mexican hand labor, which was both slow and costly. Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., tried vari-

ous mechanical devices, and finally his experiments resulted in the invention of a machine for this use, which is known as the "tree-dozer." It proved successful, and several years later, as a solution to the problem of clearing the land of running mesquite brush, another new implement, the "knife-rooter," was invented. By the use of these two machines, between 40,000 and 50,000 acres of land have been cleared on the King Ranch.

Of the cleared land, 25,000 acres have been planted in Rhodes grass, a type of forage found to be well suited to the semi-tropical climate of the King Ranch country. Some of the grass was brought to the Rio Grande Valley from California, where it had been imported from Australia. It was brought originally to Australia from Africa by Cecil Rhodes, from whom it derived its name. An authority on grasses recommended it to Robert J. Kleberg, Sr., who planted it first in 1916. Although hard to plant, the grass proved to be successful. There are sixty varieties of native grasses found on the King Ranch, the chief being curly mesquite, gramma, and brown sage; but Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., is of the opinion that nothing is so good for any purpose as the Rhodes grass, and he believes it will do for Texas what bluegrass has done for Kentucky.

In carrying on its huge cattle industry, the ranch is dependent on good cow ponies and good cow hands. The horse method of handling cattle is preferred and used altogether on the King Ranch, in contrast with the prevailing method on most Texas ranches. The average 50,000-acre ranch in Texas will have perhaps as many as 10 sets of pens for the express purpose of handling cattle, whereas the King Ranch handles its herds in round-ups, the cow hands riding out on the range and working the cattle where they find them. This method was adopted because the ranch believes that there is less damage to cattle if they are handled on horseback in an open herd, and because they are left better located on the range than when concentrated around pens. Also, this method is more economical, for it requires less investment and equipment.

It takes around 1,800 saddle horses to run the ranch, and for the important work at hand they must be good, with the proper handling and moving qualities, plus the instinct commonly referred to as "cow sense."

Capt. King was foremost among the pioneer breeders of good horseflesh during the early years of Texas ranching history. It was not uncommon in the 1850's for him to go into Old Mexico and pay \$250 for a good-blooded Spanish horse, of Arab lineage. That was considered a good price for a horse in those days. Then he began acquiring English Thoroughbreds, breeding them to the Mexican-type pony to produce an excellent cow horse. It is said that he had ten Thoroughbreds standing on his

ranch at one time. From this early beginning, the King Ranch has produced good horses consistently through the years, the managers never having lost sight of the need for good animals in the successful handling of their ranching business.

With the arrival of the automobile era the demand for horses became less and less, and breeding on a big scale for sale purposes was found to be unprofitable. The King Ranch surplus was so great at one time that 1,200 mares were driven across the Rio Grande into Mexico.

The United States Remount Service provided a good market for King Ranch horses, and many have been disposed of through this medium. Some subsequently won outstanding honors in competition at West Point, proving themselves to be of the type desirable as polo ponies.

Some 20 years ago Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., who is a horseman like his father and grandfather before him, conceived the idea of breeding a special type of horse, an endeavor prompted by the necessity on the King Ranch of a high-class riding horse that could move with ease and rhythm, and that could be handled with a touch of the reins.

In attempting the experiment in the

breeding of horses, as in the case of the cattle breeding program, many things had to be taken into consideration, such as climatic conditions, forage, pests and diseases. For instance, there was sand burn to contend with—an affliction believed to be caused by some alkali substance in the prairie sand which blisters the hide of horses having any white patches on them.

So, as the most practical kind of horse for the experiment. Bob Kleberg, Jr., chose the all-sorrel because greys, duns, and sorrels with black skin hold their color best in the heat and sun. After they shed off in the spring, their coats do not sunburn. And sorrel is the only

recessive color—a sorrel, when bred to a sorrel, always produces another.

To begin with, Kleberg became interested in a sorrel Quarterhorse colt, which he considered an exceptional individual and a fine type to be used as his head sire. This sorrel colt, purchased when six months old, was out of a powerful, but not large, mare, which had been purchased in Kentucky and brought to Texas by Dr. Fred Rose of Del Rio. He was delivered in the fall and was carefully broken and worked to ascertain his qualities. As he developed, he turned out to be such an outstanding individual, his action and his disposition were so perfect, and his appearance was so pleasing that Kleberg decided to make an attempt to take the special qualities which this original sorrel Quarterhorse had and transmit them through a desirable type of Thoroughbred, so as to give the ultimate product the advantages of both breeds. To do this it was necessary to resort to line breeding and inbreeding methods. As his original band of mares for use in the experiment, Kleberg selected the best Thoroughbreds on the property, judged from a standpoint of disposition, appearance, and handling ability. And thus the production of the special ranch breed of horses was begun. (Continued on page 56)



Santa Gertrudis bull, 18 mos., 1800 lbs.



A group of Santa Gertrudis heifer calves; in the background are a hay barn and three of the Spanish-American cowboys who handle the cattle

ERNEST GRAHAM PHOTOS

The Compleat Woodcocker

by P. P. PITKIN

WELL, good Scholar! You are no sluggard, are you? Here betimes; and with all things needful? I trust so. Let us see: your gun? your shells? Good. And your lunch, too? That was not needful, for Mother has provided bountifully for us both. Never mind; bring it along: young appetites are great and the air of the uplands is bound to make you sharp-set.

Come, Roger! are you eager to go, good fellow? Yes! Get in! Get in! There. He will be most eager until he has sufficiently quested and finds himself among birds, and searcely obedient to command. Place your belongings in the rear and then sit you here beside me. Are you well-set? Then we'll be off! I have no itinerary in mind, Scholar, but think it well to try the lower covers first so that we will have our will of them before they are invaded by rabbit-hunters. When they, with their shoutings of "heo! heo!" and their loud-baying hounds have thrashed about a covert, the woodcocks are become more fearful than is their wont, if, in truth, they have not forsaken the place altogether. And as we drive over the road let us consider your tacklings.

Your gun, now, is longer in the barrel than I would choose, and it is bored to hold its load of shots more closely together than I like. Still, if it is one to which you are used, and one which you can handle with celerity, I make no doubt it will serve very well. And your cartridges are loaded with fair, round shot? Sized number nine? They are as good as any other, and most often recommended, though I, myself, make better practise with pellets sized number seven and one-half; besides, with them I feel better armed for the shooting of a grouse or a pheasant. Again it is a matter of small import, the proper pointing of the piece counting more heavily.

Well, Scholar, here we are at the covert-side. First, the bell on good Roger's neck. Now the guns! Have you cartridges in your pocket? Good! Now we'll have at them, as is said by some. See Roger hasten! But that edge will wear down as the day progresses.

Possibly there are no birds here today, though the place is a good one, as I can testify. Young alder growth in sweet, springy land, with this brooklet wending through it! Excellent, Scholar: a classic

ground for woodcock. See! One has been feeding here. Here are—!

I deplore having taken your shot, sir, but I feared you would not take it yourself. Had Roger been here and pointed that bird you would, no doubt, have had time to shoot. Here he comes now to retrieve. Good fellow! Fetch! Here! Hunt dead, sirrah! Here! Roger! Why won't you hunt dead? Damn it all, Roger! You should be well chastized for this! He is truly a very great dog, but has yet to steady down this morning. Splendid, plump bird, isn't he? Well, we have made a beginning.

As I was about to say when that bird took flight, there were his droppings. When you see them, Scholar, it is well to hold yourself in readiness for shooting, for frequently these birds feed about, then sit and rest near their feeding. From the fact that their borings and their droppings seem to occur at the same places, it would seem that their digestion might be embarrassingly rapid.

But hark! Hear you Roger's bell? Surely he has come to point while I have been rambling on! You last heard him yonder? Hee, then, to him! Ah! There he is! This time prepare to give trigger! Is that not beautiful? Is he not staunch and—Whoa! Rog! Whoa, you G*//&—\$*-*(—#!%#)! — There, there! Scholar, what am I saying? In very truth, the sight of the dog's hinder end flitting through the trees when he has broken his point fills me with wrath: a flood of vile invective mounts to my lips and pours forth in a spate not to be gainsaid. I find myself uttering words the very meaning of which I am ignorant. Forgive me! and let us hunt on as though naught had occurred to mar our perfect pleasure, and when Roger returns from his peregrinations through both Topsham and Chelsea, perchance he will work more soberly. Just wend on through these alders and mayhap we will find that bird or his fellow.

Mark! Did you not see him? Then why did you not shoot? Branches and limbs and twigs and vines held your gun prisoner, eh? Well, well! Shooting in these thickly growing alders does present difficulties, I know, but the surmounting of them is the finest part of the sport. You should carry your piece in your right hand, thus: and with your left hand fend

away the branches which wouldumber your progress, and, you will observe, your gun is constantly ready for action. It is by such care that success is—hell and high water! There went a fine bird and my weapon was held captive by a creeper! Damn creepers! Why will I not learn to comport myself to avoid them? Why do I—why does anyone—chasten, flagellate, and demean himself by the pursuit of a miserable little migrant that is worth naught alive and less dead, and and that chooseth haunts dank and impenetrable—What say you? Roger? And on a point? I can scarce credit it, but there he is.

Advance, Scholar, in all readiness and take the shot! Well done! Upon my word, well done! Let no man say you are not a performer upon woodcock! Fetch, Roger! Ah! this is much better! A fine, fat hen to grace your table. Is not woodcock shooting a noble sport, Scholar? And is there more pleasure to be found on earth than in this plaicid exercise?

Let us continue, for, as I live, there is worthy Roger upon another point! Prepare for the flight of yet another bird. Step around to one side of yonder spruce tree, for I believe our quarry to be a grouse. Ah! I thought so: and you have missed hitting him with both barrels. Be not dismayed, but remember that the timing of shots at grouse and at woodcock are not the same. Many there be that shoot well at woodcocks and many, but not so many, that shoot well at grouse: but the man that kills half of his birds when they spring first the one kind, then the other, is so good that I have yet to see him.

And now let us face about and leave this place, for good Roger has covered all of the ground, and we will seek another place. Ha! So there was one that he overlooked. Observe, Scholar, that that cock bored straight through the alder stems? Had I followed the instructions so often laid down, to shoot not until the bird had cleared the tops, he would not now be entering my pocket.

Ah! here we are! Could you ask to see a finer woodcock ground than this? Or a more pleasantly sheltered and sunny place to eat our lunch? Enjoy yourself now, and partake of these slices of tongue. Also to drink some coffee. It is excellent brew even though it comes from a bottle. My old friend, a Colonel of the Military, (*Continued on page 50*)



"EARLY WOODCOCK" BY A LASSELL RIPLEY—COURTESY SPORTING GALLERY AND BOOKSHOP



COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

This room from the Powel House, Philadelphia, 1768, well illustrates the sophistication of early American masters

Elegance in American Antiques

by ALBERT SACK

"How much am I offered for this priceless antique chair, a real museum piece—seven dollars, should bring at least 50—seven, going at seven dollars, sold to the lady in the front row for seven dollars!"

The rural auction sale, and the myriad country antique shops dotting the highways have become American institutions. And the crude and provincial pine and maple furniture which they contain is generally considered as representative of Colonial craftsmanship. But does it not seem plausible that the fine Colonial mansions, such as Westover in Virginia, the Hammond House in Annapolis, the Jumel Mansion, the Hancock House, the Pierce-Nichols house in Portsmouth, N. H., and Monticello, must have con-

tained more sophisticated furniture than these broken-down, inferior rural antiques?

Any attempt at gaining a comprehensive picture of American 18th-century artisanship is impossible without understanding its relation to contemporary European craftsmanship. Both English and Colonial furniture in the 1600's was comparatively crude and used inferior woods. Even in the largest homes of the times on this side of the Atlantic the central room was the kitchen, which also served as the living and dining room.

The main items of furniture were the press cupboards, the gate-leg tables, heavy oaken chairs, high back settles. Pure utilitarianism was the keynote. Originality or fluency of form, except in

isolated instances, was not conceived of. The fronts of the press cupboards, the oaken chests, were decorated with primitively, but elaborately, carved scrolls and flowers, (in New England the tulip and sunflower were prevalent), and received their inspiration from the massive Spanish and Italian chests of the 16th and 17th centuries.

The gate-leg dining table was rectangular in shape and broke the monotony and heaviness of line by having lathe-turned legs. These turnings were the most refined aspect of 17th century furniture, since even the hand lathe could be quite accurate. In the American colonies there had developed a large variety of smaller ingenious tables such as the butterfly, tavern, the clever tuck-

away table, which is still employed to advantage in modern furniture. Many of these tables used more native woods than the European black oak, such as cherry, maple, and walnut, which, aided by the mellowing of centuries, have become very appealing. During the William and Mary era, some of the choicest furniture attained considerable refinement. People began to look to their bedrooms, aesthetically speaking, and created the six-legged highboy and lowboy. These pieces were still straight and rectangular but the turnings were bolder and more original, the drawer fronts of some of the better examples in England and America were veneered with beautifully figured burl walnut, the brass handles were engraved.

Up to this time, nothing really developed in either country which produced any great contribution to the history of design in furniture. But in the early 1700's a revolt broke loose. A new prosperity came to Europe and America. As the homes became more luxurious, those who could afford it demanded furniture which was not as severe and boxlike as the preceding century. Why, after all, need all lines be straight? During the remainder of the century, 1720-1810, the West (America) enjoyed a furniture renaissance. Under four influences in England and America called Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, furniture design finally carved its niche in immortal art's Hall of Fame.

In each country these influences were interpreted differently, according to the needs and modes of living of the respective lands. This country attained as important and original an interpretation of each of these periods as any European nation. Not only did we develop fully, but we made four outstanding contributions; the Philadelphia highboy, New England block-front furniture, Duncan Phyfe and McIntire furniture.

After 1720, the colonies along the Atlantic coast were no longer wilderness. Large cities sprang up. Pretentious man-



Queen Anne mahogany bonnet-top highboy, made in North America about 1740-50

sions were built. Their owners, having acquired considerable wealth, employed and brought over from England the finest cabinetmakers, selected choice woods, and commissioned these men to fashion their furniture without regard to cost or time. Each piece was an individual hand creation. There were no such things as bedroom or living room sets.



COURTESY CITY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS

The Queen Anne period, 1720-1750, as interpreted in this country, displays amazing development and individuality. In New England, especially in Boston, the highboy and companion lowboy were common bedroom accessories. Neither of these types were highly developed in England, and were infrequently used there. These New England pieces had gracefully curved legs and many had a carved fan in the lower central drawer. The "skirt" below the drawers was often cut out in pleasing serpentine curves. The tops of most of the highboys were flat, but a few ambitious craftsmen, believing that this prevented symmetry and gave a boxlike effect, created the bonnet-top highboy. On each side of the top they placed a graceful serpentine moulding, flowing toward the center, which corresponded to the curves of the legs and formed a perfect harmonious entity. The Queen Anne chairs of the colonies, which also originated in this section, had attractive, slender backs, carved splats and delicately turned stretchers. A few small, folding tuckaway tables with circular dish tops and magnificently slender cabriole legs show vividly the ingenuity and charm attained by these artists.

In London in 1754 was published Thomas Chippendale's "Gentlemen and Cabinetmaker's Director," a book which inspired the richest period in 18th century handiwork. The more prosperous inhabitants of England and America had broken, during the Queen Anne period, from the severity of earlier furniture. As their culture matured, their furniture blossomed out in full glory. Legs of chairs, tables, which in Queen Anne's reign were curved, were now curved and carved. Tops of chairs assumed a graceful sweep. Their legs terminated in a bold claw and ball foot. The tops of tilt tables were cut with a pie-crust edge.

I should like to clear up one prevalent misconception at this point. While a few pieces attributed to Thomas Chippendale are in London museums, he is fa-



At the left, a Chippendale mahogany carved side chair, with ball-and-claw feet, carved knees, pierced and carved back, attributed to Gillingham, Philadelphia cabinet maker, about 1760. Above, Hepplewhite mahogany and satinwood inlaid secretary made in Baltimore about 1780-90. Right, Hepplewhite mahogany and satinwood inlaid writing desk, with sliding doors and Battersea enamel handles, made in New England about 1790



BAKER COLLECTION
The Tambour secretary is reproduced from Edgar G. Miller, Jr.'s, "American Antique Furniture," 1790-1810; the armchair is from the Judge Cushing chair in the old Boston State House, circa 1780

mous for his book of designs, not his cabinetmaking. Many people believe that a Chippendale piece means one that was made by Chippendale. Almost without exception, it means merely that it was inspired by that artist's designs. This, of course, is also the case with Hepplewhite and Sheraton.

As the Chippendale era approached in this country, the larger cities experienced an undreamed of prosperity. Agriculture, commerce, and fishing produced large fortunes. No effort was spared to create the choicest furniture that could be conceived. They enjoyed a flourishing trade with the West Indies and England. In the West Indies the world's finest mahogany was grown and shipped in tremendous quantities to the colonies and to England. There is no such thing as an English or American mahogany. This aristocrat of furniture woods is solely a tropical product and was shipped to both countries from the same source. It was a widespread practice in this land, when a child was born, to purchase a quantity of select woods and to store it until the child was married. During this time the wood had ample opportunity to season. In the hands of skilled artisans, masterpieces were inevitable.

Philadelphia was the center of Colonial America, and most closely resembled European metropolises, both in the inhabitants and in their furnishings. Beautifully carved pie-crust tables, card tables, console tables with marble tops, thousands of side chairs of infinite variety, some, the famous Benjamin Randolph sample chairs, rivalling in richness and perfection the proudest English creation.

In Philadelphia, as formerly in New England, the highboy and lowboy were

the crowning achievements. The carving on the knees, the carved center drawers of the lower and upper sections of the highboy, which usually consisted of a recessed shell surrounded by floriated scrolls but sometimes carved in the shape of graceful swans or allegorical figures, the carved rosettes and finials were offset by the unadorned surface of the drawer fronts to form a breathtaking harmonious unit.

While New England was experiencing a comparable opulence, the simplicity and ruggedness of its inhabitants could not countenance the profuseness of their Philadelphia contemporaries. Although

Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut created many interesting types, such as the serpentine-front chests of drawers, the block front furniture conceived in these localities so overshadows them that to discuss anything but this great development seems superfluous. The block front, a pure American achievement, consisted of carving the drawer fronts of case pieces such as bureaus, desks, secretaries, into two raised panels and a recessed center one.

But crowding all these pieces into insignificance was the block front furniture made in Newport, R. I. by the superlative craftsman John Goddard. He fashioned bureaus, chests on chests, secretary desks and kneehole desks for his prosperous patrons, each with meticulous care, sometimes taking as long as a year to finish one item. The mahogany he selected had to have the perfection of a flawless diamond, every inch of construction both in the interior and exterior of the piece had to measure up to his exacting standards.

A thorough student of John Goddard, who owns several of this craftsman's finest creations and has seen most of the others surviving today, asserts that in all his observation of this cabinetmaker's work, he has not been able to find one flaw in the proportion, form, wood, or construction. Goddard broke the monotony of the block front by carving the top drawer of each of his pieces with semi-circular shells—two convex and one concave. His curved, or ogee bracket foot, was characterized by a scrolled raised bead which followed the inner contour of the foot. One can, without qualms, call him the Rembrandt of furniture craftsmanship.

Toward the close of the American



BAKER COLLECTION
Fine reproductions are available today; the sideboard and cabinet go back to Wallace Nutting's "Furniture Treasury," 1790; the table to a Phyfe piece, 1820; the chairs to the early 19th Century



W. B. J. SLOANE

The mahogany Bombe secretary is copied from the one used by George Washington during his occupancy of the Craigie-Longfellow house at Cambridge, Mass., during the Revolution, and is now in the Metropolitan Museum. The mahogany Philadelphia tilt-top table and the sofa are also copied from originals which are now in the Metropolitan. The original of the Simon Willard clock is in the Edison Institute, at Dearborn, Mich.

Revolution the Hepplewhite influence came into vogue in America. Although George Hepplewhite's "Cabinetmaker's and Upholsterer's Guide" was published in London in 1784, the style which is associated with this designer's name originated during the previous decade. The keynote of this period was a delicacy and a trimness which makes it the favorite of many.

America quickly adopted and adapted this style with delightful and varied interpretations. For the first time each locality reached high standards of perfection, with Baltimore attaining the highest development. The square tapering leg was employed on most forms and the mahogany was ornamented with restrained inlays of satinwoods, or shells, urns, and spread eagles. The majestic serpentine front sideboards, card tables, and pembrokes, glass door and tambour secretaries, the numerous chairs with their shield-shaped backs and beautifully carved splats, are eloquent testimony of the heights reached by the enterprising colonists during this period.

The last great influence in 18th-century furniture design was inspired by Thomas Sheraton's "Cabinetmaker's and

Upholsterer's Drawing Book," published in London, 1793. Strangely enough, this period reverted to the rectangular straight line construction of 17th-century furniture, but with a world of difference in refinement. Duncan Phyfe, a New York craftsman, was the outstanding contribution of America to the Sheraton period. Working during this influence, he created so many new types that he conceived a style all his own.

PHYFE's shop, on Partition Street, in New York City, employed more than 100 men, but it was not mass production. His pieces were made entirely by hand, and uniformly reflect painstaking care and accuracy. His greatest development was the urn-shaped pedestal supported by three or four concave sloping legs, terminating in brass paw casters. These pedestals were often ornamented with acanthus leaf carving, and were used on his card and pembroke tables, generally with clover-leaf shaped tops. His richly figured and expertly matched veneers are superb. He is also justifiably noted for his sofas, with their backs exquisitely carved with draperies, sheaves of wheat, and cornucopias. Also famous

are his lyre-back chairs with round reeded legs, or curved legs ending in hairy paw feet.

In Salem, now an important port, Samuel McIntire fashioned furniture for various wealthy inhabitants. Some of the masterpieces which he carved for the Elias Hasket Derby family are now on exhibit in the Boston Museum.

Let no one assume that the amount of these early American treasures extant today are negligible. In three collections of American antiques alone, there are represented over 20 millions of dollars. During the past 20 years a handful of reputable dealers have been scouring the country for native treasures, and a handful of far-sighted collectors have been accumulating them. In recent years, in spite of many false notions of what constitutes merit, the public has begun to discover our own artisans. In almost every large city museum there have been installed American Wings. Historical houses have been preserved, and some filled with excellent domestic antiques. There is ample opportunity to learn about our American antiques, and ample reward for those who take the trouble.

Fall Racing Prospects

by MURRAY TYNAN

THIS is a season of the year when ever so many people who have not followed racing closely since the Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes are beginning to think about the Thoroughbreds again and are wondering what the autumn racing will bring. The autumn will bring good racing, maybe sensational sport in the two-year-old division, but unfortunately for the folks in the Far West and even the Middle West most of this keen sport will be confined to the East, largely to Belmont Park and Pimlico.

California had its fling in March when Seabiscuit took the celebrated Hundred Grand and again in the summer when Challedon went West to take charge of the Hollywood Gold Cup and its \$50,000 in added money. The Middle West had its say in the spring at Keeneland and when we all went to Churchill Downs to see Gallahadion win the Derby. The East gave the game a battle in the later spring, swung into high ground at Saratoga in August, and will now stay there until the Belmont Park and Pimlico meetings are completed late in the autumn.

We'll show you some good racing in the East pretty soon—I think.

To sell the point this reporter could go through the Saratoga meeting and review it gently, could tell you how Warren Wright's Whirlaway distinguished himself when he won the Hopeful on a perfectly miserable afternoon. He could tell you how Alfred Vanderbilt's New World, defeated by Whirlaway in the Saratoga Special, came back to beat Wright's famous stretch runner in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes. We could go back a little farther than that and inform you how Mrs. Parker Corning's Attention conquered Whirlaway in the United States Hotel Stakes and then go on to report how Whirlaway defeated Attention in the extremely muddy Hopeful Stakes.

That would all be a part of selling you the idea or prospect of keen racing in the autumn, because what happened at Saratoga, and even at Arlington Park and Washington Park in Chicago, helped to build up the intriguing juvenile situation that will be fought out presently at Belmont Park, and maybe later at Pimlico. That battle of the turf titans may bring a brief skirmish in New England, too, at Narragansett Park, but one cannot be too sure about that yet.

It would be interesting to write of all these things, and perhaps this reporter will if space permits, but to lead off, one simply must start with a sunny afternoon at Aqueduct on Sept. 8. According to the calendar it was still summer, but there was a touch of autumn in the air. The tide was high in Jamaica Bay that laps at shores not more than a half mile from the race course. At least it doesn't look to be

The tide plays something of a part in this piece because it was decidedly high the afternoon that Ogden Phipps' King Cole won the Babylon Stakes. The turf had thought of King Cole, a son of Pharamond 2nd from Golden Melody by Mont d'Or for which young Phipps gave \$6,500 in last year's yearling sales, as a useful sort, certainly not much more. And while the turf was thinking of Whirlaway, Attention, New World



Attention, winning here at Belmont, has been very much in the public eye

more than a half mile, and when you stand on the roof of the stand you might be willing to bet that you could scale your summer straw hat right into the blue of the bay.

Now what, one might well ask, has high tide in Jamaica Bay to do with a piece that is supposed to deal with racing prospects of the autumn. You might be surprised to know how much it has to do with the subject. When the tide is high in Jamaica Bay the Aqueduct course is one of the fastest in the East. It all has something to do with the sandy soil on which the course is built, and when the weather is dry and the tide is low the track is not nearly so fast as when it is damp and the tide is in.

and possibly Charles S. Howard's Porter's Cap as the leading colts, King Cole and Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains him, were sawing wood and patiently waiting.

Fitzsimmons, the canny old horseman who developed Gallant Fox, Omaha and Granville, Dark Secret, Dice and Distraction and so many other horses of note including the speedy Snark, selected the sunny afternoon when the tide was high to give the turf a surprise party. The Babylon Handicap looked to be one of those things in which Mrs. Payne Whitney's Tangled and J. E. Widener's Misty Isle, a pair of fillies, would put it all over a lot of modest and bashful colts. You can imagine the surprise then when King Cole sprinted

into the lead before the field went a sixteenth of a mile, opened up a wide gap and won breezing, by eight lengths, in 1:11½, which equalled the track record.

The tide, you can bank on it, had something to do with the time. So did King Cole. Alfred Vanderbilt was in the stewards' stand and he watched with a speculative eye. Warren Wright may have been home in Chicago, but when he heard about it he may have sat down and speculated a little, too. It was an important race, an important performance. It was a solid point in selling you the idea that there will be keen two-year-old racing this autumn. King Cole had joined the top flight, had drifted into the picture on a high tide.

When King Cole gave this brilliant performance people immediately started to think about the Junior Champion on Sept. 21 and the Futurity at Belmont

and the Futurity, the New York Handicap at two miles and one quarter with \$50,000 added, the Matron, the Lawrence Realization and other races in New York.

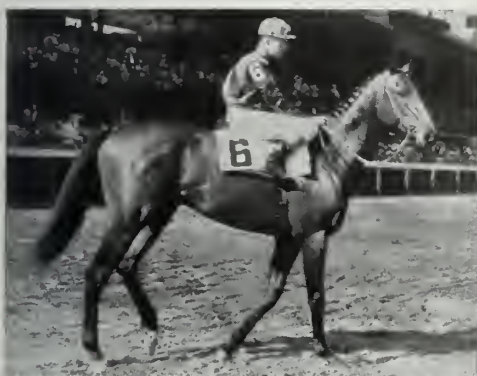
Then there was the Narragansett Special to consider and the possibility that Challedon, the champion might go, as well as the New England Futurity. And after that there was the Pimlico Futurity, the Pimlico Special, whatever it may bring, and a dozen other races any one of which might well be worth walking a mile to see. And for the folks who cannot take their steeplechasing or leave it alone, there was the season at Belmont, topped by the American Grand National and the races at Pimlico.

By this time you ought to be willing to admit that we in the East had some good racing to look forward to after the tide came in and King Cole breezed to

except Saratoga, which is a thing apart for fairly obvious sporting reasons, and Belmont Park will use the almighty dollar as a magnet this autumn. It ought to work, and as a matter of fact it seems possible to say that it will definitely work.



Ogden Phipps' surprising two-year-old, King Cole



Top left is Mrs. Parker Corning's Attention, by Equipoise, then Alfred G. Vanderbilt's brilliant colt, New World; below Crispin Oglebay's outstanding filly, Level Best, and Warren Wright's Whirlaway

THAYER AND TURF PIX

Park on Sept. 28. The colt was eligible, so were Whirlaway, New World and Porter's Cap. Attention was in the Futurity, but not the Junior Champion. Crispin Oglebay's Level Best, perhaps the best of the fillies, was in the Junior Champion, but not the Futurity, more's the pity. People looked these things up and began to think.

There would be grand racing in the autumn, after all. This would not be a fall when the two-year-olds were overshadowed by one or two runners as they were last year by Bimelech and the season before by El Chico.

And so folks who go racing quite frequently, and maybe the people who come down only once in a while, started to think about the Junior Champion

his stylish triumph in the Babylon Handicap.

At this point it seems like a fair idea to line up the situation at Belmont Park, which will open Sept. 23, and go on from there. The introduction of the New York Handicap indirectly put something of a damper on the Junior Champion, but more of that later. Let it suffice to say at this point that Belmont Park should follow Saratoga in the racing schedule in New York, and if space permits further along this reporter will attempt to tell you why he and many others who are closer and probably more intelligent observers think it should.

It takes money to make the mare go at every race course in this country

When this piece was written after the tide came in and King Cole joined the royal family it was established that the stable of Charles S. Howard, most important on the Pacific Coast would race in New York along with those of Warren Wright, Mrs. John D. Hertz and others that are prominent in the Middle West.

To make room for the New York Handicap, which probably will bring Challedon to the racing strip and looks to be something like the Ascot Gold Cup that played such an important part in Britain's racing of happier days, the Belmont Park program had to be shuffled around a bit.

At first glance you might get the idea that Vanderbilt, C. V. Whitney, George Francis, P. A. B. Widener and the rest of the sportsmen made the shuffle as though they were playing a rubber of bridge, but when you look over the stakes schedule you can see how carefully they worked it out. In making their rearrangement of stakes to accommodate the New York Handicap they didn't do the Junior Champion at Aqueduct any good, but the Junior Champion was not their concern and, anyway, their Futurity is the richest race run in the world for two-year-olds. They had an ace card there.

If you have been in the habit of coming to some of the big races at Belmont in the autumn it might be well for you to keep in mind a few of the events I am going to list. It took some trouble to get the list in advance so that you would have it in time, and this reporter bowed on bended knee with hat in hand before such high-pressure press agents as Dave Wood and Joe Cohn to bag it.

The list is so completely changed from last year that it seems best to list the stakes to be run with their dates, and it is quite possible (Continued on page 45)

America's Thousand Dollar Foxhound Match

When the Hounds of the Grafton and the Middlesex Made Fox-hunting History

by DIRK VAN INGEN

FOXHOUND matches are nearly as old as fox-hunting. Records of matches between packs, as well as between individual hounds, show that such trials were held in England in the 18th century.

Here in America, as early as May 18, 1839, a resident of Georgia offered—in the spirit of the times—to bet \$500 that nine of his hounds could “catch their fox quicker than any set of hounds that can be produced . . .” Other suggestions for matches are of record in later years and in November of 1902 a prize of \$1,000 was offered by William C. Whitney for the pack of seven couple of foxhounds showing the best field qualities.

This match was held in the Meadow Brook country, on Long Island, the judges being Harry Worcester Smith and D’Orsey Williams. Packs were entered by Meadow Brook, Thomas Hitchcock and the Green Spring Valley, while Herman B. Duryea entered two packs. For a week they hunted together, two packs at a time on alternate days, with excellent sport and the finest spirit between contestants. At the end of the trial two packs stood out, but the judges were unable to choose between them and the prize was divided between the Green Spring Valley pack and that of Thomas Hitchcock.

Harry Smith was Master of the Grafton Hounds, and had been active in the affairs of the Brunswick Foxhound Club which held its first hound show at Barre, Mass., in 1903. To meet the criticism that American hounds were being judged for conformation upon Peterborough standards, so that the winning American hound would be the one which most closely resembled the English hound, he gave considerable publicity to a new set of written standards which he proposed. To back up his arguments, he discussed the long years of selective breeding through which certain Southerners had developed superior hounds for American hunting conditions. That these hounds were better able to kill foxes anywhere

in America than were English hounds he held to be an established fact.

The Master of the Middlesex Hunt, A. Henry Higginson, took violent exception to this statement, offering to match his pack against the Grafton for “love, money or marbles” “in any fair hunting country in America.” “Then if his (Smith’s) hounds kill more foxes than mine, or show better sport, I’ll admit I’m wrong . . .”

SUCH a match, for \$1,000 a side, was tentatively arranged; the money to be put up in instalments of \$250 each upon specified dates. John R. Townsend, M. F. H. of Orange County, offered a cup or purse of \$250 to go to the winner. Each Master was to choose a judge, they to choose a third and the packs

were to hunt on alternate days in either the Genesee Valley of New York, or the Piedmont Valley of Virginia. The time for the match was set for November, 1905.

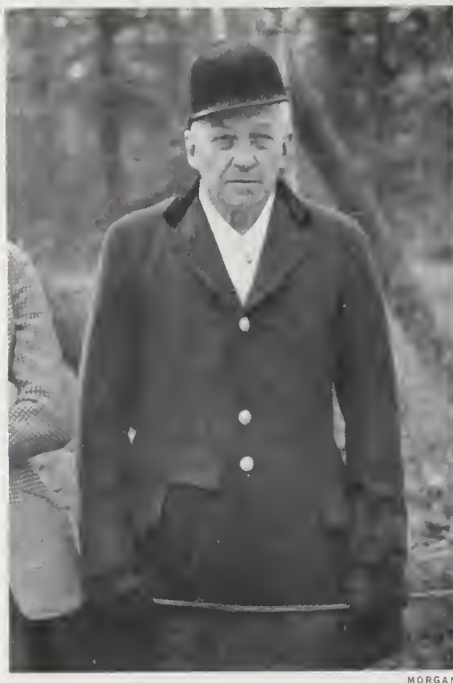
When the Middlesex delayed about posting its first instalment on July 1, the match nearly fell through, as Smith withdrew from the competition. Eventually the differences were adjusted, the “running rules accepted by both parties,” and the final arrangements were made.

It is necessary to read the rules to appreciate the meticulous care with which they were drawn up by Smith and to see how, under the rules, the final decision of the judges could not have been otherwise.

RUNNING RULES FOR THE GRAFTON-MIDDLESEX FOXHOUND MATCH TO BE HELD IN THE PIEDMONT VALLEY, VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 1 TO 15, 1905

A—Judges

1. James K. Maddux, MFH of Warrenton, Va., has been selected by Mr. Smith and accepted by Mr. Higginson.
2. Dr. Charles McEachran, MFH of Montreal, Canada, has been selected by Mr. Higginson and accepted by Mr. Smith.



Harry Worcester Smith, Master of the Grafton Hounds in the historic match

A. Henry Higginson, then Master of the Middlesex; his English hounds lost



SPORT AND GENERAL

3. The third judge is to be chosen by Mr. Higginson and Mr. Smith.

4. Each master is to stand for the appearance of his judge, or an accepted substitute on October 31, and his prompt attendance at the hour appointed for meeting throughout the trials.

5. Should a judge fail to appear at the appointed time, or be thrown out of a run, the trials shall be continued by the other judges.

6. If either of the judges is unable to serve, or be obliged to withdraw, a substitute can only be installed if he is accepted by both masters.

B—The Decision

1. The judges are to determine the awarding of the match on the following:

The killing of the fox to be the test.

If this cannot be accomplished in two weeks, the judges may continue the trials until same has been accomplished, or award the trials to the pack which, in their opinion, has done the best work with that object in view.

2. Foxes chopped in cover are not to be counted as a kill. If a fox is run to earth, he is to be left there unless the hounds, master, huntsman or whips are able to dislodge

by the two masters, who shall act as secretary to the three judges, and keep written minutes daily of the make-ups of the packs, covers drawn and runs, the statement of the judges as to the work of the day and such testimony as is accepted by the judges in the record book of the match.

2. A copy of the minutes of the clerk of the match are to be given to both masters as promptly as may be after each day's sport and before midnight, and forwarded by messenger, if necessary, and duly recorded in the record book of the match.

3. The clerk of the match is to have entire charge of the publicity of the trials under the direction of the two interested masters.

E—Making-up Packs

1. The number of hounds run in the English and American packs is to be left with the Master, but a full pack as selected by him must be run on each running day.

2. Each master is to file with the judges the name and markings of his hounds which he intends to run in the match, and the names and markings of ten substitute hounds, which, on the approval of the three judges, shall be allowed to substitute if necessary by loss, injury, etc.

I—Turned Out or Bagged Foxes

1. The masters of the Piedmont, Orange County and Loudoun Hunts are to file with the judges a guarantee that no foxes have been turned out by them after September 1, and Mr. Smith, of the Grafton Hunt, and Mr. Higginson, of the Middlesex Hunt, are also to file a guarantee with the judges that they will not turn out, have turned out, or allow their hounds to hunt foxes which are found turned out.

2. If in the opinion of the judges, a fox run or killed is thought to be a bagged or turned out fox, the score obtained on such quarry is to be cancelled.

J—Method of Hunting

1. The packs are to be hunted by their masters or huntsmen, or in case of accident by someone duly appointed by them.

2. Said masters and huntsmen are to be entirely and absolutely under the control of the three judges during the running of the match.

3. The master and huntsman of each pack are at liberty to hunt their packs in any manner that they deem wise.

K—Conduct

1. Each master is to hold himself responsible for the conduct of his huntsman, whip and followers.

2. In order that the packs may be given every opportunity to prove their worth, each master to confine his followers to the number of five, in addition to the huntsman and two whips.

3. Each master on his hunting day, although under the control of the judges, shall have entire charge of those following the pack, and the master of the hunted country or his representative is to respect the wishes of the master and under him take charge of the field.

L—The Field

1. The masters, or their duly appointed representatives, whose country is to be hunted, are to aid the master of the hunting pack in the control of the field, and may make such rules as they deem wise to assure the continuance of the respect of the sportsmen, land owners, and farmers of their country.

(*M dealt with delays and N with the stakes. ED.*)

Accepted by (sig.)

A. HENRY HIGGINSON,

MFH Middlesex Hunt.

Signed by (sig.)

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH,

MFH Grafton Hunt.



American hounds of the Grafton, first to kill a New England fox in the open

him by natural means. Shovels, picks, etc., are not to be considered natural means. Prying of rock to enable hounds to dig into the earth by fence rails, etc., is to be allowed, and also the use of terriers.

3. If the judges can at any time before the two weeks are up, arrive at a unanimous decision, they may make the award without further running.

4. The judges must render a decision, giving the match to one pack or the other.

C—Testimony

1. Should it be impossible for the judges to follow the hounds on account of wire, rivers, or the nature of the country, they are to take such testimony as is accepted by the judges and file same with the Clerk of the Match.

D—Clerk of the Match

1. A clerk of the match is to be chosen

3. Neither pack is to be hunted in the Piedmont Valley before November 1st.

F—Order of Running

1. The pack which is to hunt the first day shall be determined by lot, and from that time the packs are to be run on alternate days.

G—Drawing of Covers

1. The courtesy of the country having been offered by the masters of the Piedmont, Loudoun and Orange County Hunts, the three judges, after conferring with the masters of the above hunts and the huntsmen, shall take charge of the trials, designating the covers to be drawn, etc.

2. No covers are to be drawn after sunset, but should the hounds be running at that time, the score made on the hunted fox is to be credited to the pack running same for one hour after sunset.

Special rules for riders in the Piedmont country, during the Grafton-Middlesex match, were likewise drawn up and agreed to. All persons, other than those enumerated in K-2 above, were to be capped to provide funds to repair any damage that might be done. They also were to sign an agreement to be responsible to the Master of the Piedmont and report on a printed form any damage they might do while in the field. These precautions were taken to assure the continued cooperation of the landowners over whose property hounds might be followed.

It is remarkable that after 35 years none of these rules is in need of amendment, either for the improvement of the match, the (*Continued on page 61*)

New Champions for Polo

by PETER VISCHER

THOSE who have the future of American polo at heart—and that means all polo—must have been greatly heartened by this year's Open Championship tournament.

They played very good polo in the big event at Meadow Brook. The best players we now have were in action. They went at top speed—and carried a lot of promising youngsters with them. They gave pleasure to enough people to indicate that polo can still be made the game for a great public. And they obviously had fun—except perhaps during that fleeting moment when it was first discovered that some ardent admirer had filched the silver trophy Ebby Gerry won while he had his head buried in a bucket of champagne.

True, Tommy Hitchcock was not in action and the press had to search for a new hero to acclaim or disdain. There were no foreigners on hand, the international situation being what it is, to lend color to the event. And some of the polo was not of the class one had become accustomed to see in Open Championship tournaments in this country.

But, all in all, this was a most encouraging finale to a modest season. It proved that polo is the great game it ever was, that it still has ardent devotees willing to make almost any sacrifice for it, that it is still the most thrilling of all games to play, and that at its best it is still the most exciting of all games to watch. (To most critical observers it makes football, with its huddles, look like it's standing still, and baseball, for all its ballyhoo, not much more exciting than cricket.)

Incidentally, the tournament proved that the principles of polo have not changed a whit since the offside rule was abolished in 1909. Teamplay is still the foundation of the game; accurate hitting to the right spot, even if the shots are short, is still greatly to be preferred to the big wallop that might go anywhere. The No. 1 must tend to his business as ardently as ever, which means that he must be out in front harassing the opposing back yet ever ready to pick up a shot on his own. The No. 2 must still be the center of a vigorous and reliable attack, otherwise his No. 3 will be forced back more and more on the defensive. And the back simply cannot afford to make expensive mistakes.

And that, in a nutshell, explains why the Aknusti team won the Open. There wasn't any big hitting on this side at

any time; only Bobby Gerry really ever unloosed a breath-taking shot. But the four did play together. Their accurate passes went to their teammates, and the side on which they could be handled. They spaced themselves with beautiful timing and they missed no opportunities. Incidentally, they were magnificently mounted, on a few ponies trained for fast action. Possibly they are the best mounted players in the game today.

Gerry Smith made an unobtrusive but thoroughly useful No. 1; he tended to his business and was unceasingly at it. Bobby Gerry, to my mind, is the most improved player in the country. Ebby Gerry made a capable leader, a reliable and hard-working liaison between attack and defense. And young Alan Corey, Jr. showed an understanding of the back position that many an older player might have been proud of.

SIX teams entered the tournament, as follows:

BOSTWICK FIELD: Stephen Sanford, G. H. Bostwick, C. S. von Stade, William Post II.

WESTBURY: J. K. Secor, C. C. Combs, Jr., E. A. S. Hopping, H. A. Gerry.

AKNUSTI: G. S. Smith, R. L. Gerry, Jr., E. T. Gerry, Alan Corey, Jr.

GREAT NECK: G. H. Mead, Jr., J. P. Grace, Jr., R. E. Strawbridge, Jr., S. B. Iglehart.

TEXAS: C. B. Wrightsman, J. P. Mills, Cecil Smith, George A. Oliver, Jr.

GULF STREAM: J. H. Phipps, Michael Phipps, Winston Guest, and J. C. Rathborne.

The opening match was played on September 7 between Bostwick Field and Westbury. The former team was, technically, defending the championship won last year by Pete Bostwick's good four, while the latter side was the dark horse of the tournament, organized at the last moment in order to make a more even entry.

The match was played in six chukkers, marking the first occasion when this important event was shortened from the traditional eight. The six chukkers all looked alike to Bostwick Field, which scored steadily and won an 8 to 5 victory by its ability to go at top speed when the pressure was hardest. Particularly interesting was the clever play of young Charley von Stade for Bostwick Field and the vigorous showing made by the former Yale star, Jay Secor.

In the second opening round match, played on Sunday before rather a disappointing crowd, Aknusti beat Wrightsman's Texas outfit, including the great Cecil Smith, in an exciting game. The score was 10 to 8 and some idea of the action may be gathered from the fact that Texas started with a whirlwind of goals, scoring four times in the first period; Texas led 6 to 4 at half-time; and it was only during the closing periods that Aknusti was able to bring off victory.

This was a close one for Aknusti. All during the opening period there was a question as to whether or not the team could hold together in the face of the Texas onslaught. But the side was not disorganized. Ebby Gerry held it together cleverly, Bobby Gerry began to hit with increasing power, Gerry Smith fitted in well with the Aknusti plans, and young Alan Corey, Jr., playing in his first Open Championship refused to be dismayed and soon showed the fine stuff of which he is made.

This brought the tournament into the semi-final round and the first of the matches there was between the Great Neck team led by Stewart Iglehart, generally considered the favorite for the title because (Continued on page 50)



Ebby Gerry's son partakes of Open Championship honors with the help of his famous father

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

September 15, 1940

Sunday,

Tommy Hitchcock, the greatest polo player of all time, made the Open Championship tournament this year particularly interesting — by *not* playing in it. This is perhaps a new angle to the polo situation, but the truth of the matter is there was enormous interest in how the game would show up without its major attraction. And the truth is again, happily, that it showed up very well indeed. The youngsters to whom the burden of the sport was entrusted gave a fine show; they played swift vigorous polo and there is no doubt now that there will be plenty of polo stars in the future firmament. On the opposite page you'll learn that Aknusti deserved heartiest congratulations!



Left to right: Gerard Smith, Robert L. Gerry, Jr., E. T. Gerry, and Alan Corey, Jr., the winning Aknusti team.



Stewart Iglehart was a star even though on the losing team.



Cecil Smith and Robert L. Gerry, Jr., in the Texas vs. Aknusti game.



Robert L. Gerry, Jr., on the ball in the championship game.



Congratulations! The Aknusti and Great Neck players shake hands after the game is finished.



Here is action for you! Elbridge Gerry is trying for a goal after a wild gallop down the field.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

September 2, 1940

Monday,

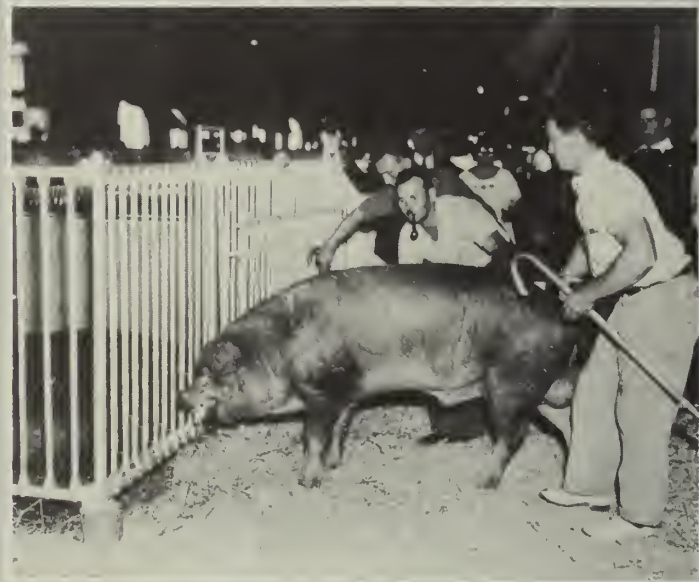
Autumn is with us and so are the country fairs. They come as a climax to the productive farming season, and a brief time of recreation for many who live by the soil. King of all fairs are the state fairs, and one of the finest of these is the New York State Fair which closed today in Syracuse. It is the oldest of all, celebrating its 100th birthday this year. At a fair such as this the finest produce of a whole state are spread before your eyes. The products of the new harvest—fruits, vegetables, grains—livestock, and handiwork of many kinds, all exhibited in the midst of a spirit of carnival. A win brings pride and honor to the exhibitor and his community.



In front of one of the side shows at Syracuse; a fair isn't a fair at all without its midway



A young exhibitor showing some of the farm products; everything from gourds to gladiolus



A lively scene during the swine judging; they had a little trouble with this fellow



A tug of war between a team and the dynamometer; horse-pulling contests are one of the major attractions



A proud poultryman of the future and his pet Jersey Giant rooster

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

September 7, 1940

Saturday.

Now that the Grand National is apparently out of the picture, it looks as if the famous Foxcatcher National Steeplechase, just over the Delaware line in Maryland, might well take its place. Though the field was small this year — there were nine scratches — it was as always a great race. Holmdel Stable's Cartermoor, fresh from wins at Saratoga, went into the lead at the 17th jump, and at the final fence was too far ahead to be caught by any of them. Many people felt that Farndale, last year's winner with the track record, would repeat. However, fate ruled otherwise. At the very last fence this good jumper fell, broke his leg, and had to be destroyed. The time was 6:03 $\frac{3}{5}$, one second slower than last year.



Cartermoor, winner of the Foxcatcher National Cup, with S. Banks up; he is owned by the Holmdel Stables



Here, Cartermoor, number one in the middle, is about to take one of those huge brush jumps



Mrs. Wm. du Pont, Jr., Sheldon Prentice, Ray Woolfe, Percy R. Pyne, 3rd, and Mrs. W. Plunkett Stewart



Cartermoor and Farndale at the last jump; Farndale came to grief when he landed



D. H. Read's Dundrillin was the winner of the Fair Hill Steeplechase



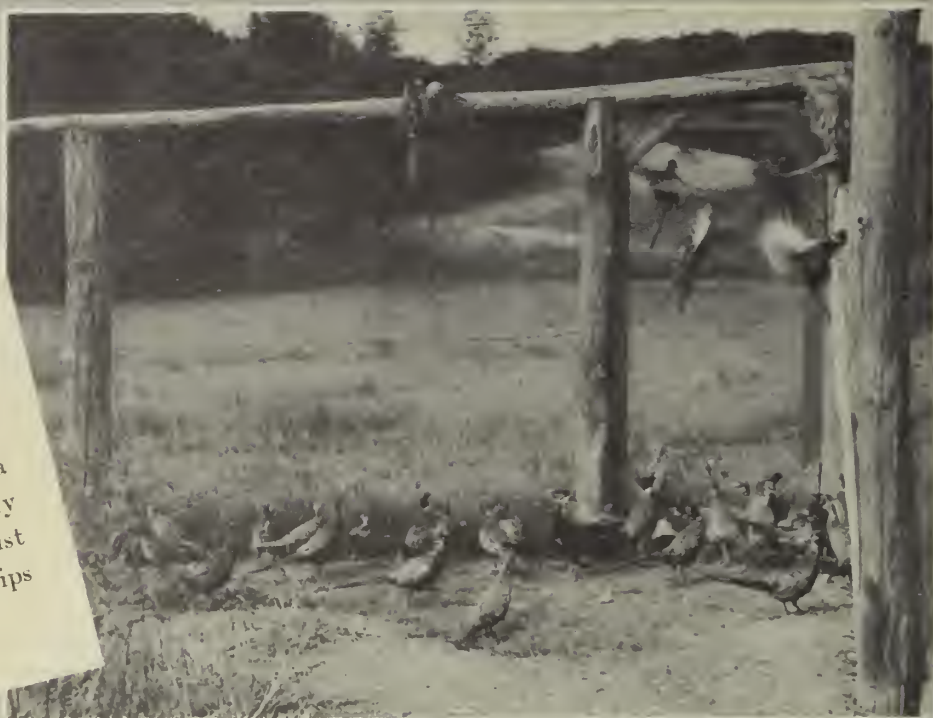
William du Pont, Jr. at the meet; it is held on his estate

THE SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

September 16, 1940

Monday,

Went pheasant shooting at the Millbrook Pheasant Farm today, more than a month ahead of the New York State open season! This farm is the oldest of the pay-as-you-shoot preserves. They raise their own birds—so you can shoot from September until March. You pay for a certain number of healthy strong-winged birds. These are released in the farm's covers and immediately revert to the wild state. You hunt for them just as if they were totally wild. The farm supplies a guide, and well-broken pointers and setters. Many sportsmen are finding this type of shooting just as sporting, and much more productive than trips to open shooting grounds.



A corner of one of the large, wire-covered holding pens where the pheasants are kept until time to liberate them



Releasing birds; some of them wander off and thus replenish the wild stock



Off for the day's sport; two of the dogs, a pointer and a setter, joyfully jump into the car



The guide flushes a pheasant pointed by the setter; though pen-raised these birds are swift, powerful flyers



Good shot! The setter proudly retrieves the fallen bird to the guide

The Old 'Kill

by LEE WULFF

WHEN it comes to trout streams the Old Kill stands by herself. She starts way up in the mountains and comes sliding down, winding from one side of the flat valley to the other. Her flow is smooth and unruffled even where she strikes in hard against the steep mountains that flank the valley floor.

Oaks and giant elms spread out their green to give her shade and ferns stand deep along her banks. Her flow continues steady through the dry months of the summer by virtue of the height of the mountains she rises in and the timbered nature of the country she follows down. She's a big river, too, but there are no concrete highways coursing along her banks, even though she lies within two hundred miles of the largest city in the world.

The first time I fished it was a long time ago. We stayed with old Merritt Russell in his big house in the fields with the locust trees around it and the most beautiful pool on the river a hundred yards behind it. I remember the spacious rooms with their high ceilings and the charm the old place had. We slept that night on real down mattresses and the blankets on one of the beds, fresh and clean though they were, still wore the leather straps and bells that graced them when they kept the Russell horses warm.

Russell's pool in the morning light was a thing of rare beauty for a trout fisherman. The Kill comes down around a long bend rippling over a wide, rocky bed as it edges up to the steep, bold mountain that stands behind the house. As it strikes the solid rise of rock, with its overhanging fringe of hemlocks, it crowds in hard against it and the flow is deep and even for almost a quarter of a mile. The clear water of the stream, shaded by the overhanging branches and mirroring the black of the rocks, is dark and mysterious the full length of the steep shore and the fish lie there in that long black ribbon of shadow. At the tail of the pool the river splits, part of it clinging to the softening slope of the mountain and the rest breaking away into the meadow to find its depths under the roots of old trees and the cut banks where the floods have etched.

Below Russell's the Kill winds for miles through the widening valley, through the sleepy village and on down to the big stillwater miles below. Beyond the town the flow is deeper and the pools

are larger. The trout in the lower water are fewer, too, but they run much larger. Great elms have fallen to the water with the river scouring out the rocks beneath their trunks. At one place three small waterfalls come splashing down a long, sheer face of rock to join the quiet river at the base. Four times in the three miles between the village and the still-water the little-used railroad crosses the Kill. There is no road that reaches the river there and one seldom finds another fisherman unless it should be one of the villagers who has come down the tracks to sit by the side of one of the pools and let his worms or live bait play idly in the slow current.

THERE aren't many fishermen anywhere on the whole length of the stream. "Strange"! you say. Not really. The Kill isn't an easy river. Its water is extremely clear and its flow relatively smooth. The trout are browns and natives. Taking them in that clear water is a test of skill. It takes fine leaders and long casts for the brownies. The Kill is moody, too. For days on end the brown trout refuse to rise. I have seen fishermen come for a day or a week-end and leave swearing never to return.

There are legends that the sawmill upstream poisons the fish, that the state no longer stocks the river, and dozens of other such rumors that serve to satisfy the fishing gentry as to the reason they failed to fill their creels. But the fish

are there. Last spring on a day late in June the river suddenly came to life after a period of dullness. In two hours of the late afternoon I netted and released ten fish all over thirteen inches and a dozen smaller ones that were all taken from a single pool. Then it was dull again for days.

Those are the brown trout of the erratic feeding. When they decide to feed the whole length of the river seems to be alive with them. And when they don't feed it would be completely dead except for the natives. Those natives are a blessing. When the brownies have crawled into the muskrat holes and disappeared I can go to any one of more than a dozen places and find the natives rising regularly in the still, slow-flowing water and there I can spend hours catching one or two fish on my smallest dry flies with my finest leaders. Sometimes it takes tippets of fine silk thread that eliminate the glisten and stiffness of a leader to deceive them.

They are small but they are difficult. The largest native I have ever taken there was sixteen inches. I have heard of few longer than that but the average run is about ten inches. When rising in clear, still water I think the native is more difficult to fool than the brown trout. The true test of the sport is the difficulty of taking the fish. If it were just a question of size we should all be out fishing for carp or codfish. I can ask for (Continued on page 46)



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

The old Kill isn't an easy river to fish; its water is extremely clear and its flow relatively smooth.



Sacred Mt. Fuji rising from the crystal base of the famous Fuji Lakes.

Endless Beauty... Eternal Serenity

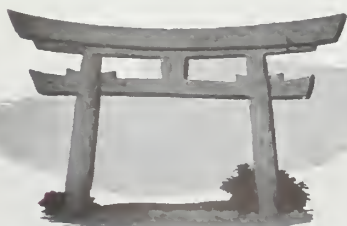
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J a p a n

2600th ANNIVERSARY YEAR 660 B. C. • 1940 A. D.

"THE STRENGTH AND QUIETNESS OF GRASS" IS THE BACKBONE OF A NATION

Because the ground is chapt, for there was no rain in the earth, the plowmen were ashamed, they covered their heads. Yea, the hind also calved in the field and forsook it, because there was no grass. And the wild asses did stand in the high places, they snuffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fail, because there was no grass.—Jeremiah, 14: 4-6

THE Bible was very largely written by farming people in terms of their calling. Most of its imagery and the earthy narrative underlying it are agricultural. It tells of country people having a hard time. We read of soil erosion in the Bible, following the slaughter of groves in the "high places"; we read of the death of grass by hoof and mattock; we read of the mismanagement of water, and the consequences. "They shall turn the rivers far away," wrote the prophet Isaiah. "The brooks of defense shall be emptied and dried up; and everything sown by the brooks shall wither."

America, too, has had its prophets of the grasslands; and has until lately paid them but little heed. There was, for one, the picturesque John J. Ingalls, Massachusetts-born, he had the gift of words. He described the advertisement which attracted him to pioneer Kansas as "a masterpiece of chromatic mendacity." Of the Missouri River, with which most pioneer chronicles deal romantically, Ingalls observed that it was too muddy to bathe in but not quite muddy enough to walk on. He survived his disillusionment, however, and came to love the West. For many years he represented Kansas in the Senate, and was famed as an orator. Brought to light now, his orations may seem somewhat florid and outdated; but surely he spoke with tones of

prophecy when in the earliest day of High Plains settlement, he said "Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction . . . Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal . . . Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea . . . Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression . . . Banished from the thoroughfares and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne."

"CORN" WALLACE

Corn is a grass, made to rear its tassel high and bring forth grain by Indian plant breeders many centuries before there were white men on this continent. It is a curious fact in our agricultural history that corn, tobacco and cotton, all plants that we took from the Indians and made over on clean-cultivated field designs, are the very crops that under row-culture have eroded and reduced the most millions of acres of our land to such condition that the Indians wouldn't have it back now, at any price. One of the first men to notice this, as to corn especially, was a retired engineer, with a farm in Illinois. In a quiet paper read before the Chicago Literary Club in 1920, Arthur J. Mason said:

"Agricultural regions with dirty streams are, must be, temporary. Regions with clear streams are, must be, permanent . . . Is there any type of agriculture which will retard this slow bleeding to death? The culture of corn and cotton keeps the soil in a defenseless condition . . . *We must shift to a form of culture which keeps the soil bound together and protected by some form of sod.*" (Italics mine.)



FREE LANCE

The culture of corn gives to man but robs the soil unless done scientifically

Mason also said, in 1920: "How cheerfully our young men went into a great war for posterity's sake. How languidly they hear of this more terrible enemy, insidious, undramatic, draining the nation's blood, the soil—the body of the soil itself, away to the sea!"

Now, there lived at that time in Iowa a young man still in his thirties who cared more about breeding better corn at that time than for anything else on earth. Henry A. Wallace knew about Mason's prophecies, but he probably thought they were exaggerated. It is hard to look at that black Iowa land, seemingly level, and to feel that men could not go on growing better and better corn there without soil impoverishment to the end of time. So Henry Wallace, the third of that name in Iowa, kept on manipulating hybrid strains of corn into greater and greater feats of production, and became among plant geneticists one of the two or three greatest in the land. Even now, when questioned by intimates as to his leading interests, he says he "would like to make the world safe for corn breeders and for machinery," so that "a balanced abundance" would replace "enforced meanness, man to man." He has changed his mind, though, it would seem, somewhat, about the safety and beauty of corn as a crop, clean-tilled. If he had the rest of his life given him to go back to genetic experimentation, he would probably spend most of his time working on corn not so much as a grain-crop, but as a grass.

He resigned as Secretary of Agriculture the other day to go out and campaign for the vice-presidency. Before he left he made a six-minute radio talk on the Farm & Home Hour network. It attracted very little attention; I do not think that it was even given to the press. But I think it was one of the most important pronouncements on sound, longtime soil conservation of the present century; and I am going to brief it for the record here. Wallace called his talk "The Strength and Quietness of Grass":

"Uppermost in all our minds these days are tragedies and alarms which we cannot escape. But it is natural that we should think of other things in relation to them; so even when I think about the place of grass in American agriculture I find myself thinking in terms of the world situation and our own future.

"I have always had a great affection for grass. It seems to stand for quietness and strength. I believe that the quietness and strength of grass should be, must be, permanently a part of our agriculture if this nation is to have the strength it will need in the future. A countryside shorn and stripped of thick, green grass, it seems to me, is weak-

ened just as Samson was. An agriculture without grass loses a primary source of strength.

"It is only recognizing the truth to say that in the past we have been lured by the Delilah of profits to destroy grass covering recklessly. One of the greatest mistakes we made as we spread over this country was to do a poor job with grass. We plowed up millions of acres of grassland; we over-grazed millions of other acres. We thought too much, and we still think too much, in terms of plows and cultivators. My guess is that even today not one farmer in ten uses good pasture methods. Hardly anywhere in the United States do you find the intense interest in grass that you find among English farmers—and many others in Europe, too. Grass we have. Pastures we have. But our grass is usually on land that we figure is no good for anything else; and after we put the grass in, we neglect it.

"**M**ANY people blame science for our surplus of farm products. They say that science taught us how to grow two blades of grass where one grew before. I think the trouble is that is exactly what science did not teach us. Instead it taught us how to grow something else where two blades of grass grew before. Now we are beginning to see the weaknesses of an agriculture stripped of grass. More and more we are turning in thought and practice toward an agriculture in which grass will act as the great balance wheel and stabilizer to prevent gluts of other crops—to save soil from destruction—to build up a reserve of nutrients and moisture in the soil, ready for any future emergency, to create a more prosperous livestock industry, and finally to contribute to the health of our people through better nutrition.

"We are a little late in getting around to it, but I believe we can do things in grass breeding almost as significant as the things that have been done in corn breeding. An amazing amount of scientific work has been done during the past five years. It is now known, for example, that hundreds of strains of bluegrass can be established, some with leaves three times as broad as others, some completely resistant to leafspot diseases that wipe out other strains during the summer; and the same thing is apparently true of clovers.

"Everything we have been learning about grass tends to bear out what I said in the beginning. Grass is a source of strength to agriculture and therefore to the nation. The longer we fail to realize this the more difficult it will be to maintain and build up our great agricultural resources, our soil resources—yes, and our human resources."



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JUNIPER ALONE DOES NOT MAKE GOOD GIN; LARD COMES INTO ITS OWN AGAIN

My friend Tityrus McAndrews, whose hobby is decyphering the original writing on a palimpsest, came to visit me for a week-end. We have many matters of common interest and perhaps the commonest is gin. So of a drowsy Sunday afternoon we repaired, with a bottle of —'s (one word deleted by censor) gin in true and honest classic style to a beech tree upon a gentle hill, gentle as a not too exigent virgin's breast. We tuned our oaten pipes and played rustic songs and talked of gin or Geneva or Hollands or Schiedam or whatever you wish to call this universal stimulant of the million and the millionaire. The beechnut burs were ripening among the grey-green foliage and a bright-eyed chipmunk chattered with annoyance at our intrusion but finally, having learned the subject of our conversation, listened with polite attention to our tunes and to our talk.

"My mother," said Tityrus, "was a consistent gin drinker. She called the beverage 'mother's ruin'. However she was a wise and friendly woman of many parts and I have naught but love for her in my heart. Having due regard for her stomach she always took her gin with a dash

of Angostura bitters but she never took the shillelagh to either my father or myself. The seat of my trousers was always decently darned and there was porridge a-plenty."

"I wish that I might have had the privilege of knowing your mother," said I, "for from your account of her she must have been a matriarch of the first order and a person of warm and friendly soul. If she had persevered at her home work she might have produced even a finer son than you. Listening to your talk of her, I have now acquired another reason for my instinctive dislike of John Ruskin, an English author of the antimacassar school, who, in one of his completely forgotten works said, 'If they had been bad old women they would have wanted gin and bitters for breakfast.' I am certain that your mother never took her gin and bitters for breakfast and that when she did take it she took it in silence like Mr. Bumble in Oliver Twist and that she did not disturb the witty talk that your father was making about some wisecrack from Aristophanes and concerning certain indiscretions of Dr. Francois Rabelais."

Tityrus was now sound asleep,



This is a portrait of *Piper Nigrum*, the pepper vine, from a drawing of a growing plant by Louise Mansfield. Historically and domestically, pepper is the most important of all spices. It is well worth while keeping a fleet in the Pacific to ensure our supply of pepper, to say nothing of the tin and the rubber.

but as the chipmunk seemed to be listening I took another drink and continued my discourse.

"Mr. Titmunk," said I, "gin is a beneficent beverage composed of pure grain alcohol and certain flavoring agents. It makes no difference to me or to you, Mr. Chip, whether gin was first compounded by Doctor Sylvius of Leyden or by the Count de Morret, son of King Henri Quatre of France. I am inclined to give precedence to Dr. Sylvius. Both of these pioneers flavored their alcohol with the life essence of the juniper berry. In the French tongue juniper is *genièvre* and so we get the word gin. Juniper juice tastes very much like turpentine and that's exactly what all of the early gins tasted like. They were supposed to have medicinal qualities and they were dispensed by seventeenth century chemists.

"Today the juniper berry is but one of the flavoring elements that enters into the process of distillation and the gin that you buy for yourself and Mrs. Titmouse is dependent for its excellence upon the ability of the distiller and the genius of the person who designs the flavor.

"I regret to tell you, Mr. Munk, that there are hundreds of gins on the market but that not more than ten are properly flavored. If this were a technical discourse I would be glad to discuss with you the matter of flavor, but it is not a technical discourse and as I observe, Mr. Munkchip, that the sun is slipping red and gold and bronze into the purple bosom of the Catskills, let's wake Tityrus and mix him a dry martini and tell him some other pieces of mischief that can be done with gin."

Mr. Chipmunk aroused Tityrus by the simple expedient of dropping a beechnut burr upon his nose. He escorted us to the pasture gate, bade us a polite adieu and then scurried off on his own business along the devious route of a zigzag rail fence. For a second I was tempted to follow him.

Back at the old manse we pursued our classical studies by mixing up a few of the gin drinks (a list of which is appended) that have won the respect and affection of practically all members of the human family, from grandma to the governess.

Tityrus and I returned to our respective offices on Monday morning nobler, wiser and better men for our fleeting contact with nature.

GIN AND TONIC

2 oz. dry gin
a 10 oz. glass
2 ice cubes
a bottle of Billy Baxter's Tonic Water

GIN AND BITTERS

a 4 oz. glass
1½ oz. dry gin

3 or 4 dashes of Angostura bitters
Fill up glass with iced water

TOM COLLINS

Dissolve one teaspoonful of sugar in the juice of one lemon, add two ounces of dry gin, cracked ice and fill up with a quality mineral water. Use a 10 or 12 ounce glass.

GIN FIZZ

Shake up thoroughly with cracked ice:

¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoonful sugar
1½ oz. dry gin

Strain into a highball glass and fill up with a quality mineral water.

SILVER FIZZ

A Silver Fizz is made by adding the white of an egg to the Gin Fizz recipe. If your hand slips and the yolk gets in, you will have a GOLDEN FIZZ. The Fizz comes from the sparkle in the mineral water—so the sooner you drink it after it is made—the fizzier it will be.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING

Probably one of the most glamorous drinks we know of is the Singapore Gin Sling, which is supposed to come from the renowned Straits of Singapore. This is how it is made there:

1 oz. lemon juice
1 oz. cherry liqueur
2 oz. dry gin

Shake well and strain into highball glass. Add mineral water and decorate with a slice of orange and a few sprigs of mint. And the trick that makes the drink perfect is to drip

4 drops of benedictine
4 drops of cognac

down the centre of the drink.

DRY MARTINI

The best known and probably the most popular cocktail in the world is the Dry Martini. Every one has his or her own formula for this mixture, but basically they all agree on the main ingredients which are dry gin and French vermouth. For each cocktail

2/3 dry gin
1/3 Noilly Prat French Vermouth

Please leave out the olive or the onion. Stir in a tall mixing glass with a long spoon with plenty of cracked ice. Twist on top of each cocktail a little bit of oil or zest from a piece of lemon peel and call it a day.

Here follows a partial list of nationally known gins. I do not assert that it is complete, but, at least it is a start in the right direction:

American Dry Gin
American Distilling Co.
Ancient Bottle Gin
Seagram Distillers Corp.
Barclay's de luxe
Barclay's Gold Label
James Barclay and Co.

What Makes Angostura important to Good Drinks?



For years now, Angostura has been a basic part of good drinks. Those who understand the fine art of living well know that, whether it's a tall one or a cocktail, it takes Angostura to blend ingredients happily together.

But there's something else that Angostura does! Angostura is the prescription of Dr. Siegert and has tonic, appetite-awakening qualities that contribute a zesty plus to any drink in which it is used. Remember those two big reasons why Angostura Bitters makes good drinks better still!

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ENEMY
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—learned that to agitate with a spoon stirs out the bubbles and makes flat the drink.

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Bellow's Old Tom
Bellow's Club Special (Imported)
Bellow's Private Stock (Imported)
Bellows & Co.
Bols Geneva Gin
G. H. Mumm & Co.
Booth's House of Lords
Booth's Old Tom Gin
Booth's High and Dry
Booth's Old Tom (domestic)
Park & Tilford Import Corp.
Burnett's White Satin de luxe
Burnett's White Satin London Dry
Browne Vintners
Calvert Gin
Calvert Distilling Corp.
Coates Plymouth Gin
G. H. Mumm
De Kuypers
John De Kuyper
F. C. G.
Faber, Coe & Gregg
Five O'clock Cocktail
Hiram Walker & Sons
Fleischmann's
Fleischmann Distilling Corp.
Gilbey's London Dry
National Distillers Prods.
Gordon's
Gordon's Old Tom
Somerset Importers, Ltd.
G. & W. London Dry
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. (Detroit)
Holloway's
Canada Dry Ginger Ale
Hiram Walker's London Dry
Hiram Walker & Sons
John Collins
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd.
Kessler's
Seagram Distillers Corp.
McKesson London Dry
McKesson & Robbins
Milshire
Heublein & Bro.
Nicholson Dry Gin
Nicholson Old Tom
Julius Wile Sons
Old Colony
American Distilling Co.
Old Drum
Calvert Distilling Corp.
Old Mr. Boston
Ben Burk, Inc.
Old Quaker
Schenley Distillers Corp.
Park & Tilford London Dry
Park & Tilford Import Corp.
Paul Jones Gin
Frankfort Distilleries
Schenley's London Dry
Schenley Distillers Corp.
Seagram's King-Arthur
Seagram Distillers Corp.
Silver Wedding
Schenley Distillers Corp.
Three Feathers Gin
Oldetyme Distillers
White Swan
Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.

IMPROVED LARD

Martha Logan, who works for Swift and Company and who in herself is a sort of composite portrait of a lady, of Helen Hayes, Hedy Lamarr, John Wesley, Dr. Sherman and Aesculapius, talked to me at lunch with great persuasion about glycerides. If any person except Martha had mentioned this subject just as I was enjoying a cold broiled wood pigeon, a perfectly mixed green salad and a bottle of '29 Clos de Mure de Larnage, I would have put on my toupet and would have stalked majestically out of the Barberry

Room in high dudgeon. However, as you may have gathered, it was Martha who was talking. There was a look in her eye, if you know what I mean, as she discussed Linolin,



Burnet, here shown in another of Miss Mansfield's delightful drawings, is an old-fashioned herb used in former days to add flavor to cooling drinks. Reprinted from "An Artist's Herbal," courtesy The Macmillan Company. Original drawing owned by the Herb Society of America

Olein, Palmatin and Stearin. I listened at first with the politeness that was due the lady, then with respect and then with fascination.

To sum up her story, it seems that the food chemists of the House of Swift have, after years of experiment, found a way to stabilize lard, the finest natural shortening that ever was used in your mother's or your grandmother's kitchen.

I once knew a charming lady in her early nineties who had silver-white hair, keen, friendly eyes and pleasantly wrinkled cheeks. Occasionally I was honored by an invitation to take tea with her. On such a visit we sipped our Formosa Oolong from egg-shell thin China cups and talked of life and she told me that once her mother had awakened her in the night and said:

"Arise, my daughter, and go to thy daughter for thy daughter's daughter hath had a daughter."

The only point of this story is that in those days all of these daughters and everybody else's daughters used lard in their kitchens as a shortening agent for crisp flaky pie crust, to grease the griddle and for the mysteries of deep frying from which emerged such tender delicacies as the doughnut or as I knew it as a boy—the "fried cake."

Lard, however, had certain inherent disadvantages. Like its compeers, butter and suet, it would finally become rancid and unusable so that when some smart person came along with a chemically treated and synthesized vegetable oil, lard gradually withdrew into the culinary dog-house. I am happy to say that it is about to emerge, due to the high command of a chemist and the cooperation of the South American guaiac tree. So lard is back on the map again in a big way with all of its fine nutritional qualities and none of its former faults.

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A PERFECT SOUFFLÉ

The perfect climax for a dinner for four one night at the Sherry-Netherlands was a soufflé par excellence. Upon enquiry from Eugene Voigt, host *sans peur et sans reproche*, I found for the pleasure of my readers that this culinary symphony was composed in the following manner:—

- 7 eggs
- ¾ cup milk
- 2 tbsp. sugar

Boil sugar and milk. Add yolks of 7 eggs and allow to cool. Whip the whites of 7 eggs and add to above with a liqueur glass and a half of Cointreau. Mix well and put in hot oven in a soufflé dish for 10 minutes.

GUIDE TO ALCOHOLS

"Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits and Beers" has now made its appearance through the publishing house of Sherman and Sporer. It is a monumental work upon the subject by Harold J. Grossman. It is well informed, well illustrated and well indexed. It retails at \$5.00 and may be ordered through your bookseller or from COUNTRY LIFE.

FALL RACING PROSPECTS

(Continued from page 31)

that it will reach you through COUNTRY LIFE before it gets into the newspapers. Here they are:

Sept. 23—Lawrence Realization, Fall Highweight Handicap and Brook Steeplechase. (This date happens to be a Monday, which speaks for itself.)

Sept. 24—Manhattan Handicap. (This gallop is at one mile and one-half with \$10,000 added and is a natural build up to the New York Handicap.)

Sept. 25—The Matron Stakes. (This is for two-year-old fillies and Level Best, which may be the champion, is not eligible.)

Sept. 26—Jerome Handicap.

Sept. 27—Broad Hollow Steeplechase.

Sept. 28—The Futurity, The Jockey Club Gold Cup. (The Fu-

turity needs no introduction; the Cup is at two miles and is at weight-for-age.)

Oct. 1—Ladies' Handicap. (This gallop is at one mile and one-half for fillies and mares with \$15,000 added and is one of the oldest races in the country. It probably will bring out James Cox Brady's War Plumage, a magnificent mare on which a book could be written instead of these few lines.)

Oct. 2—The Vosburgh. (This is at all ages and is run in memory of Walter S. Vosburgh, a man on whom this reporter could write a book—and maybe should.)

Oct. 4—The Grand National. (This is the *piece de resistance* of American steeplechasing and I'll bet you a new hat right now that it is quite a race. Incidentally, I think Pete Bostwick's Cottismore will win it. But that's climbing out on a limb.)

Oct. 5—The New York Handicap, the Champagne Stakes. (The handicap carries \$50,000 in added money and that speaks for itself. Vanderbilt thinks that it may take five years to make it the greatest race in America, and five times 50 is a quarter of a million. It's a lot of money but Alfred Vanderbilt comes from a family that learned a long time ago that you really can accomplish things with money. Watch him and keep an eye on the New York Handicap. The Champagne, following the Junior Champion and the Futurity, may be just another race.)

When you look over this list you probably can see why Belmont should follow Saratoga. In other years, when that was the order, the Junior Champion at one mile followed the Futurity, at six and one-half furlongs. The J. C. meant something in those days, but now, coming a week before the Futurity, it means nothing. Add to that this important fact: the dates following Saratoga include Labor Day, and on Labor Day this year 33,000 people were jammed into Aqueduct, which is uncomfortable when 20,000 people come out. Bet your neighbor a hat that Belmont will follow Saratoga next year, and you'll be wearing a nice new felt, gratis.



Stephen Sanford and John Hay Whitney watch their horses work during the early morning at Saratoga; Mr. Whitney is on famed Easter Hero

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*And here's
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THE OLD KILL

(Continued from page 39)

no greater fishing pleasure than to have before me rising trout that demand of me my utmost skill in order to take them.

The old Kill isn't a dry fly stream in the sense that most rivers are. It has very little in the way of hatches. Its clear, gravelly bed that is so easy to wade doesn't lend itself to insect life. And yet, because of the clarity of the water, I have had wonderful dry fly fishing on it over a period of years. In the middle of May when the buds begin to unfold there are about ten days of hatches and the river boils with trout every afternoon. But later than that the sight of rising fish, with the exception of natives, is rare. Then I work along, fishing the likely water and hoping that suddenly, as I cast, absorbed in the rhythm of the casting, there will be a sloshing rise and I'll be fast to a brownie that will go anywhere from one to four pounds. I have ranged far for my fishing but I know nowhere else in New York's open waters where the dry fly fish will run so large.

The largest fish taken from the Kill in recent years was caught by a youngster early in the season of 1930. The lad was fishing the Dutchman's pool with a gob of worms. He had a ten cent line tied to a long pole he'd cut in the woods. He just threw out his worms and sat down on the bank and waited. When the strike came it was a good one. It took all his strength to get the fish into shallow water. He was all alone and there was no one within calling distance. His rod bent so much that he couldn't lift the fish out onto the shore. Fortunately the hook was embedded deeply and the line held. In desperation he worked the great trout into the shallows again and taking up his raincoat and dropping his rod he plunged in after the floundering fish. He wrapped the raincoat around him somehow and carried him to shore. It was a nice fish. Twelve pounds and two ounces.

No one knows how many big fish have been taken there in the last few years. Fishermen come to the Kill from far away. They fish and go home. Because there are few places to stay on the river the anglers make their headquarters some distance away from the stream. The people in the village rarely hear of their catches except by chance. Such a case happened last year when one of the local fishermen met a man leaving the stream to get into his car and drive away. The local man asked him his luck. The catch of the stranger turned out to be one fish, but it was a stray rainbow that stretched all the way around the man's waist in his shooting coat. The head showed at one pocket and the tail came out of the other. That fish weighed over ten pounds and but for the chance meeting the town would never have known of its being caught.

The pool below Buffam's bridge has its quota of big ones. Two years

ago a friend of mine stopped there to fish, only to find a group of kids in swimming. They were diving from the bridge into the deep water directly below it and creating quite a commotion. As he prepared to leave his glance passed the shallow ledge at the head of the pool where the spring comes in and stopped. Lined up in water less than two feet deep and perfectly clear were a school of big ones. Not one in the fourteen was smaller than three pounds. The water was low and clear and the fish were already frightened. My friend didn't catch any but it's nice to know that when you fish there you are fishing over dynamite.

Twice while fishing that pool I have had one of those old cannibals try to rob me of the fish I was playing. The first time it was almost dark and all I could see was the swirl and the flash that engulfed the struggling 10-inch fish on my line. I reeled in to find the ragged toothmarks on my fish. The second time it was mid-afternoon and the water was low and clear. The fish were rising at the tail of the pool. I had already released three natives and one brown. I saw a long dark shadow come down almost to the point of the island with its stony beach where the pool spills over, and swing across to the east bank where the water runs deep under the overhanging trees.

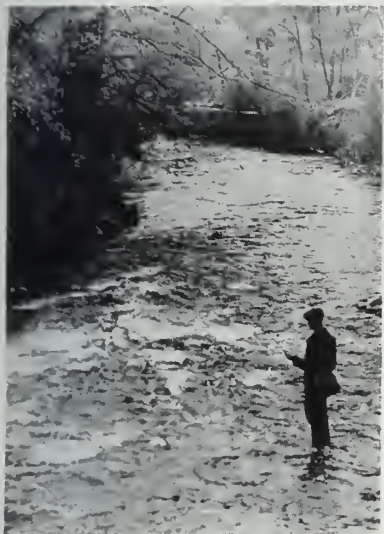
KNOWING that he must have seen me I continued to fish the west bank for a while before I drifted my fly into the shadows under the slanting trunks. There was no answering rise. Between rests I shifted from dry fly to nymphs and streamers and back to dry flies again. A small trout rose ahead of me. I cast to him and when he rose he was hooked. Simultaneous with the splash of his rise I saw the dark shadow slide across the shallow sands and streak off out of my vision in pursuit of the fish on my line. I let the fish run in the hopes that the big one would take him and, perhaps, if I gave him enough time I could hook him.

My fish suddenly went lifeless and swung around below me in the current. He came in like a dead fish and I thought that the big brown must have struck him, although I could see no marks and had felt no strike on the line. As he touched my waders the small trout came to life and went skittering off on the surface. He was 11 inches long and that black shadow that had gone chasing after him had left him paralyzed with a fear that he lost only at the solid contact with my waders.

I have spent long hours on the mill pond. The flow is wide between the cut-under banks, from the deep hole at the head to the deeper one just above the low dam. Along the western shore the pines and oaks are thick and high to cast long shadows across the still water. The trout line up near the bank to take the slowly drifting food. Here the fish are mostly natives, except where the water is deepest along the cut

banks or under the big elm that leans out over the water with its roots digging down into the stream. Many of the fish in that pool are old friends of mine. I've caught them over and over again. Those are the smaller ones. There are some others that bear the scars of my hooks that, had they been landed, would never have been returned.

Once I located a five pounder under an old log near the head of the east bank. I discovered him as I walked along the shore and saw his tail waving gracefully with the passage of the water as it showed below the log. I saw him again several times lying in plain view just outside the log with its tangle of small branches where he made his home. The same fish or another one of the same size was there again the following year until a flood washed the log on down the river. Whenever I passed I tried to tempt



RAYMOND S. DECK

him with a streamer or a large salmon dry fly. I never rose him, although once I did have a rise there and pulled a small fish clear of the water in my effort to keep what I thought was the big fellow from reaching the safety of that tangle of branches. I could have taken him at night with live bait or on a gob of worms during a flood but I wanted him on a fly or not at all. I'm not sorry I didn't catch him. He kept my interest up much longer alive than he ever could have dead.

Woven into the pattern of the old Kill is my friend Al. The years have mellowed him and he has a little trouble with the fences I still hop over easily. Each year he fishes the dry fly a little longer but always he falls back on the old wet flies he fished the Kill with fifty years ago. It is something of a blow to the pride we take in our tackle progress to see the catches Al makes on the same flies and the same short wet fly leaders he used half a century ago. The Coachman and the Professor, fished under the overhanging fringes on the faster runs, still hold their magic.

We call Al the "Mayor," not because he is the mayor of the village but because we think the title fits his figure and his bearing. The village isn't incorporated and consequently has no mayor, but Al, stand-

ing high in the esteem of his fellow citizens, is the postmaster. Postmastering is a fine profession. At three o'clock every day during the season the "Mayor" is free to go fishing and the chances are 99 to one that he'll go.

When a trout strikes the "Mayor's" fly he gives a quick "Hi!" and strikes back. He has been doing that, he claims, since he caught his first fish. It helps me keep track of how many strikes he's having when I can't see him around some bend, but it's hard on the light leaders I sometimes persuade him to use. One night I spliced his line to some backing as we sat comfortably talking to some friends. When I had finished the splice Al reeled in the line while I sat across the room and let it run through my fingers to keep it clear. When he resumed his talking I tightened up on the line and gave a couple of jerks and a wiggling run in imitation of a native striking. Dignity faded as the "Mayor" pulled his right hand up in a sweeping arc and yelled, "Hi!" while his chair balanced precariously on the point of going over backward.

I've seen him pull small fish ten or twelve feet clear of the water time after time. He loses a lot of flies that way and he's a sucker for a big fish. I've tried to cure him of that heavy strike but I'm afraid that I never will and even if I did no amount of fish would make up for the loss of that characteristic "Hi!" and the sight of his bending rod.

His fishing has changed a little with the years. I remember, long ago, a day when Al came down to the stream with a long pair of scissors hanging down the front of the hunting vest he uses to carry his fishing gear in. A few days before he had noticed the small pair I carry in my fishing vest and had decided to adopt the idea, himself. Sometimes now I find him with another new piece of equipment, a jeweler's glass, which he screws into his eye to see more readily the eyes of the smaller flies he is coming to use.

Now, when it grows dark and there are a few rising fish that he can't take on a wet fly I hear him call, "Hey, Lee. They're rising up here. Big ones. Come on up in a hurry." And I go up to fish while the "Mayor" spots them and tells me long before I raise them just how long they are and when they were last hooked. That keeps up until it is too dark to see and we walk back to the car in the soft darkness and the rich scent of the fullness of the fields and trees.

There's a thrill in roaming to far streams and fishing new waters. I find new pleasure in the unknown pool around the bend. But there's a deep satisfaction in knowing the old Kill intimately, watching its slow changes with the floods of every spring, and having a friend who loves the river as much as I do, who will fish with me or walk along watching for rises and talking of trout in certain spots as if they really were the old friends they seem to be.



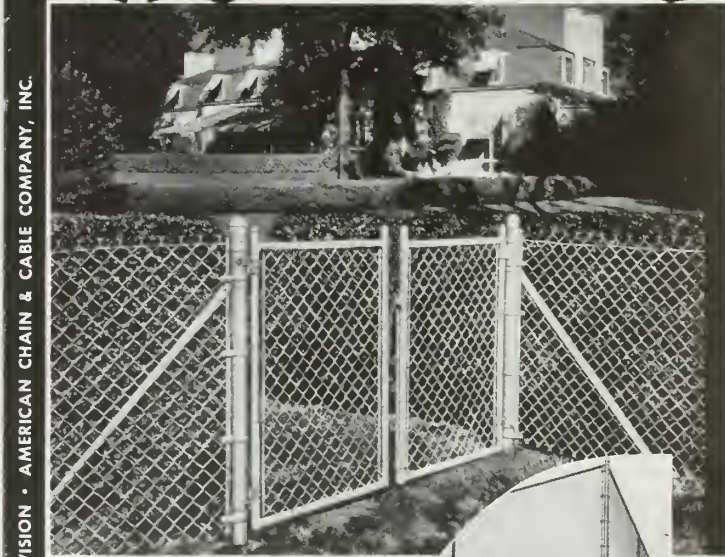
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A BETTER SUBSTITUTE FOR DRY SHOOTING; AMERICANA IN SPIRIT AND SOCKS

So far as I know, the .22 cal. shot shell is the world's smallest shotgun load. It was originally intended for use by ornithologists for the collection of small birds. I have never employed it for this purpose, but I have used the tiny charge of tiny shot to dissuade cats from collecting small birds. Cats so treated are never seriously damaged physically, but they do seem to forget their traditional dignified insolence for the time being, and the birds as well, and invariably they depart the premises completely enveloped in a light blue aura of dismay.

But no one ever expected anything from the .22 shot cartridge, and no one ever had much from it until a year or two ago when the Mo-Skeet-O Company of Monroe, Mich., brought out their miniature clay target outfit of that name. The cartridge used is the .22 long rifle case loaded with about 115 No. 12 shot to the charge, but the gun is different. Instead of using a full length smooth bored barrel of the same diameter as the cartridge, the charge, after passing through a section of .22 cal. barrel, is released through a choke-bored tube of .410 gauge. The tube makes all the difference, and incidentally raises a very interesting question concerning the ballistics of the shotgun.

The effect of the larger tube in the .22-.410 combination is to convert a hitherto nearly useless cartridge into one that gives patterns dense enough and regular enough to break the miniature targets at 50 feet. The manufacturers of these tiny shotguns believe that the improvement is due to the effect of the larger tube in preventing "balling" of the shot, but one cannot but wonder if that is the only reason. It seems to me that there is a possibility, at least, that the larger tube may have other influences toward reforming and regulating the distribution of the shot charge that might warrant study with relation to larger bores and heavier charges.

"Dry shooting," so called because live cartridges are not used in the practice, is a very efficient, very dull, way to acquire and maintain skill with shotgun, rifle, or pistol. It consists of handling the weapon exactly as one would do in the field or on the range except that empty cases or dummy cartridges are used to take the blow of the firing pin when the trigger is pulled. To get the most from it daily drills of 15 or 20 minutes are necessary. These can be carried on indoors. The trouble with dry shooting is that it is not fun, but work, and only the earnest aspirant has the will to keep it up day after day when there are more interesting things to be done.

The Mo-Skeet-To — Remington

and the new Mossburg Targo outfit will, I think, be of great benefit to the shotgun man who for one reason or another cannot obtain regular practice at full-sized skeet or trap shooting, and who, like the writer, is too inert in hot weather to enjoy snapping an empty gun at various marks in daily solemn ritual.

The Mossburg Targo set consists of a special 8-shot .22 cal. repeating gun having a .22 cal. smooth bore barrel threaded to receive a .410 choke tube 8 inches long. The cartridge is the .22 long rifle shot cartridge already described.

Miniature golf, which flourished like the Ham and Eggs political party for a brief time, failed to maintain its popularity because, or so I suppose, a full-size golfer had to cramp his style to make a 10-foot drive. In the target-shooting game, however, if the weight and balance of the gun are regular it doesn't matter much whether one fires an ounce and a quarter of shot at a full size clay target at 30 yards, or a very small charge at a much smaller target at 15 yards distance. The swing of the gun and the timing of the let-off are the same. Also the small target at 50 feet looks about the same as does the larger target at the longer range. I would not offer Targo or Mo-Skeet-To as entirely satisfying substitutes for regular practice with regular loads and guns, but I do find that this shooting is miles ahead of dry shooting practice.



A Mo-Skeet-O Skeet range showing the specially bored .22

The Mossburg Company, which manufactures the Targo rig, took cognizance of the fact that he who uses a hand trap to throw targets for someone else to shoot at is having about as much fun as he'd have if he married a girl by proxy. So they designed a trap for the tiny targets that

can be attached to the barrel of the gun, and cleverly arranged so that the gunner can release his own bird when ready to shoot. It will give him all angles and elevations except the crossing shots. If he is any man at all he can compel his wife or his kids to throw those for him.



The Targo .22 has a clay pigeon trap attached to the barrel of the gun

Targo shooting can be done almost anywhere. If reasonable precautions are taken the backyard will serve, or the roof of a city apartment house. The small shot lose velocity so rapidly that at 30 yards, unless a person should be struck in the eye, he would suffer nothing worse than a stinging sensation. Nevertheless, like every cartridge, regardless of weight or calibre, the .22 shot shell has its danger one which, though comparatively limited, must be respected.

The Mossburg gun has an extra rifled tube for use with regular rifle cartridges.

The Targo trap costs \$7.45, the gun \$11.75, targets less than one cent each, and the .22 shot shells retail at around 55 cents for a box of 50. There is a net, to catch those targets that have been missed and are unbroken, costing \$5.95. Naturally, I haven't troubled to equip myself with a net.

A STRUCTURE STANDS

Last night was a moon-drenched wonder of wonders, with the fireflies spiralling up through the trees on the lawn. Far away a neighbor's radio was tuned in to the convention hall of a great political party.

The brassy tones of a professional politician disturbed the quiet environs, and though at that distance the words were unintelligible one knew instinctively that in all probability the speaker was a liar. Now and again the summer night was offended by the shrieks and whoops and yells of the partisans.

It came gently to my mind that we could profit by a greater display of dignity on the part of those who have charge of these processes of government. The act of choosing a man to hold our highest office and carry the rifle responsibility of maintaining

the nation during these fearful times calls for more decorum than we expect to see at a prize fight.

The yelling and bellowing finally drove me indoors, where I picked up a copy of an illustrated magazine to serve as a counter irritant. There I came upon a photograph of a bathing beauty wearing a shirt with the first stanza of the national anthem printed thereon.

I put the thing away and got out an old service pistol, battered and nicked and worn by months of violence. A grim relic of a bygone furious struggle it is, and the feel of it in my hand brought back visions of death, devastation, heroism, and suffering.

Gradually the previous feeling of disgust and revulsion departed, for I saw again that a deep, strong conviction of freedom and right runs through our land, and that neither the blatant roarings of the demagogues nor the desecration of a national symbol by a silly girl, nor any of the cheapness, tawdriness, and selfish superficialities which make us seem contemptible in the eyes of others has any power to dim the splendid glory of the structure raised throughout the generations by American patriots.

SARTORIAL WARNING

Henry P. Davis, who is known to COUNTRY LIFE readers as a great field trial judge and one of the authors of "The Stranger," told me once of an incident occurring just before his marriage to Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davis' home was in Alabama and Henry was being led about and presented by his fiancée for family scrutiny.

One afternoon while driving with his bride-to-be, Henry observed a thing that struck him as being unique and peculiar. He wanted to photograph it but his camera was back in his room at the house of that relative of Mrs. Davis' who was currently conducting the inspection for the family of the bride. It was agreed to return to the house to recover the camera.

This was done, and Henry, wearing plus fours and a startling pair of golf hose, dashed into the house and grabbed his camera. As he emerged Mrs. Davis' uncle spoke to him from the shade of the porch.

"What's the excitement, Henry?" he inquired.

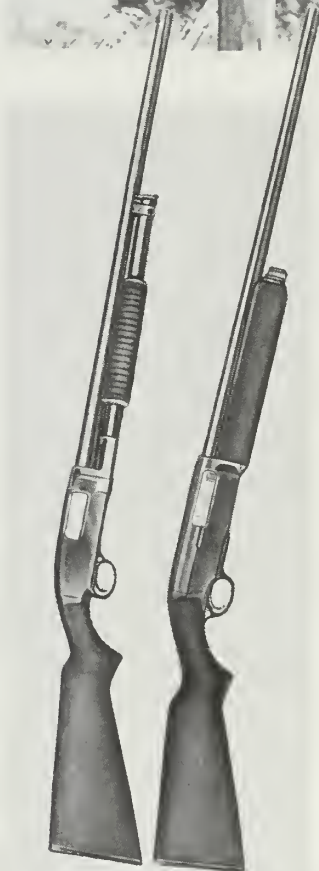
"Well, sir," explained Henry hurriedly, "down the road a piece there's a black woman with a baby slung on her back plowing a field with a bull. It's kind of a novel sight to me, sir, and I thought maybe I'd take a picture of 'em."

"I see—I see," remarked the uncle, nodding his approval. Then he added, "Hank, I reckon maybe you better go sort of careful. Those socks o' ours liable to be quite a novelty to the bull."

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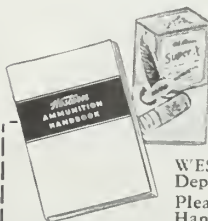
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CHAMPIONS FOR POLO

(Continued from page 34)

of its excellent record on Long Island all summer, and Bostwick Field. It was a disappointing match, played on sticky turf that allowed neither team to get going, and Great Neck won by the narrow margin of 4 goals to 3. Actually, the match was not as close as the score would indicate, as Great Neck led by 4 goals to 0 in the middle of the fourth period and no one seriously thought that Bostwick Field could win out, even though they almost tied things up.

The game was particularly interesting in that it showed the Great Neck four to lack cohesion. Stewart Iglehart, in brilliant form, was far too good for his teammates, which meant that he was doing things they could hardly be expected to cooperate in; conversely, they were not good enough for him, particularly on the attack, which meant that he had to keep going back, away from the play, thus greatly weakening the offensive power of his side.

Aknusti, in its final match, on the other hand, showed itself a very well balanced four indeed. The Gerrys and their teammates had no difficulty in disposing of the Gulf Stream team built around the two internationalists, Michael Phipps and Winston Guest. The score was 11 to 6.

Who would win the final? Would it be the neat Aknusti team or would the great star, Iglehart, be able to carry off the honors? Obviously, it was going to be close—and indeed it was. Aknusti, the team, beat Iglehart, the man, by 5 goals to 4. It made a fitting finale to a good polo season.

COMPLEAT WOODCOCKER

(Continued from page 24)

will have none of it, but ever insists upon building a clear, great fire and preparing his coffee in a great pot; but I have ever begrudged the taking of good hours of October daylight for the boiling of water.

Where to find the woodcock? Scholar, there is no rule. These alder swales, such as we are using today, are typical woodcock cover, and thus it is well to look into such places. But certain upper pasture land, studded with birch and poplar, sometimes harbors them. I remember a notable bag once made in a very dense thicket of cedar. They are even to be found in open syrup-orchards of maple trees. However, the alders are most consistently the haunt of these small birds; and neglect not the outer edges of such growths, for the woodcock requires very little concealment to be concealed.

Have you done with your eating? Do you take tobacco? Good! I find its aroma necessary to the completeness of good meat.

And speaking of meat, dress your woodcock as you would a chicken; to wit, pluck out his feathers, gut him, stuff and bake him (or cook

him otherwise, if it suit your fancy. But do not, as do many, skin and use his breast only, for, in so doing you cast away and waste his thigh which are, to my thinking, the most delicate and choice meat that grow on any bird. If it were not so, I never would have plucked so many scores of them as I have done.

In the shooting of this bird I would have you to bear in mind that when he springs into flight he is nearer to you than you think, the distance of rise being better measured in feet than in ells, which is why he looks so large, and so easy to hit. Thus great haste is not needful in order to shoot before he is beyond gun-shot or sight. Too, you should bear in mind that many a 'cock (and grouse, also, for that matter) has been brought to earth after he had passed from the shooter's sight behind branches and foliage.

But look at Roger! He has one nailed, and prettily. See how he froze in mid-career! Could any sight be finer? Now, Scholar, walk in and flush, and take the shot! Well done, upon my word! A big hen bird, too! A flight bird? Well, from the earliness of the season, I doubt it. A little later, I deem all birds to be flight birds. They move about a great deal, and new birds come in ere old inhabitants move out; and the latter do move a little to east or west, as well as to south.

There! Another point! And see, the ground there is almost clean so you may see the bird upon the ground. Look you! An ell before Roger's nose! A pretty sight, you will allow. Now, Scholar, I will try if I can catch him in my hand. Do you stand ready to shoot. If I catch him he shall get his liberty; but if he springs he must hazard your fire. Ha! he's up! and he escaped both charges you sent after him. Well, I am glad enough that he go free; he has made sport enough for us without gracing our table. There is much more to bird-shooting than the bagging of game, as you have seen; and while a weighty pocket is much to be desired, there are niceties and fitnesses that should be considered. And, strangely, Scholar, the man who most greatly

DO NOT READ NOW ANSWERS

to questions on page 70

1. Baseball, football, tennis, racquets, basket ball, hand ball, lacrosse, jai-alai and polo.
2. Lacrosse, because there is no prescribed limit to the length of the field.
3. Soft ball.
4. Hockey, women's basket ball.
5. Men's basket ball.
6. Football.
7. Polo.
8. Polo, tennis, golf, baseball, golf.
9. Tennis, polo, golf, baseball, football, hockey.
10. Finland.

enjoys seeing the bird break to shot the very man who most appreciates and is most observant of these niceties.

But Roger's bell has become mute down in this hollow. Come! We must not be too tardy. Take the shot, scholar. That's the style! A sound performance! Nay! Hasten not! There must be yet another! Ah! and have him down. A most excellent dish of meat will these make for you and your mother. The two birds together roused your excitement, did they not? But wait until you have a chance for a double.

There is good Roger down again,



1940 MIGRATORY GAME BIRD REGULATIONS

Ducks, Geese, Brant, Coot, Jacksnipe

Oct. 1-Nov. 29. NORTHERN ZONE. Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Oct. 16-Dec. 14. INTERMEDIATE ZONE. California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, Nevada, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia.

Nov. 2-Dec. 31. SOUTHERN ZONE. Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

Woodcock

Oct. 1-15. New York (northern), New Hampshire, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan (upper Peninsula).

Oct. 10-24. Maine, Ohio.

Oct. 15-29. New York (southern)*, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan*.

Oct. 16-30. Pennsylvania.

Oct. 17-31. Vermont, West Virginia.

Oct. 20-Nov. 3. Massachusetts.

Oct. 25-Nov. 8. Connecticut.

Nov. 1-15. Long Island, New Jersey, Rhode Island.

Nov. 10-24. Missouri.

Nov. 15-29. Delaware, Maryland.

Nov. 20-Dec. 4. Virginia.

Dec. 1-15. Arkansas, Kentucky, Oklahoma.

Dec. 15-29. Louisiana, Mississippi.

ing with only my two eyes and two legs to find them with.

We have covered this plot pretty thoroughly and may have to go elsewhere to complete your score. But stay! By following yonder fence we will reach the road and our conveyance and may, by good fortune, find a bird in those straggling alders and birches that grow beside it. I will walk behind you, for you are to procure this last bird with neither help nor hindrance from me. Keep your eye on Roger and you will learn from his eager aspect when you are to expect a point. (Ah! Missed with both barrels! And in the open,

Rail, Gallinule

Oct. 1-Nov. 29. Wisconsin.

Oct. 16-Dec. 14. New York, Long Island, Washington, Massachusetts.

Oct.-Nov. 30. Minnesota.

Nov. 1-Jan. 31. Louisiana.

Nov. 20-Jan. 31. Alabama.

(Other States Sept. 1-Nov. 30).

Mourning Dove

Oct. 1-15. Mississippi.

Oct. 1-31. Georgia (certain counties)*.

Oct. 1-31. Alabama (North of U. S. Highway 80)*.

Oct. 1-Nov. 15. Florida (Certain Counties)*.

To Oct. 15. South Carolina (Certain Counties)*.

To Oct. 31. Kentucky.

To Oct. 31. Texas (Certain Counties).

Oct-Nov. 15. Texas*, Arizona, California, Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma.

Oct.-Nov. 30. Arkansas, Delaware, North Carolina, Tennessee.

Nov. 15-Dec. 15. Maryland.

Nov. 20-Jan. 31. Alabama (South of U. S. Highway 80), Georgia*, South Carolina*, Florida*, Virginia.

Dec. 1-Jan. 31. Mississippi, Louisiana.

Dec. 20-Jan. 31. South Carolina (Certain Counties), Georgia (Certain Counties), Alabama (North of U. S. Highway 80)*.

White-Winged Dove

To Oct. 31. Texas (certain counties).

Oct.-Nov. 15. Texas*.

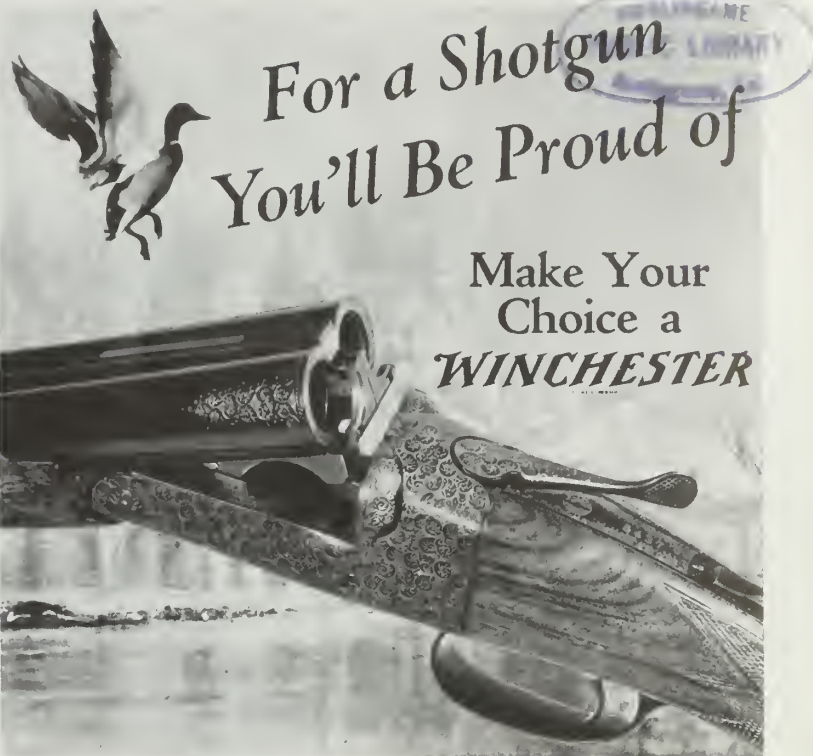
*Exceptions.

and . . . Mark! You did not see the bird? Nor did I, but—ah! I saw that one, and a very fair snap I made, though modesty should have stopped my tongue. And there a third! You were too precipitate, Scholar. Do not let excitement blind you to the folly of pulling your trigger ere your muzzles have been brought to bear. But do not let my observations discourage you; older hands than you have become excited.

Let us take account of stock. The law of the land, then, gives us the right to yet another woodcock, and, daylight serving, I am bound that you shall procure it. You enjoy this pleasing sport? I was sure of it, and counsel you to follow it for its many joys, even though alone and with no dog, (albeit in so saying, I mean that I utter heresy) for many fine 'cock have I pocketed by hunt-

ing with only my two eyes and two legs to find them with. (Mind it not, Scholar! He has pitched down some rods ahead of you and you may then redeem yourself. There! Well done! Now you may call yourself a woodcock shooter and will, with honest study, become a fine one. See how readily honest Roger now keeps to heel! The old fellow knows well enough that the day is done and he has relaxed all: he will sleep tonight.

You have enjoyed your day, Scholar? And will you care to accompany me abroad another day? I'll be delighted to have you, for the greater your practise of this pleasant art, the more you will derive those benefits which come from walking in the fragrant air laden with the smells of the turning leaves: and if your game pocket be comfortably weighted, is it not thus much the better?



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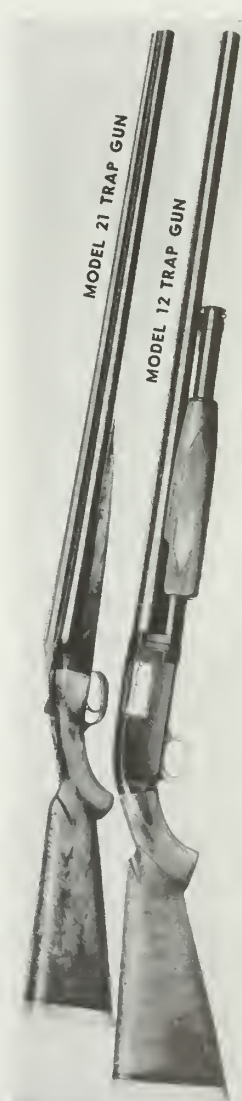
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● **GLASS WONDER:** the Fiberglas tablecloth is the new wonder of the glass world. The texture of this fabric is like the finest damask and comes in three colors—ecru, white and an attractive blue, in designs that are charmingly simple. There will be no need to shudder when someone misses the ash tray or candlewax sputters about, and all manner of burns disappear like magic. Let the Esmond Blanket Shop at 36 West 50th Street show you these lovely cloths—a delightful means of giving freshness to your dinner party table arrangement. Incidentally, the price is \$37.50. This is an idea come to life that many a hostess has visioned but given up as a fiction of her imagination.

● **WILDFOWLERS DELIGHT:** the woodcock plate is one of a set by Dennis Puleston. The plates are \$75 a dozen and can be ordered in the assorted series or all of one design. The leather cigarette case sports a Mallard duck, \$15. The realistic hand-carved-in-wood Canvasback paperweight: \$15. All these objects dear to a wildfowler's heart you will find at The Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 East 52nd Street.



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● **WITHOUT BENEFIT OF ICE:** great wonders from little powders grow: Quicold is the name—it consists of two powders you mix with water, and presto you have instant refrigeration without ice. It is the answer for cooling food and drink on a boat—a fishing trip—a picnic—not to mention that point at which the ice cubes give out at a cocktail party. Quick the Quicold—ten minutes is the time it takes to do its job. It comes in a very compact and practical package, but we can't tell all in this small space, so we suggest you go to Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue at 45th Street. We enjoy mentioning the fact that Quicold was invented by a Nimrod who got pretty tired of figuring out what to do about the snack and drink department when he was out among the field and streams. Who can say a fisherman isn't good for anything else but telling tall tales and coming home without that four pound trout!

in the Shops

● **PIPEFUL:** one of the first definitions the dictionary gives for the word "pipe" is, and we quote—any tube which produces a musical sound—we believe that musical sounds will be heard in the throat of the smoker who looks at the travelling pigskin pipecase at Benson and Hedges. It contains three French briar pipes, a pipe-companion and a generous supply of stem cleaners; the price is \$26. An additional solace; a hand-turned and polished Juniper wood pipetray—it has a cork knocker and is only \$4. Fine and definitely practical. This also comes from Benson and Hedges, located at 435 Fifth Avenue. Have a look at their book on tobacco.

● **JERSEY COMPLEMENTS:** in the early fall that problem of what to wear on the head that isn't a hat looms up—Bonwit Teller has a new jersey turban that is given importance by the use of two brass drapery rings—in fact it can be carried over to wear in a casual mood with your fur coat. It comes in a choice of three colors—gray, beige, and blue for \$5. There is a matching jersey jerkin—to wear with a tweed skirt and blouse when it's too warm for a sweater; this is \$6.95. As a set or separately they will brighten anyone's approach to a new season. Bonwit Teller, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street. Don't overlook the Milkmaid creams and lotions in the Herb Shop.



● **THE WORLD IN YOUR HAND:** even if you can't remould it nearer to your heart's desire. The small camera-size RCA radio is your personal device for hearing what is most important to you no matter where or when. Its technical perfections include: automatic volume control, built-in antenna and a full toned loud speaker. In hand stitched genuine leather case, \$27.50. The Liberty Music Shop, 450 Madison Avenue.



● **ANTI ZERO HOUR:** the rains can come, the winds can blow and roar, but you will remain imperturbable in these Zerolite cashmere hunting undergarments; they are wrist and ankle length respectively; \$25 for the two pieces. The outer shirt is made of the same imported cashmere and sells for \$12.50. The three pieces are meant to be sold as a complete set and come in two

colors—natural or heather blue. From Abercrombie and Fitch, 45th Street and Madison Avenue. If you prefer to keep your waistline down by other means than putting on your shoes with the puff and blow method, use a remote control shoe horn. It is made of solid mahogany and is yours for \$1.50. The length of 19½ inches will give you an idea of what a bend-over saver it is. Ladies and gentlemen, take note. From Authentique Inc., 385 Madison Avenue.

● **PLAYING THE NUMBERS:** for that moment when you have caught up on your current reading—or that occasion when you have an odd number of guests—try your luck and skill at the exciting new game of Hi Ro; trays and blocks with six numbered sides are your equipment. The technique is to turn the blocks so that you get a row of a kind of numbers. To explain each move of the game without props would leave you in somewhat of a quandary. So we suggest a trip to B. Altman, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, and from \$1 to \$3 the game is yours. Which means there are three qualities to choose from. We might add that this is excellent fun for two to play on some of those long winter evenings, as an alternative to that other game at which one of you never gets a chance to win. And if you have always wanted a game to play that would allow of your lolling in your most comfortable chair, and your opponent in his—Hi Ro is that game. M. H.

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A FAIRYLAND IS NOT MERELY AN ILLUSION IN A TWO SEASON GARDEN

A two season garden is (usually) twice as nice as a one! In this article is the story of a garden that looks particularly beautiful twice a year, and takes a rest between times.

In last February's issue of COUNTRY LIFE was the description of a garden entirely devoted to annuals, and I then mentioned the fact that it was a part—a section—of an extensive and beautiful landscape scheme. Illustrated in this article is a garden which is another section of that same scheme. In fact it is practically a twin, in design, of the annual one. Of course, the annual garden is at its best during July, August, and part of September, and I defy anyone who walks into it not to gasp with pleasure at the rollicking bloom of the thousands of starry-eyed summer flowers.

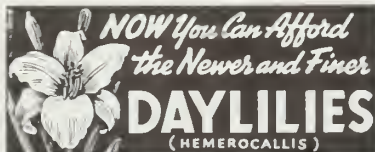
Well, there are two gasps for the garden in this issue; one in the spring and the other in the autumn. As you can see by the plan and photographs, the center always looks

green and attractive. The object of this is a clever one. When one walks along the broad main garden path, and gets a glimpse through the entrance or door into one of these "rooms," it invariably looks chic and tidy with its formal design of box, grass, and hedge. Then when a particular room is on display, the season for its "big show" is at hand. Then, and then only, one walks down a few steps into it, and finds unexpected and hidden beauty just around the corner.

To begin with, please notice particularly, in the pictures, the background of trees. In one corner is a tall elm. Opposite it is a large apple tree, leaning over the border, and all along that side (opposite the entrance) are fine woodland trees with many showy dogwoods. Could one ask for a lovelier background?

On every side of the green oblong center, there are deep borders of colorful shrubs and flowers.

For the spring show, there are



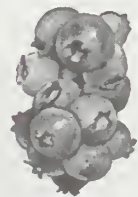
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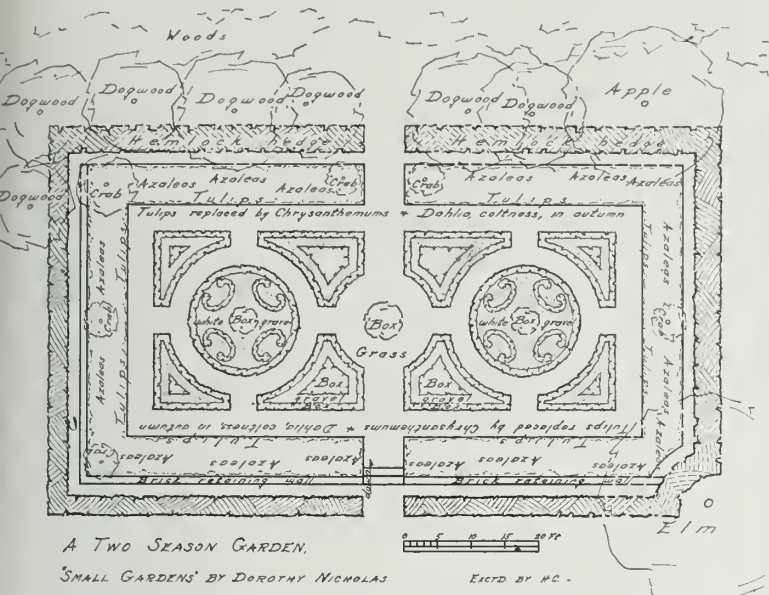
Two seasons in one garden; spring (upper) brings tulips, azaleas and crab-apples; fall (lower) shows vivid chrysanthemums and dahlias

GOTTSCHO PHOTOS

rab-apples, azaleas, and tulips. Not so original or extraordinary," I can hear someone mutter, but wait a moment, please. The crabs are *Sargenti*, a dwarf variety with delicate, pale blossoms. Around and near these are early light pink tulips (*flamingo* and *Venus*.)

their heads," as the combination of color would be distressing.

Of course, one reason the effect of this spring display is so effective, is because there is such a profusion of bloom. The garden has a protected situation, which agrees with the azaleas, so they prosper and



A TWO SEASON GARDEN.

'SMALL GARDENS' BY DOROTHY NICHOLAS

EXC'D BY H.C.

Sizeable detailed blueprints may be obtained on request from *Country Life*

The first azaleas to flower are the *klippenbachi*, a heavenly variety, with large flowers of soft pinky lavender. Running into the pink tulips come white ones: *Vesta* (extra early bloom), *White Duchess*, and *Zwanburg*¹. They are backed by white azaleas (*indica alba*). The delicacy of all this pink and white, picked up by the background by the tall apple trees and the dogwoods in full bloom, gives a truly enchanting and fairylike quality to the entire garden.

Again I can hear someone mutter, like the Red Queen in "Alice in Wonderland": "When you say tulip planting, I've seen tulip planting compared with which this would be a sheet of milk and water."

"Nonsense," said Alice; and I say the same thing! This planting has all the allure and simplicity which I have seldom seen.

The coloring then becomes slightly more sophisticated. Following the early pinkish lavender and white azaleas, come the *mollis* varieties: *annewell* and *altaclarensis*. These come in the enticing colors of salmon, apricot, and corn yellow. Around and near them are more white tulips, with large drifts of very dark purple ones: *Giant* and *rust*. This effect is almost as enchanting as the ingenue pink; and the way, if any of the early *flamingo* are still blooming when the *mollis* azaleas come out, "off with

are bountiful. Only fine bulbs are used and they are planted about five inches apart. Do you realize what that means? In a small space, say five feet square, there would be 144 tulips. The bulb areas (about one third of the whole) of these borders are about 480 sq. ft., so figure out for yourself, if you are a good mathematician, how many tulips there are seen bobbing their pretty heads about on a fine day in May.

So much for the spring season, and I am confident that even the most doubting of Thomases would give the gasp I spoke about, if they happened in on this display when it was at its height. After it is over and the tulips have ripened, they are all removed, stored away, and later used elsewhere next year. The beds are tidied up and a rest period follows, rest as far as blooming material is concerned, not otherwise, because soon all the fall flowering plants are put in. Only two kinds of plants are used: red Coltness dahlias (these are the dwarf single ones), and hardy chrysanthemums; and what an exciting vista that word opens!

Surely the long range of "mums" is a joy, and the growing of and experimenting with them can easily become a hobby. The varieties in this garden are picked for their colors, all tawny fellows that speak of autumn—yellows, buffs, apricots, and reds, with only one white variety (*articum*). This is dwarf with white, daisy-like flowers, and has a different looking leaf from the

¹This article was written before it was known that no Holland bulbs would be obtainable this year. Substitutes for varieties mentioned could be found among American-grown bulbs.



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other hardy "mums." It is used for edging all the corners, and does its job very competently.

So for color, we find red single dahlias, mixed about with all the tawny colors of the chrysanthemums. The azalea foliage remains intact, the *Schlippenbachii* turning a fine bronze hue. The trees in the background help out by turning all sorts of wonderful colors, with the dogwoods in the lead with their showy red leaves and clusters of scarlet berries. It all makes a grand autumn show; not fairylike and dainty like the spring one, but a defiant, brilliant, devil-may-care one, and I demand another gasp!

At the end of this article is a list of the chrysanthemums used, but there are innumerable other ones, too. Some are more contrary than others, for alas, like so many precious things, the most beautiful are the most delicate. All the Korean, for example, seem sensitive, and uncooperative with our cold winters. Sometimes a few will come through, but is is better, if possible, to humor them and let them winter in cold frames. Do your own experimenting, however, but always be on the safe side and keep a few plants under glass so you can propagate your favorites from slips in the early spring. It is easy to do this, and has anyone ever had too many chrysanthemums?

They have so many uses. They are so sweet and good-natured about being picked up, "toted" about, planted here and there, and all in full bloom if necessary. Use them as cut flowers; pot them off for house use; or put them in the herbaceous border to cheer up drab places. They are fine little friends with but one serious exception, and that is that the blooming season of many varieties is, or may be, so tragically short. You watch over them, look forward to their loveliness, and when they finally decide to come out in full bloom, it is so late in the season that there may be—it is a horrible thought—but there may be a killing frost a week later!

A new idea has been invented to circumvent this failing. It is a "black out" treatment. We have always heard the old saying that "mums will bloom when the nights become long," so this treatment is a long night. It is a forcing process, and works as follows. Build a shed of slats, set wide apart, over the rows of plants you want forced. Then make a cover of black material (about the consistency of unbleached muslin) and arrange this material so it can be rolled over the slat frame and fastened down on the sides. Every afternoon, about 4:30, roll up and fasten down this funeral looking affair, blocking out all sun and daylight, and the following morning, about 8 A. M. roll it back again.

For some unknown reason (unknown to me, but probably not to a scientist!), this procedure forces the plants in an amazing way. If you follow it, you can force the blooms of your precious "mums" weeks

ahead. Sometimes I wonder if the colors are quite so rich, but I am still in the experimental stage myself, and would not dare to be positive one way or the other. The date for commencing the "black out" should be about two months before the plants would normally bloom.

Following is a list of the chrysanthemum varieties used in this garden:

- Aloma*: rust, tall.
- Meta Beigen*: dark red, tall.
- Normandie*: yellow, fairly early bloom, medium height.
- Sappho*: light yellow, Korean variety, early, single, low.
- Vesta*: rosy yellow, Korean variety, large flowers, medium height.
- Yellow button*: pompon variety.
- A fuller list of good varieties:
- Apollo*: bronze red, Korean.
- Crimson splendor*: crimson, large, Korean.
- Daybreak*: apricot-pink.
- Early bronze*: bronze, pompon variety.
- Ceres*: chamois-yellow, with a tinge of bronze, Korean.
- Granny Scoville*: coral bronze, double.
- Irene*: white, double.
- Judith Anderson*: bright bronzy yellow, button variety.
- Mars*: wine red, Korean.
- Norma T.*: bronzy gold, double.
- October Dawn*: cafe-au-lait.
- Orion*: canary-yellow, Korean.
- Tasiva*: white.

Remember, however, there are still many more, so again I say, do your own experimenting.

LONE STAR BARONY

(Continued from page 23)

The results of the first cross were very gratifying. Some of the sons of the original sorrel stallion were so outstanding that they were retained as prospective sires. They were broken and ridden after cattle to determine their riding qualities, and in time matings from these horses were made, Kleberg keeping in mind the variation from the original characteristics of the foundation sire, whose qualities were very nearly perfect. Thus, by working in one family of horses and keeping these facts clearly in mind, the type and breed has been established. The experiment has been carried on for several generations, based on the plan of mating superior individuals—those that reproduce their best points—as well as maintaining the correct bloodlines. About the same balance of blood, half quarterhorse and half Thoroughbred, has been maintained.

With this background and through this breeding plan, the King Ranch hopes to raise the best type of all-purpose horse that can be produced—one that will make a top riding or polo horse, with extreme speed. That is the specific aim of the experiment. Thus far every generation has shown improvement.

That the King Ranch special type of horse fits in with the aims of the new Quarterhorse Breeders' Asso-

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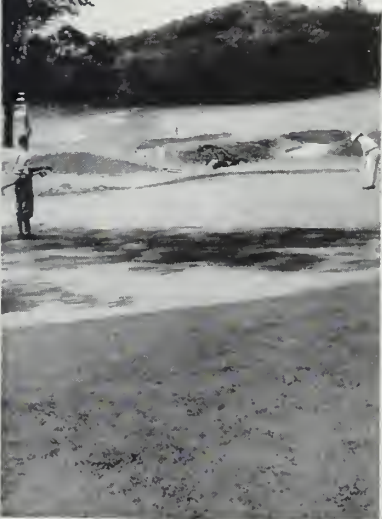
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ciation was evidenced by the fact that one of the special King Ranch breed of ranch horses, a stallion named Peppy, won outstanding recognition at the Fort Worth Livestock Show in March. Kleberg sent the horse to Fort Worth with the idea of exhibiting him with the Santa Gertrudis cattle to show what could be accomplished by certain methods of breeding. However, Peppy was entered, by request, in the quarter-horse division of the show, and was awarded the blue ribbon as the best quarterhorse stallion exhibited. He was then entered in competition for the Grand Championship as the best stock or riding horse and won the purple ribbon.

The King Ranch entered the race-horse business in 1935, when several outstanding dams were purchased at the Saratoga sale, including Split Second, Dawn Play, and Science, then in foal to Cohort, Ciencia's sire. Split Second was bought from Max Hirsch, who became trainer for the King Ranch.



Caesar Kleberg, asst. ranch manager, in field of irrigated Rhodes grass

but she was bred by Morton Schwartz. The other two were purchased from Schwartz.

Split Second in 1935 was first and won \$20,580 in the Selima Stakes, and was second in the Coaching Club American Oaks, won by High Fleet. High Fleet carried 111 lbs., and Split Second, 121 lbs. Split Second is regarded as one of the very choice brood mares on the King Ranch. She is out of One Hour, one of the greatest mares of America. Split Second is being bred this year to War Admiral.

In 1936 Dawn Play was second in the Matron at Belmont Park and in the Selima Stakes. In 1937 she won a total of \$46,075 by taking firsts in the Acorn Stakes at Belmont, the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont, and the American Derby at Homewood, Ill., winning all of her starts as a three-year-old. This fine filly's racing career came to an untimely end at Saratoga in the fall of 1937, when she was struck by lightning. She was then bred to Discovery and produced an outstanding foal from this mating. Unfortunately this colt died at the age of five months, but it was so well liked by the King Ranch that Dawn

Play was returned to Discovery this spring. This is line breeding to the Fair Play line, probably the greatest distance line of American race horses.

The stallions, Chicaro, Equestrian, and Bim Bam, are standing at the King Ranch at present. And now comes Bold Venture, the most recent acquisition of the King Ranch. In this fine stallion Kleberg feels he has a horse of unquestioned class, whose individuality meets his every requirement for the special breeding plan being attempted by the ranch. He is the type much admired by Texas ranchmen, as he is a horse of great substance and outstanding conformation. Bold Venture, 1936 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner, is chestnut in color, and will be used on the best Thoroughbred mares of the King Ranch as well as in elevating the ranch breed of horses. His sire has also produced another Derby winner in Twenty Grand, who ran the fastest Derby ever run.

The yearlings on the King Ranch are given their preliminary work by William Eagan, at the stables in Kingsville, where a race track is maintained. They are then turned over to Max Hirsch, who completes their training. A few of the top three-year-olds are wintered at Columbia, S. C.

Included in the horse population of the King Ranch are about 1,800 gentle riding horses, 500 brood mares, and around 400 one- and two-year-olds, in addition to the stallions and foals. The ranch has in its racing stud 40 Thoroughbred mares selected for conformation, bloodlines, and racing class. It also has an exceptionally nice bunch of yearlings on hand this year.

Most of the labor on the ranch is done by Mexicans, many of whom are descendants of the original helpers of Capt. King. Approximately 450 Mexican laborers are employed on the entire ranch. The Mexican vaqueros, born horsemen, supply the need of the King Ranch for good cow hands.

The ranch obtains its water supply from hundreds of artesian wells and windmills scattered over the different divisions. Water for the livestock is pumped either into earthen tanks or into small concrete reservoirs placed conveniently over the expansive ranges. One earthen dam on the Santa Gertrudis Ranch, which was constructed as a part of the soil and water conservation program carried on by the Federal Government, is more than one mile long and catches and preserves rain water. The lands are well terraced as a part of the conservation program. The headquarters ranch has the advantage of a clay and lime sub-soil of about three and one-half feet, which causes water spreading through terraces and spreader dams to be retained for sometime, providing uniform grazing land.

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IMPORTED St. Elmo II, bred in France by Lord Derby, to the United States in the fall of 1938. I wanted him (1) because he had proved himself a race-horse of quality, winning 8 races up to 1 3/4 miles, carrying as much as 133 lbs.; (2) because as the son of Pharos and Frisky he carried the best blood of England and France; Pharos being the sire of the wonder horse Nearco, sold for \$300,000, and numerous Classic winners, also heading the sire list in England and France; Frisky being a winner of the French Oaks and the dam also of Turbulent, winner of the 1938 Grand Criterium at Longchamps; (3) because he is himself a handsome individual; (4) and finally because he is still today the only son of Pharos standing at stud in the United States and would thus provide an out-cross of inestimable value to many breeders.

To make certain that St. Elmo should be given ample opportunity at stud, I assembled a band of 30 broodmares considered worthy of him, representatives of good blood-lines, themselves excellent individuals, winners if possible, and dams of winners.

After St. Elmo's first crop appeared, so many outside mares of real promise were booked to him that I can safely dispose of at least 10 of my good mares without diminishing his opportunities, at the same time, I hope, widening and enhancing his reputation.

These ten mares are not culls. They represent a cross-section of the 30 mares I got for St. Elmo. They make an extraordinary opportunity for anyone who is ready to start a modest breeding operation.

THE MARES

IMP. ALPENSTOCK, gr. m., 6, 16.2, by Snow Boy, by Tredenis, out of Herodias, by Roi Soleil. Bred in Jamaica, B. W. I., this mare's first foal, a filly, was sold at Saratoga this year.

BAY BLOOM, b. m., 11, 16.3, by Coventry, by Negofol, out of Bonnie Broom, by Whisk Broom II. Bay Bloom was bred in Kentucky by H. P. Whitney and won one race during a shortened racing career.

IMP. HOW DIVINE, ch. m., 12, 16.3, by Friar's Melody, by Friar Marcus, out of Lady Marchmond, by Marchmond. Bred in England; won the Ormead Cup at 2 1/2 miles over brush carrying 154 lbs.; her first foal was sold at Saratoga this year.

COLLEEN McGEE, ch. m., 3, 15.3, by Color Sergeant, by Pennant, out of Ida McGee, by *McGee. This young broodmare could not be raced because of a knee injury, now healed.

GENONA, br. m., 13, 16 hands, by *Tchad by Negofol, out of Artist Model 2nd, by *Allumeur. A particularly handsome mare, bred in Virginia by Willis Sharpe Kilmer.

MISS BODIE, ch. m., 11, 16.2, by The Clown, by Hessian, out of Elizabeth Bean, by Meridian.

MOVE ALONG, ch. m., 11, 16.2, by Whiskalong, by Whisk Broom II, out of *Soppe Le Haut, by Picrohole. This mare was a winner and is the dam of two winners; she is by a winner out of a winner.

IMP. ROCK GOLD, b. m., 15, 16.2, by Bay d'Or, by Bayardo, out of Needle Rock, by *Rock Sand. Dam of four winners; half-sister to a stake winner.

SHEPHERDESS, gr. m., 14, 16.2, by *Royal Canopy, by Roi Herode, out of Herd Girl, by Colin. Winner of five races; dam of three winners; by a stake winner out of a winner.

IMP. SOLUSTINA, b. m., 11, 16 hands, by Lustucre, by Negofol, out of Sun Shadow, by Son-in-Law. Bred in Ireland. Dam of four winners.

FOR SALE AS A GROUP, THESE MARES WILL BE VERY REASONABLY PRICED PARTICULARLY IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THEY ALREADY INCLUDE 10 STUD FEES TO ST. ELMO II OF \$500 EACH

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Horse & Horseman

HORSES IN WAR

The emphasis that these pages have placed on the usefulness—no, the necessity—of horses in wartime has not been misplaced. An announcement made by the War Department on September 17 indicates that the American cavalry is to be strikingly revised.

The new plans call for the purchase of 19,802 horses to augment the 17,000 now in service, most of them to be placed in National Guard cavalry units. A request for \$3,366,340 for the new mounts is before Congress now.

Full details of the revised American cavalry will appear here shortly.



The horse situation in the United States seems to be about as follows at the moment:

BREEDING: The breeding of light horses has been enormously stimulated by the Government Remount program; the reservoir of good horses of a type useful to the army is growing instead of diminishing, as a result of the French collapse. The breeding of farm horses is becoming more and more an American problem; European sources for Belgians, Suffolks, Percherons, Shires have been closed. More and more Thoroughbreds of magnificent breeding are arriving in this country.

RACING: Pari-mutuel betting has been more satisfactory in New York than anyone dreamed it would be, leading to a number of possibilities in the future. For one thing, the cut taken by the state and the racing associations may and should be lowered. At least one of the minor tracks in the Metropolitan district is doomed to extinction. Cries that Saratoga's days are numbered were certainly premature. New Jersey is still making haste very slowly so far as its racing plans are concerned. Through the country racing seems to be flourishing and crackpot schemes—like the Bieber plan for the purchase of horses that shouldn't be at the tracks—are still rearing their pretty heads.

STEEPLECHASING: This grand sport seems to be making a determined comeback. Saratoga had steeplechasing rather better than usual and prospects for the fall are promising.

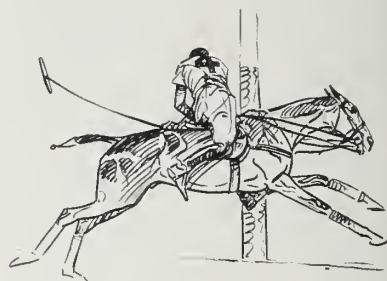
The Foxcatcher meeting at Fair Hill, Md., once more indicated that the hunt meetings are to reckoned with, perhaps on a smaller scale than before. New riders, new owners, better horses are still urgently needed in steeplechasing.

TROTTING: The experiment with trotting at night, tried with considerable vigor and a fanfare of trumpets on what was once an automobile race-track on Long Island, seems to be getting along no better than fair. Probably this is all to the good, because a hugely successful night trotting track would bring clamor for a night running track, and most students of racing seem agreed that that isn't what the sport needs most.

POLO: The Aknusti team put up such a bright performance at Meadow Brook in the big championship of the year, as related elsewhere in this issue, that the future for polo seems to have brightened considerably.

INDOOR POLO: This spectacular game seems to be off the list this winter. There is no adequate place in which the game can regularly be played, for all the armories are to be taken over for military duties. This is sad news for the many who love this game, but there it is.

SHOWING: The National Horse Show, soon to be held in New York, will show once again how virile this sport is in America. It should be a first-rate show despite the absence



of European teams. (Who can guess when another European horse show team will ride in America? Or in Europe, for that matter?)

HUNTING: This great sport, pursued far from peering eyes, ought to be in for a great season, weather permitting. We hear, incidentally, of a number of communities through the country which are going to start a hunt in the not distant future.

POLO INCIDENT

An amusing incident occurred at the final match of the Open Championship tournament that went unnoticed by most spectators there. It was the first appearance of the "sit-down strike" in polo.

Young Peter Grace didn't feel too



edited by *PETER VISCHER*

well as this game started; he had what was described as "a stitch in the stomach." When the first period ended he sat down on the grass for a while. When the second period ended he did likewise. But Bobby Gerry was apparently not certain about this stitch and thought maybe there was a bit of subtle strategy here and he meant to have no part of it; though out on the field ready for play, he rode back to his pony line, dismounted, put on his coat—and sat on the grass too.

There they were: six players ready for action and the rival No. 2's glaring at each other across the wide turf of Meadow Brook.

Now, the rules don't cover a situation of this sort. They say (General Rule No. 4c) that "a player may be substituted for another during a match only if the latter player, through sickness or accident, is unable to continue." They say (No. 7a) that "there shall be intervals of three minutes after each period." They say (No. 7c) that except as otherwise specified "play shall be continuous." They say (No. 22c) that "in the event of an accident to a player, he shall have not more than 15 minutes time out." They just don't say what is to be done when a player has a stitch in his stomach and keeps sitting on the ground as the other seven men ride out.

Probably the Polo Association's rules committee has already met to solve this problem.

KILMER SALE

On October 30 a most important dispersal will take place at Court Manor, New Market, Virginia. On that occasion, with the exception of a few retired for sentimental reasons, the Thoroughbreds owned by the late Willis Sharpe Kilmer, leading American breeder of 1939, will be sold to the highest bidder.

This is probably the only time in American breeding annals that the dispersal of a leading breeder has occurred at the very pinnacle of his career. At the time of his passing, Mr. Kilmer possessed one of the finest Thoroughbred nurseries in the world. Now the opportunity of acquiring this carefully selected stock will be afforded others.

Sun Briar, it is announced, has served his last mare and will be retired to the life of ease he has so richly earned. The beloved Exterminator will also be retained by Mrs. Kilmer, and Sally's Alley, famous Futurity winner of 1922 will be retired to green pastures for the rest of her days.

Mrs. Kilmer is retaining Sun Beau, but the former world's champion, now at the height of his

powers, will be leased. Suntica, triple Oaks winner and a particular favorite of Mrs. Kilmer's, will not be sold. With those few exceptions everything else will go.

Included are the dams of Easton, Suntica, Nedayr, Chance Sun, Best Beau, Sun Alexandria, Sun Lover, Sun Egret, Lucky Omen, Genie Palatine, Alberta, Dark Beau, Sunset Girl, Floragina, Papienie, Try Sympathy, Starpatie, Dark Magnet, Morpluck, Dark Hero, Dark Winter, and scores of other winners.

At this writing it is believed that close to 90% of the mares to be sold are in foal.

The 34 weanlings in the dispersal



include five colts and two fillies by Sun Briar. These two fillies and whatever fillies issue from the eight mares presumed to be in foal to the great stallion will complete the roster of Sun Briar mares on this sphere. Among the weanlings are youngsters out of many of the great producers of the stud.

Of great interest to breeders also will be the stallions to be offered. Neddie, son of unbeaten Colin, has already offered hostages to fortune. On the basis of average-earnings-per-foal Neddie stood second among living sons of the lines at the end of 1939. If afforded greater opportunity Neddie's demonstrated worth promises impressive statistical eminence. He has already sired such stake-winners as Nedayr, Good Goods, Ned Reigh, Black Gift, Trailer and others.

Gino, in a few short seasons, has achieved a reputation rarely enjoyed by a young stallion. Of his first 34 foals to race, 30 were winners. In 1939 every one of his 12 two-year-olds to start was a winner. Already he boasts, in Galley Slave, a world's record holder. A stake winner abroad, Gino's success in stud here confirms the promise of his pedigree. His sire was Tetratema, and his famous dam, Teresina, by Tracery.

The other young stallions to be sold include Ned Reigh (twice conqueror of Scabiscuit and Granville as a two-year-old; winner of the Junior Champion, Walden and Tray); Sunador (sire of Evander,

BURLINGAME

COMPLETE DISPERSAL

The Executors of the Estate of Willis Sharpe Kilmer have ordered an absolute sale of the Thoroughbred stock of America's leading breeder of 1939. The dispersal will include the following:

STALLIONS

*GINO, grey, 1930, by Tetratema-Teresina by Tracery.
NEDDIE, black, 1926, by Colin-Black by *Light Brigade.
NED REIGH, brown, 1933, by Neddie-Reigh Nun by *Sun Reigh.
SUNPATIE, bay, 1930, by *Sun Briar-Simpatia by Friar Rock.
SUN CIRCLE, brown, 1922, by *Sun Briar-Conference by Rock Sand.
SUNADOR, chestnut, 1931, by *Sun Briar-Adorable II by Sardanapale.

BROODMARES

ADORABLE II, b. or br. m., 1925, by Sardanapale-Incredule (bred to Sun Briar).
ALBERTA, ch. m., 1932, by Diophon-Flo II (bred to Sun Beau).
ALEXANDRIA, br. m., 1931, by Pharos-Jean Gow (bred to Sun Beau).
AMERICAN AIR, ch. m., 1931, by American Flag-Sunayr (bred to Sun Beau).
BEAUFLOWER, ch. m., 1933, by Sun Beau-Flower Girl (bred to Neddie).
BEAUSYMPATHY, b. m., 1933, by Sun Beau-Simpatia (bred to Gino).
DARK CONVENT, ch. m., 1932, by Traumer-Reigh Nun (bred to Sun Beau).
DARK EDWINA, b. m., 1928, by Traumer-Edwina (bred to Sun Briar).
DARK FAIRY, ch. m., 1930, by Traumer-Sun Fairy (bred to Neddie).
DARK GODDESS, b. m., 1927, by Traumer-Hathor (bred to Sun Briar).
DARK LOVE, b. m., 1930, by Traumer-Sunny Love (bred to Sun Beau).
DARK PALATINE, b. m., 1937, by Traumer-Sun Palatine (bred to Sun Beau).
DARK VICTORY, br. m., 1929, by Traumer-Sun Vive (bred to Sun Beau).
DINAH VICTORY, ch. m., 1932, by Victorian-Dinah Did (bred to Sun Beau).
FLO II, b. m., 1924, by Alcantara II-Fuida II (bred to Sun Beau).
FLORANADA, b. m., 1924, by The Porter-Hannah Pike (bred to Sun Briar).
GALOMAR, b. m., 1932, by Sir Gallahad III-Mary Johnston (bred to Sun Beau).
GAMONIA, ch. m., 1930, by Fair Play-Franconia (bred to Neddie).
GINO NUN, ch. m., 1935, by Gino-Reigh Nun (bred to Sun Beau).
IN PLAY, ch. m., 1930, by Fair Play-Muttikins (bred to Gino).
PAPRICE, br. m., 1930, by Papyrus-Caprice II (bred to Sun Briar).
PHAONA, b. m., 1923, by Phalaris-Destination (bred to Sun Beau).
PHARAWHAWK, b. m., 1932, by Pharamond II-Hawkhead (bred to Sun Briar).
POLLY EGRET, ch. m., 1931, by Polymelian-Egret (bred to Sun Beau).
POLLY HUNDRED, ch. m., 1932, by Polymelian-Skyblue Pink (bred to Sun Briar).
RIVALRY, b. m., 1933, by Blandford-Laura Dianti (bred to Sun Briar).
ROSE PETAL, br. m., 1928, by High Time-June Rose (bred to Sun Beau).
SIMPATICA, b. m., 1919, by Friar Rock-Lady Bedford (bred to Sun Briar).
SUPERLETTE, b. m., 1922, by Superman-Epinglette, (bred to Sun Beau).
VIRGINITY, ch. m., 1923, by Fair Play-San Tache (bred to Neddie).
FLOSSINE, ch. m., 1927, by Whiskaway-Watch Your Stitch (bred to *Sun Briar).

THE SUN BRIAR MARES on the list are as follows:

SUNAIIBI, b. m., 1927, by Sun Briar-Missinaibi (bred to Gino).
SUNAYR, ch. m., 1921, by Sun Briar-Misty Law (not bred).
SUNBURN, b. m., 1927, by Sun Briar-Portland Urn (bred to Neddie).
SUN CELERINA, ch. m., 1934, by Sun Briar-Celerina (bred to Gino).
SUN CELTIC, ch. m., 1931, by Sun Briar-Edwina (bred to Gino).
SUN DANCER, b. or br. m., 1933, by Sun Briar-Masked Dancer (bred to Neddie).
SUN EMBLEM, ch. m., 1935, by Sun Briar-American Air (bred to Neddie).
SUN FLO, b. m., 1924, by Sun Briar-Flo II (bred to Gino).
SUN FRITTERS, ch. m., 1932, by Sun Briar-Fritters (bred to Neddie).
SUN LIGHTSHIP, blk. m., 1932, by Sun Briar-Lightship (bred to Neddie).
SUN GAMONIA, b. m., 1937, by Sun Briar-Gamonia (bred to Gino).
SUNLYGRET, ch. m., 1937, by Sun Briar-Polly Egret (bred to Gino).
SUNMAGNE, b. m., 1921, by Sun Briar-Romagne (bred to Neddie).
SUNMPL, b. m., 1924, by Sun Briar-Gay Polymel (bred to Gino).
SUN MISS, b. m., 1928, by Sun Briar-Missinaibi (bred to Neddie).
SUN MIXA, b. m., 1937, by Sun Briar-Comixa (bred to Gino).
SUNNY LOVE, ch. m., 1923, by Sun Briar-Lovelight II (bred to Gino).
SUN PALATINE, b. m., 1927, by Sun Briar-Palatine Lassie (bred to Neddie).
SUN ROUGE, b. m., 1931, by Sun Briar-Baton Rouge (bred to Gino).
SUN STREAM, ch. m., 1931, by Sun Briar-Stream Line (bred to Neddie).
SUN SURPLICE, b. m., 1933, by Sun Briar-Surplice (bred to Neddie).
SUN THOR, br. m., 1924, by Sun Briar-Hathor (bred to Neddie).
SUNWINA, blk. m., 1924, by Sun Briar-Edwina (bred to Neddie).
SUNZENA, ch. m., 1928, by Sun Briar-Polyxena (bred to Gino).

Due to the fact they have just retired from racing, the following fillies have not been bred.

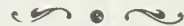
GINO PATTY, 1938, by *Gino-Suntica by *Sun Briar.
SUN EGYPT, 1938, by *Sun Briar-Alexandria by Pharos.
SUN ALBERTA, 1937, by *Sun Briar-Alberta by Diophon.
SUN DESTINY, 1938, by *Sun Briar-Phaona by Phalaris.
SUN MONIA, 1938, by *Sun Briar-Gamonia by Fair Play.
SUN PAN, 1938, by *Sun Briar-Tea Pan by Peter Pan.
BELLE PAPIRICE, 1938, by Sun Beau-Paprice by Papyrus.

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CIRCUIT POLO

The popular National Inter-Circuit and Twelve-Goal Championships were held, once again, in the Middle West. The Hunting Valley Polo Club, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, was awarded the year's events by the governing body of the Polo Association and, while the weather interfered to a very large extent, extremely interesting and close fought games were the rule in both tournaments.

Five of the six circuits were represented in the Inter-Circuit, only the Pacific Coast winners being unable to come on. The Northeastern Circuit was represented by the Pegasus Club of New Jersey, the Southeastern by the Blue Hill Farm team of Philadelphia, eventual winners, the Central Circuit by the 7-11 Ranch team of the Oak Brook Club of Chicago, the Northwestern by the Fairfield team of Wichita, Kansas, and the Southwestern by the defending champions, the Houston Huisache team of Texas.

After a three-day delay due to rain, the tournament finally got under way on August 20, with the Fairfield team meeting the 7-11 Ranch. This was a very well played game that saw the Chicago team come from behind to tie the score in the final period and go on to win in the sudden-death period with a goal by Harry Owen. The final count was 8 to 7 with the winning 7-11 team lining up with Harry Owen, Paul Butler, Bobby Nicholds and Charles Aaberg. Fairfield played with Willis Hartman, Edward Bradley, Claude Lambe and Clarence Starks.

In the second game of the series,

the Blue Hill Farm team of Philadelphia, lining up with the young Hayden brothers. Walter and Peter. Hervey Swann and Jules Romfh, showed onlookers that their team was the one to beat when they handily defeated the Huisache team by an 11-6 margin. Huisache played with two veterans of their last year's championship aggregation, Robert D. Farish and William Dritt. Dr. Rayworth Williams and A. V. Young rounded out the side.

The highly touted Pegasus team of New Jersey then faced the 7-11 Ranch team in the other semi-final and, after piling up a three-goal lead going into the fifth chukker, lost out when Bob Nicholds scored three times and Harry Owen twice in the last two periods while the best that Pegasus could muster was a single goal by Jack Fink. The final count was 11-9 with Pegasus lining up with Del Carroll, Clarence C. Combs, Jr., Fink and George Burns, while the 7-11 Ranch lined up as they did in the opener.

After another delay because of the weather, the final was held on August 27, with the Blue Hill Farm team playing perfectly together to win out by 11 goals to 8, their three-goal handicap proving the margin of victory. The Hayden brothers performed brilliantly in the two forward positions while Swann and Romfh also went very well. The losing side put up a fine game and the opinion of those present was that it was as fine an Inter-Circuit final as had ever been played.

Owing to the continued bad weather, the Pegasus Club, last year's Twelve-Goal champion, could not stay on for this event and the Blue Hill Farm team also found it impossible to stay. However, the Fairfield, Houston and Chicago teams did manage to arrange their affairs in order to compete and two teams from Cleveland—Halfred Farms and Gates Mills—entered bringing the entry to five teams.

The Gates Mills team won their way into the final round by defeating the strong Houston team which had previously defeated Edward Bradley and his Fairfield outfit. Chicago's 7-11 Ranch defeated the Halfred Farms team in an overtime



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match to go into the final. Halfred Farms played with four members of the White family, Robert Y. at 1, Tom at 2, W. Holden at 3 and Windsor T., II, at back.

The final was held on September 2 and saw the Gates Mills team score a victory over the 7-11 Ranch team by the score of 6 to 5. John Knutsen, Alfred House, Courtney Burton and John Hammond made up a good side for the winners while the unfortunate losers, who were in the finals of both tournaments, but just missed in both events, lined up with Owen, Butler, Nicholds and Aaberg.

It is interesting to note that each game of the Twelve Goal Championship was decided by a single goal, proving that the handicapping system now employed by the association is the best ever devised. This system, in a word, calls for the handicapping of each Circuit's players by their own Circuit Governor and his Committee.

During the long lulls due to the miserable weather, there was considerable talk between Tom White, members of various teams and officials concerning the rules of the game. Tom White, a member of the rules committee of the association, compiled all of this data and forwarded suggestions for changes and clarifications to the association office in New York for consideration by that body. So it may be that the coming winter will see some further changes in the rules of the game.

FOXHOUND MATCH

(Continued from page 33)

support provided or the protection of the country.

In all North America there existed no better location for the foxhound match than the Piedmont Valley of Virginia. Smith had first visited it in 1898 when he stayed at Oakley, near Upperville, with H. Rozier Dulany, his friend and companion in steeplechasing. Each succeeding season he had returned to enjoy the scope of this country with its immense grass fields, adequate coverts and relatively little wire—in such sharp contrast to the rocky hill-sides and small fields of New England.

That it was then a fox-hunters' paradise is shown in the report by an English observer of the match, published in 1909 in "British Hunting": "The match was fought out in old Virginia, in as fine a hunting country as the heart of man need wish to ride over. Anything more like the Leicestershire side of the Cottesmore country it would be hard to picture, except that in place of bullfinches, stake-and-unders, and bottoms, one encounters stone walls and snake fences. . . foxes are numerous."

Yet to those familiar only with the Virginia of 1940, conditions in 1905 cannot easily be visualized. The Alexandria Pike, running through Middleburg and Upperville to Winchester, had scarcely been touched since the Civil War. There was no hard road from Mid-

dleburg to The Plains, the nearest railroad station, and the trip by buggy sometimes took three or four hours. In dry weather one fought dust while being banged around over the bumpy road and, after a heavy rain, the mud often came nearly to the hubs.

Once the Piedmont Valley was decided upon as the locale for the match, Harry Smith purchased complete Geodetic Survey maps of that region. Accompanied by R. Hunter (Dick) Dulany, Master of the Piedmont, he spent patient weeks driving about the countryside to compare actual terrain, coverts, roads and buildings with the printed maps to assure adequate understanding of the country hunted over by all concerned in the match. No American hunt country had ever before been so completely catalogued.

Soon after the mapping episode, Smith was elected Master of the Piedmont to succeed Dulany, and was the first to hold that office who was not a member of the Dulany family. In October horses and hounds were established at Oakley, which had been rented from Rozier Dulany. By the time the match started every room of that large and beautiful house was crowded with partisans eager to cheer the Grafton Hounds to victory.

The pack could not be hunted in the Piedmont Valley prior to November 1, by the conditions of the match, so conditioning was by road work. The hounds, coupled and held in check, were led over every road and by-way around Middleburg and Upperville till they were familiar with the way home from any part of the country.

Meanwhile, all the innumerable details of the match had been worked out. Allan Potts of Richmond, a practical newspaper-man and an ardent fox-hunter, was made Clerk of the Match and placed in charge of publicity and press relations. The advance notices were given such wide publicity that, according to Higginson, 26 hunts were represented in the field, while daily reports of the progress of the match were carried in Associated Press dispatches.

Headquarters for the Middlesex were set up at the Fred Farm, just south of Middleburg. The kenneling of their 25 couple of English hounds presented a far greater problem than did that of the Grafton, which consisted of but eight couple—all of them tried and tested veterans; while the Middlesex pack had recently absorbed a draft of 20 couple from Mr. Fernie in England.

The Middlesex hunt staff, horses and hounds arrived several days in advance and were well established when Higginson and his party reached Middleburg, just in time to participate in the match. The Middlesex invasion, with horses and rigs as well as many beautiful hunters, together with hampers of special delicacies to eat and drink, quite set Middleburg agog. Sentiment there was strongly for the English hounds.



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Final details for the match were completed October 31, at a meeting held in the Piedmont Inn at Upperville. Both Masters were there with the three judges—James K. Maddux of Warrenton, Dr. Charles McEachran of Montreal and Hallan L. Movius of Boston, and the minutes were kept by Allan Potts as clerk. Higginson won the toss for choice of starting day and covert to be drawn; picking the first day and electing to meet at Welbourne, the home of Col. R. H. Dulany. He also announced that he would hunt each day with 18½ couple of hounds while Mr. Smith nominated only six couple.

Fox-hunting was not new in Virginia when George Washington devoted so much space in his diary to recording the sport his hounds provided. Yet prior to the Grafton-Middlesex match, hounds had never been handled or followed in the English manner and the pageantry of the sport was entirely neglected. Many looked upon fox-hunting as something scarcely respectable.

Interest in the match was, however, so intense that the field assumed undreamed of proportions. There were those who had come to Virginia to cheer on either the Grafton or the Middlesex packs, and a strong contingent of the Virginia gentry, well mounted—many of them on blood horses—all determined to stay with hounds or die in the attempt. These had been expected, but there were scores each day who rode farm horses, even mules, or endeavored to follow in buggies as well as many others on foot. Press dispatches tell of mounted fields of 62. Feeling ran high on all sides.

One of the field, who then followed on foot but afterward became an internationally known Master, told of the vivid impression made by the large Middlesex pack, with its staff beautifully mounted and turned out in immaculate pink as they waited for the sun to come up and the field to gather. That the American pack, much smaller in numbers but hard and fit as race horses, and the Grafton staff in more sombre grey liveries—although they all rode blood horses—suffered by comparison. Whatever the lure, there were crowds at every meet, regardless of the hour, the weather or the place.

Yet the official record book of the match reads like a military report:

“Wednesday, November 1, Middlesex hounds met at Welbourne at 7:15 AM. Coverts at Beaver dam drawn from 8 o'clock till 9:15, weather fair but dry and the day a blank. Hounds were hunted by Bob Cotesworth, huntsman of the Middlesex Hunt.

“Thursday the Grafton hounds met at Leithton Plantations at 6:15 AM. began drawing coverts at sunrise (6:37) and continued till 12:15. Weather clear and dry; scent fair. A blank day as far as the judges personally observed but outside testimony was offered that the pack had winded, started and run a red fox from ‘about Leithton Plan-

tations to the Marble Quarry.’ Mr. Smith was his own huntsman.

“Friday Middlesex met at Goose Creek bridge on the Pike at 6:30 AM, which necessitated a six mile hack before sunup. The Goose Creek meadows on Col. Dulany estate were drawn at 6:45 and at 9:30 hounds found on Panther Skin creek and went away, running for 45 minutes without a check. After checking they ran till 10:30 when they were called off near the point of meeting. Day overcast, scent fair. Judges noted that pack gave tongue while swimming the creek.

“Saturday the Grafton hounds met at Middleburg at 6:15 AM. Mr. Smith had received a bad fall on Friday, the doctor having cut off his boot that evening and discovered a broken bone in his foot, but on Saturday he hunted hounds with the injured foot bound up and encased in a rubber boot.

“Hounds drew coverts on the Fred estate at 6:55 and within two minutes found a trail. A fox was jumped in Wildman’s covert at 9:50 and lost about 10:45. Weather good and scenting excellent till 10:30 when wind came up. Worked stale line till 11:30 when they threw up their heads and the Master called them off.

“On Monday, November 6, the Middlesex hounds met at Middleburg at 7 o'clock. Began drawing coverts in Bald Hill woods at 7:25. Within ten minutes a fox was jumped and hounds went away in full cry. There were two checks; one (among cattle) at 7:50 for three minutes, the other at 8:15 for two minutes, fox holed at Fred’s dam at 8:32. Weather overcast, scent good. Hounds ran well together but lacked speed. Mr. Mad-



Type of modern American foxhound

dux was surprised at excellence of run but thought ‘these hounds too slow to kill in this country.’

“Tuesday the Grafton hounds met at the Goose Creek bridge at 6:40 AM. Drew on creek near Welbourne at 6:55. Began trailing at 9:25, jumped fox below Chimney Hill at 9:45, running with two checks till 11:45. Weather overcast, scent dry. Ran very fast, for 25 minutes completely away from field. ‘No horse could stay with them over country they crossed. The best run so far.’

“Wednesday the Middlesex hounds met at Middleburg at 7 AM. Began drawing Bald Hill woods at 7:23, found at 7:35 and ran till 10:15. Weather good, scent good till 9

o'clock when wind increased. Checked at 7:57 (two minutes) and at 8:20. Fox was viewed and pack lifted two fields by Cotesworth when hounds ran him to earth in old house at 10:15. Mr. Maddux reported: 'First 20 minutes very fast, enough to kill if held.'

"Thursday Grafton hounds met at Zula, on the road to The Plains, at 7 AM. Drew at Duncan's at 7:15 and continued to 8:30. Drew Grasslands 9:15 to 10:30. Lifted to Lost Mountain and drew 11:45 to 1:45. Lifted at 3:30 to Dulany's. Jumped fox at Ben Fletcher's 4:07 and ran to earth 4:25. Excellent speed at last burst. Weather overcast and dry, scent bad. All hounds at hole.



A modern English foxhound

"Friday the Middlesex met at Middleburg at 7 AM. Cast into Fred's coverts at 7:35. Weather fine but dry, scent poor. Fox holed at Carter's 11:40. Endeavored to get fox out without success.

"Testimony offered by two witnesses that they had been within 100 yards of den when they saw Middlesex hunt servant blow horn but that no hound gave tongue. The horn blowing assembled pack.

"Saturday the Grafton met at Mountsville (a 15 mile hack from Kennels) at 7:20 AM. Fox jumped at Beaver dam 7:41, ran fast till 7:50 (checked three minutes) then ran till 8:25. Checked and seemed to lose line. Viewed away on other side of creek, hounds collected, laid on line and ran very fast till 9:25, when they ran into covert with great cry which suddenly ceased and hounds were lost till 11 o'clock when they were found near Beaver dam below Marble Quarry.

"Monday, November 13, was the last day scheduled for Middlesex and hounds met at Middleburg at 7:20 AM. Jogging to draw near Bald Hill, viewed in open field and hounds killed after a run of only 300 yards. This fox was later proved to have been dropped by a tenant named Hall and the kill was repudiated by Mr. Higginson and disallowed. In Bald Hill woods a fresh fox was viewed away and run seven minutes to a check, again viewed and run 15 minutes to earth on Smith's hill. Hounds were carried to Mountsville where, after second horses had been obtained, a fast run of about a mile was obtained in the afternoon.

"Tuesday the Grafton hounds met at Mountsville at 7 AM. One judge reported: 'Weather cold, scent

good.' Another thought: 'Weather was cold and windy, scent poor.' Mr. McEachran viewed a fox in open but only two couple came to the horn as the body of the pack was on another fox. He galloped to Steptoe Hill where entire pack was giving beautiful music. Three foxes broke away in different directions but pack took one line and stuck to it. He got tied up in wire at 8:27. Mr. Movius reported that hounds ran from 7:52 till 9:30 when they lost in covert. Worked there till 9:55 when, after a ten minute run to check, they lost. Hounds showed speed and persistency, had been in full cry for two hours in fastest run of the match. When the Master was about to draw a fresh covert, the judges advised against it and hounds were taken back to kennels."

That evening, November 14, the judges met at Welbourne and, after a thorough discussion of the 12 days' hunting, made a written report:

"We beg to submit the following report concerning the award of the Grafton-Middlesex foxhound match:

"We award the match and stake, together with the Townsend Cup, to the Grafton pack, which, in our opinion, has done the best work with the object of killing the fox in view."

Officially, this ended the match, one of the outstanding sporting contests of American history. The trophy, a large silver platter, is the only visible reminder still existing, and today hangs on the wall of My Hunting Box in Middleburg, where Harry Smith lives during the hunting season.

The match offered the first opportunity for a comparison between the abilities of English and American hounds, under the best typically American conditions and the unanimous decision of the judges, in picking the American pack as best able to kill foxes under our conditions, gave great impetus to the use of American hounds for organized fox-hunting. It also showed quite definitely that the work of the southern breeders of the American hound had been conducted along sound lines.

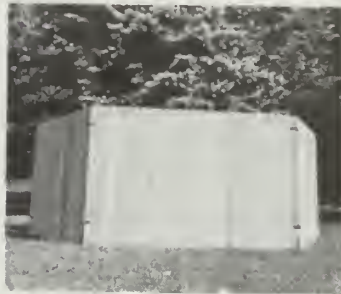
To appreciate conditions under which the match was run it must be remembered that in 1905 there were neither horse nor hound vans. Most meets were held at or before sunrise, and several times hounds were roaded 15 miles to the meet. On some days hunting was abandoned at points at least that far from kennels. Most horses whose riders closely followed hounds went at least 30 miles, one day many of them went fully 60, and naturally, hounds went considerably further every other day.

Unquestionably, the foxhound match opened the way for Virginia to become the fox-hunter's heaven that it is today. The large, beautifully kept estates, the improvement in horseflesh, and in livestock generally, represent only a part of the benefits which followed. If the Grafton-Middlesex Foxhound Match accomplished nothing else, it was well worth while.

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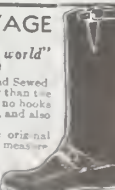
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LIVESTOCK DISEASE; NATIONAL DAIRY SHOWS; PERCHERON AWARDS

THE recent 77th annual meeting of the American Veterinary Medical Association in Washington was one of the most important in the history of this organization, and, as was predicted in this department last month, produced some very interesting results.

During the week of the meeting the ballroom of the hotel Mayflower resembled a three-ring circus. Two cows, two horses, five sheep, seven dogs, 63 chickens, six pigeons, and eight turkeys were there, and veterinarians spoke through loud-speakers as they worked, for this was where the clinics were held—one for large animals, one for small, and one for poultry, demonstrating the most modern procedures of veterinary practice.

Among the activities of the meeting was the awarding of the 12th International Veterinary Congress Prize for 1940, the highest honor which the veterinary profession of the United States can bestow. This award goes to the member of the A. V. M. A. whose work reported during the year has been the most outstanding and valuable to the advancement of veterinary science.

Dr. I. Forest Huddleson earned the honor this year because of his outstanding achievements in research. He is a deep student of brucellosis—Bang's disease—and in addition to his intensive researches, and numerous scientific publications, he is the author of "Brucellosis in Man and Animals" which is conceded to be the last word on this subject, and has done much to bring the transmissibility of this disease from animals to man to the attention of the medical and veterinary professions, as well as the public.

A great many important papers were read before the gathered veterinarians. Among them was a discussion of the value of vaccinating calves in the fight against Bang's disease, presented by Drs. Haring and Traum, Professors of Veterinary Science at the University of California.

They showed where they were able to get 8% higher birth rate in animals vaccinated during calthood than those in an unvaccinated group. Ninety-five per cent of calves properly vaccinated before eight months of age were found to be negative by blood test before calving.

Their results also showed that even though vaccines are employed it is imperative that sanitation, strict supervision, and attention to detail be followed if results are to be expected. Also, that while no benefit had resulted from vaccinating reacting cows, good results were obtained from vaccinating non-re-

acting non-pregnant cows in herds where Bang's disease was active and spreading. It is apparent from their experiments, that calthood vaccination combined with the test and slaughter method will eradicate this disease in short order.

A new cause of mastitis has been found, according to Dr. C. C. Palmer, Director of Haskell Animal Disease Research, University of Delaware. It is a streptococcus not previously reported in medical literature, which he has found in a few heifers. In some cases this new "bug" was isolated in pure culture, and Dr. Palmer says it was capable of reproducing the disease when injected into the udders of normal cows.

Poultry disease control also came in for a great deal of time and discussion at the meeting. According to Dr. Cliff D. Carpenter, a saving of \$100,000,000 a year to the nation's farmers would be made if all the now known poultry disease control measures were put into effect promptly. He went on to say that the present annual mortality rate of 30—40% could be reduced by half in a year.

He said "With so many facts concerning specific poultry disease control known to the veterinary scientist and the specialized poultryman, our first effort should be directed toward getting a better application of this knowledge and these facts to the farmers by way of the general veterinary practitioner."

DAIRY SHOW

Prize-winning dairy cattle of all five breeds and from all the major dairy regions of the United States, 4-H Club boys and girls, college judging teams, owners with their powerful pairs of draft horses, all are going to assemble from far and near for the National Dairy Show, October 12-19.

This year, for the first time since 1923, this show is going to be within easy reach of people in the north-east. It will be held in Harrisburg, Pa., in the newly completed State Farm Show buildings, an ideal site for an exhibition such as this.

There certainly ought to be enough room in these buildings, which were, incidentally, built to house the Pennsylvania Farm show and other exhibitions. The main exhibition building alone has ten acres of floor space, and the arena building shelters the largest show ring in the world—240 feet long and 120 wide.

A total of \$15,803 in prize money is offered for dairy cattle. This money made available for each

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Marceau, the imported stallion owned by Ralph L. Smith, was the grand champion at the 1940 National Percheron Show

Breed through the National Dairy Association, and the five national record societies, will be as follows: Jerseys, \$3,700; Holstein-Friesians, \$3,500; Guernseys, \$3,500; Ayrshires, \$3,000; and Brown Swiss, \$2,103.

A new event is being added to the Jersey program this year. It is a special class sponsored by J. L. Hutcheson, Jr., of the Happy Valley Farm, Rossville, Ga., and Leon Falk, Jr., of Falklands Farm, Schellsburg, Pa. In this event a cash prize of \$200 is being awarded to the best cow shown by its owner, the winner to be judged 50% on the animal and 50% on showmanship.

PULLING CONTEST

Another interesting feature of this show will be the National Horse Pulling Contest which is sponsored by the Horse and Mule Association of America. In this, the most powerful animals from the four corners of the country will compete for cash premiums totaling \$2,000, which will be distributed among the top 30 teams of the contest.

This competition will be under the supervision of the Horse and Mule Association, whose rules and regulations control all official pulling contests. The pulling power, speed, distance, and endurance of each team will be recorded by the Pennsylvania State College dynamometer, under charge of experts.

PERCHERONS

This year's National Percheron Show, which came to pass a short time ago, at the Minnesota State Fair, was as usual a great success, with entries from most of the leading breeding establishments of the mid-western states competing for the \$6,000 odd in premiums.

Among the leading contestants were Lynnwood Farm, Carmel, Ind., and Pine Tree Farms, McHenry, Ill. Lynnwood being well in the lead for total number of firsts and seconds, including reserve grand champion stallion and mare, and Pine Tree following closely behind in total wins but with the grand champion mare among their honors.

Marceau was the grand and senior champion stallion at this show again this year, adding one more honor to the long list that this imposing grey has accumulated. Marceau is owned by Ralph L. Smith of Stanley, Kans., having been imported by E. F. Dygert, Manchester, Iowa. He won at the National last year—winning a total of seven grand championships in 1939.

Runner-up was Lynnwood Don, Lynnwood Farm's great son of Don Again. Lynnwood Don is a coming three-year-old, was grand champion at the Illinois and Indiana state fairs this year, and was undefeated as a yearling in eight major shows.

In the type study competition Marceau also came off very well. He was declared stallion with "best head, neck, and proper slope of shoulder"; Second in the classification for "best back, middle, and muscling through rear quarters"; Third for "best bone and set of front and hind legs, feet, and pasterns," second "truest and best action"; and was champion "breed type stallion."

Top mare was Miss Horticultural, owned by Pine Tree Farms. She was also senior champion and champion American-bred mare, and was credited with "truest and best action"; second "best bone and set of front and hind legs, feet, and pasterns," and second "best back, middle, and muscling through rear quarters."

J. L. Edmonds, University of Illinois was the judge of the show.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR RABIES PREVENTION: COMING SHOWS

SINCE the time a year or so ago. when an attempt was made to introduce legislation in the state of New Jersey compelling the inoculation of all dogs against rabies, a great fight has raged.

One side in the controversy maintains that anti-rabies vaccine in its present form is virtually useless. That at best it is effective only 50% to 60% of the time, that veterinarians and boards of health who favor compulsory one-shot vaccination are nothing short of racketeers.

The other side—and contrary to what one is led to believe by many of the articles on the subject, this includes some of the country's leading veterinarians—maintains that while the immunization is not 100% effective, it has produced excellent results in many communities and is comparable with the Pasteur treatment for humans in its efficacy.

They maintain that the present hostility to it is the same reaction encountered in an unknowing public in the early days of the campaigns against smallpox, diphtheria, and bovine tuberculosis.

One reason for all the discussion, scares, and hard feeling that have been common of late is the fact that actually, rabies is a rare disease. It gets a great deal of publicity whenever it occurs. Indeed, if a case or two appears in a community one could easily believe, from the stir created, that the whole community was overrun with ravaging beasts.

Every unfortunate dog for miles around that has a running fit, gets a bone in his throat, or acts in any way strangely, is immediately suspected and may die needlessly through ignorance and mob hysteria.

Actual rabies appears in about 5/100 of 1% of our dog population, which is something above 15,000,000.

The fact remains, however, that the United States ranks second in the world in its number of cases, the doubtful honor of first place belonging to Turkey. This, certainly, is nothing to be proud of.

Rare as it is, rabies is one of the most dreadful diseases with which man, or animals, can become afflicted. Therefore, even if the number of cases in this country were many times smaller than it is, rabies should be pursued relentlessly and intelligently until it is eradicated. It has been in England, and it can be here.

Fortunately, for the first time since 1768 when rabies first appeared in this country, it looks as if we were on the track of a solution. At the 77th annual meeting

of the American Veterinary Medical Association, which convened not long ago in Washington for one of the most important sessions in its history, the rabies question was one of the principal topics.

Acting upon a resolution introduced by Dr. Cassius Way, President of the Association, the following policy was adopted:

"1. While there is disagreement between eminently qualified scientists as to the immunizing value of rabies vaccine, the A.V.M.A. recommends to the public that compulsory annual vaccination should not be relied upon for the solution of the rabies problem. The Association recommends that this disease can be checked and eradicated by instituting and enforcing measures to insure that all dogs shall be kept under control and the ownerless stray eliminated.



JONES PHOTOS

R. P. Stevens' Great Dane, Ch. Jansen of Brae Tarn; best in show, Devon Dog Show Association



Mrs. P. H. B. Frelinghuysen's miniature poodle, Monty of Gilltown; best in show, Interstate Poodle Specialty in record entry

"2. That we should have a national law giving the dog a status equal with other livestock.

"3. That a national governmental agency, preferably the Bureau of Animal Industry—for it is the only national agency capable of doing the job—should, in cooperation with approved and accredited veterinary practitioners in this country, be charged through appropriate legislation, with correlating a cooperative Federal-State plan for the eradication of the disease.

"4. There should be uniform com-

pulsory laws capable of State and Municipal enforcement designed for: A. The humane destruction of all stray and ownerless dogs. B. The licensing, identification, establishment of ownership and control of all other dogs.

"C. Promoting an intensive educational campaign among all factors of Society: professional, regulatory, dog owners, dog writers and the public at large, regarding the control of dogs with reference to the spread of rabies.

"D. Compulsory notification by

owners as well as veterinarians of any cases of the disease. (Suspects to be effectively quarantined and destroyed as soon as positive diagnosis is made.)

"E. A six months quarantine for all dogs brought into the country."

The vote in favor of this stood at 57-43 in the house of Representatives of the A.V.M.A.

The program outlined above appears to contain considerable common sense, and common sense is an ingredient which has been used very sparingly to date in combating rabies.

In the first place, the necessity of eliminating stray dogs is self-evident. Indeed, this is one point that everyone, whether for or against vaccination, agrees on. Rabies has always been more prevalent where there are a great many homeless dogs, for, though it can be contracted by all mammals and spread by many species, uncontrolled dogs are far and away the most common cause.

Obviously quarantines, muzzling, vaccination or a combination of these cannot work if the strays, the principal carriers, are allowed to run free. Incidentally, a noted metropolitan small animal practitioner states that in all his years of experience no rabid dog has come to his hospital. The reason: all his patients are from the city or large kennels, and therefore carefully supervised.

Dr. Way, in his address to the



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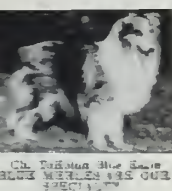


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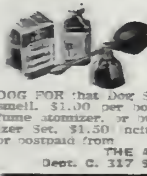
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the Houston Kennel Club Show; and the Gulf Coast Show at Beaumont, Texas, on October 26th and 27th precedes the Treasure Island Kennel Club Show at Galveston, Texas, on October 29th and 30th, which winds up the Texas circuit.

The first licensed show of the Langley Kennel Club will be held October 20th at the Newport News Airport. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing the club at 251 Carey St., Hampton, Va.

The Queensboro Kennel Club Show will be held at Elmhurst, Queens, New York, on Saturday October 26th.

THE MOTORIZED COUNTRY

Continued from page 170

ists to the boundaries of the non-motoring areas. When parked, they wait patiently for their masters' return.

Nobody has invented mass-production for the horse, which may, or may not be a pity. Mass-production of the automobile started prior to Ford, who brought it to its highest development. Not all of the aspects of mass production are good. A manufacturer in Detroit once told me about the differences between the old days and now. He said that in 1904 and 1905 he thought nothing of travelling several hundred miles to see one prospect. The potential customer, naturally, was the rich man in the town. If he bought a car the manufacturer, before leaving town, would hunt up the smartest bicycle salesman and leave with him several order blanks.

"I know there are several other well-to-do men near here," he would say. "The chances are one or more of them will soon want a car, too. You'll get the regular commission if you can sell them."

Thus started the agency business. But today no manufacturer would turn a hair unless told about an order for 50,000 or 100,000 units. Yet out of this have come good roads, a far closer union between city and country, a softening of prejudices, an elimination of many hatreds. The automobile has passed through some interesting evolutions. As late as 1919 almost 90% of the cars driven were open.

"The vogue of the sedan was just beginning," observed Frederick L. Allen of 1919, in "Only Yesterday." He writes, "Closed cars are still associated in the public mind with wealth: the hated profiteer of the newspaper cartoon rides in a limousine."

The common man, until after the World War, struggled with what was optimistically described as a "one-man" top and managed to put it up or down with the aid of three or four other common men. Less than a decade later all had changed. Over 80% of the cars on the road were closed. They were comfortable in winter, in summer, in rain or snow or dust. The ordinary motorist was no longer forced to swathe himself in dusters and wear goggles. The automobile had become more or less beautiful, too. Henry Ford had

discovered the fallacy of the remark attributed to him, "They can have any motor they want as long as it's black." He was scrapping Model T. In December, 1927, the breathlessly awaited Model A appeared.

Automobiles were streamlined, bright of hue and mechanical marvels. They sped over hard, well-built roads. Something of the fun had gone out of motoring, though, with the virtual disappearance of the open car. People rarely invited their friends to "go for a ride." A classmate of mine was one of the first to rebel. He went to dealer after dealer until he found an old-fashioned touring car. It was, I think, a Lincoln. He drove it with the top down. He was envied by everybody. During the past two years, however, a marvelous device has been perfected. Now there are magical tops which go up or down when a button on the dashboard is pressed. If there is a sudden shower the top can be put up. After the shower it can be lowered again, and it is hardly necessary to stop the car in the process. I wouldn't be too certain that even today's motor-minded, sophisticated horse could watch this wizardry without shying. I nearly bolted, myself, the first time I saw it.

We seem to be back on the subject of the horse. The automobile and good roads have made more accessible all varieties of sports, naturally. The golfer may now choose among a dozen courses on which to play. The mountain climber can find peaks where he is moderately certain of breaking his neck. The swimmer can swiftly reach beaches and pools. Golfing, swimming and tennis were always more or less available to the city man, however. Riding was limited to rather stupid bridle paths in city parks and the cost was excessive. The automobile has broadened the horizon and reduced the cost.

FROM where I live in Manhattan it would have taken me, even ten years ago, at least two hours to drive to places where riding was really fun, where trails wound through the woods and where one faced the difficult task of opening and shutting gates. Now I can reach such trails in an hour. I can get to nearby riding stables in Westchester County in a little over half an hour. That isn't all. For a family of moderate means to own a place where horses could be kept was an impossible dream ten years ago. Now the common man can buy an acre or two within fifty or sixty miles of New York, Chicago or any other big city. He can learn the appalling difference between having a horse, already saddled, brought to him by a groom at a riding school and catching his own horse in the pasture. He can discover that catching a horse is much more exercise than riding one.

"Get a horse," sneered the horseman of 1900 as he passed some broken-down automobile.

"Get an automobile!" declares the horseman of 1940 and he doesn't sneer at all.

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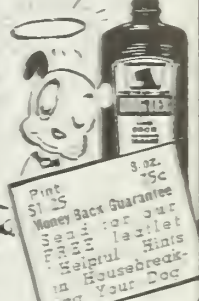
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The Young Sportsman

For very sound reasons Margaret Hartshorne wins the five dollar prize this month. To portray the feeling of motion is very difficult, yet Mary at the age of eleven has done it.

With all you artists please draw in ink. Pencil drawings do not reproduce well and we will no longer publish them.

Elizabeth Johnston has an observant eye. The harness on her horses is almost, not quite, perfect.

For November, will you send us stories, poems, drawings or photographs of the following subjects—"What Thanksgiving means to me." "The football game." "Riding on a frosty morning."

Remember all contributors must be under 18 years of age and all contributions must bear your name, age, address and signature of parent or guardian that it is your own original work.

MARYLAND HUNT CUP RACE

Having parked the car and immediately forgotten where it is, we start the wet and muddy tramp across the fields. The spot to which we are headed is beyond an apparently impassable stream and a rather sturdy-looking rail fence. After gracefully leaping these two objects, our goal is in sight. It is a ring of people, ten or fifteen deep. Hidden inside this mass of people, so they say, are the horses and still more people. The horses being the main attraction, the problem is to get a glimpse of them. The procedure is this: hold your camera



Drawn by Elizabeth H. Johnston, Cooperstown, N. Y.; aged 12



Drawn by Margaret Hartshorne Little, Silver, N. J.; aged 11

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GAMES?

1. Name six games which are played with a ball in motion.
2. Which game takes the greatest amount of space to play on?
3. What game is enjoying the fastest growing popularity?
4. What games have six players on a side?
5. What game has five players on a side?
6. What game has eleven players on a side?
7. What game has four players on a side?
8. With what games are the following names connected: Thomas Hitchcock, Alice Marble, Patty Berg, DiMaggio, Lawson Little?
9. To what games do the following terms apply: net, chukker, stymie, inning, tackle, wing?
10. What European country has produced the best long distance runners?

Answers will be found on page 50

conspicuously in front of you and wiggle. An expert will perform this feat with comparative ease and rapidity. Sometimes even he is stuck with a person in front of him. He then taps the obnoxious being on the shoulder, and, still clutching his camera firmly, asks if he may take a few pictures.

The jockeys, in their bright silks, are walking nervously to and fro. The horses, in their bright blankets, are walking nervously around in a circle. Everyone else is moderately calm with the exception of the owners. They are the worst of all.

The call to mount is heard and soon they are all filing out of the paddock towards the post. This is the signal for everyone to dash madly up the hill that rises abruptly from the ring. The expert stations himself near a voluble looking man with a pair of field glasses. This man will, in all probability, relate the whole race to his companions. If he should not do so, the expert with a shiver of excitement in his voice that he cannot suppress, will ask him: "Who's in front now?"

The horses themselves are not visible from the lower hillside, but suddenly, far off to the left, is heard a murmur. As it comes nearer it grows into a distinct roar—"They're

off!" Slowly it passes on to the right and dies out. Then the horses come into sight. The man-with-the-field glasses now begins to perform and excitedly calls out their order. The crowd gasps as one when a horse goes down at the fifth. When the horses have completed half of the second round, there is a great deal of activity on the lower part of the hill. One part of the crowd makes a blind dash for the finish, while the other tries frantically for higher positions on the slope. This is a matter of personal taste. If our expert is young, very long-winded and extremely agile, he will run for it.

Ah! Good! It's a close one. Here they come! The inadequate picket fence sags and dips as the crowd leans out for a better look. They are closer. The jockeys are yelling words of encouragement to their mounts. Everyone is yelling words of encouragement to both jockeys and horses. They are past and the race is over.

The lucky horse. His work is done. But not so the expert's. He must now sprint to the paddock again where the cups and other various honors are awarded. Here come the winning three. The jockey is grinning from ear to ear, the owner is beaming at everyone, while the horse merely stands, huge clouds

of steam rising from his back. Pictures are taken, cups given and the horse, again attired in his brightly colored blanket, is led off to the stable.

Soon we are clambering over stream and fence again, and another Maryland Hunt Cup is history.

POLLY SCOTT, aged 16,
Chestnut Hill, Pa.

FISHING IN MASSACHUSETTS

The white perch season has opened in most ponds and lakes here in Massachusetts. White perch strike savagely and fight very hard until boated. They are usually taken by trolling with spinners and worms. At some rare times white perch can be caught still-fishing. Whenever white perch are striking fishermen will go after them and usually return with good catches.



Photographed by Paul De Teresi, author of this story

Another type of fishing which is very popular is bass fishing. They are taken in a variety of ways including trolling, still-fishing, and by fly or plug casting. On the opening day of the season many bass enthusiasts will be on hand to try their skill on both large- and small-mouth bass. The open season on bass is July 1, 1940. Pickerel are very numerous and easily caught with live shiners still-fishing. The open season on trout fishing began April 15, 1940. In order to fish in many places the opening day one had to be warmly dressed and many small ponds had ice on them. The particular pond which I fished the opening day had a few traces of the Valentine Day blizzard in the form of snow piles. I had to continually interrupt my fishing to keep my fly rod guides free from ice. Recently the Mass. Dept. of Conservation released 80,000 Atlantic salmon in the Parker and North rivers in Eastern Massachusetts. The salmon eggs were imported from Canada and the releasing of the salmon is purely experimental. If the experiment succeeds anglers in this state will be able to boast of catching a salmon in Mass.

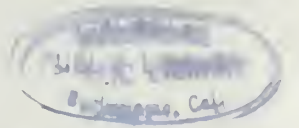
PAUL DE TERESI, aged 16,
N. Andover, Mass.



Drawn by Louise Sommorigo, Hopewell, N. J.; aged 13



Drawn by Sherry Schoen, Hagerstown, Md.; aged 15



Announcing New Lincoln Cars for 1941



Custom

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is supplied by the famous Lincoln-built V-12 engine. Modern streamlining draws inspiration from the Style Leader, the Lincoln-Zephyr. Interiors reflect the custom-builder's art. Striking innovations in appointments. Two body types, Sedan and Limousine.



Continental

Every line of this new car, every move it makes, tells of far places and ease of reaching them. The *Lincoln Continental* is true to a great heritage. It blends Lincoln precision and care with Lincoln-Zephyr design leadership. It is three inches lower, seven inches

longer than the Lincoln-Zephyr. The powerful twelve-cylinder engine, Lincoln-built, is specially finished—polished like a jewel. Every appointment is in keeping with so outstanding a car. Body types are the Cabriolet, an automatic convertible, and the Coupe.



Zephyr V-12

The *Lincoln-Zephyr* for 1941 offers ideas so advanced that they are not to be found outside the Lincoln family. The sparkling, thrifty 12-cylinder engine is the only one in the medium-price field. The famous unit-body-and-frame, in all closed types, sets

a new standard of safety. Curb-level entrance, the centrally balanced position of passengers, chair-high seats, and a new, even smoother, floating ride provide a gentler way to travel. Four body types — Sedan, Coupe, Club Coupe and Convertible Coupe.



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Straight Rye Whiskey

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